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# THE NAVAL SURGEON.

VOL. I.





# THE

# NAVAL SURGEON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CAVENDISH," "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN,"

"PAUL PERIWINKLE," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

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1841.

511.





# DEDICATION.

TO

SIR GEORGE MAGRATH, R.N. K.C.H.

&c. &c. &c.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,

Permit me to add to the many kindnesses I have received from you, that of your accepting the following volumes. If distinguished services or public gratitude carry either weight or strength, there is no name in the empire that should be more honoured by all who wish well to the medical department of the navy, than that of the friend and shipmate of the immortal Nelson, and the warm and most able defender of every privilege the Naval Surgeon

can possess. But these are public considerations, and, however strong in themselves, contrast but coldly with the private and the warmer associations of past years.

In the delightful neighbourhood in which you reside were first formed those boyish fancyings which led me to clothe with every enchantment a profession of the most intense and unnecessary misery—the naval service. Near you, too, I first saw and admired the original of a sketch I have endeavoured to form in the following pages, under the name of Caustic—I mean that gifted and amiable, but eccentric being, the late Dundas Morrison. You also were acquainted—though not so intimately as myself — with another friend, whose character has served me as a model more than once, and who certainly was by far the noblest specimen of an English naval officer that I ever met. With the most courteous bearing, the most courageous gallantry, the most thorough skill in his profession—with

a heart exquisitely tender as a woman's in all the softer relations of life, the greatest reproach that even Envy itself could bring against his character was, that Judgment had never grown sufficiently cold to fix a limit to Generosity. While these were the qualities of his mind, Nature seemed to have intended his person as the very type of those noble emotions that governed it: one, indeed, to use the comparison of Homer, most "fit for some tall admiral." Had he followed the tempting but thorny paths of ambition, instead of preferring the surer but less shining circle of domestic happiness, he must, like his relative, Lord Hawke, have filled a distinguished post amongst the naval heroes of his country. He too, alas! is canonized in our remembrance by death; nor is it scarcely necessary, under the revered outline of his figure, to write—Lieutenant Obadiah Newell!

Besides the two that I have named, many more whom I first learned to love and value in your

vicinity, have preceded us on that gloomy path which never yet has known a returning footstep; and when memory, therefore, wanders mournfully round those beautiful shores of Devon, thus peopled, like Hades, with so many lamented spirits of departed friends, there is still a powerful consolation in the fervent hope, that you, and many of those near you esteemed by both of us, may long continue in the enjoyment of those blessings, with which the sorrows of our existence are interspersed and cheered.

Begging you to forgive the gossip into which the mention of Devon has led a Danmonian,

Believe me ever to remain,
Dear Sir George,
Your obliged and faithful friend
and servant,
W. Johnson Neale.

*Middle Temple, December*, 1840.

# PREFACE.

For several of the facts in the following pages, more especially for those introduced in the early part of the narrative, I am indebted to my kind and able friend, Mr. Charles Hovell of Canterbury, who for many years served with distinction as a naval surgeon: not that the early history of my hero is taken from his life, whose career has been most unromantically, but still more deservedly successful. In the course of the following narrative, are pointed out some of the inconvenient and disgraceful drawbacks to comfort, under which the naval assistant-surgeons have always laboured.

And here, speaking of public men in a public sense, what language is strong enough to condemn the apathy and obtuseness of the late committee of inquiry on naval and military matters, which could, in an era of improvement like the present, have met and separated without giving to this class of officers the privileges of a cabin, and the right of messing with the lieutenants?

Can anything be more cruel, more absurd, inconsistent, or iniquitous, than condemning to such treatment, gentlemen who have arrived at the full years of manhood, who have obtained a highly scientific education, are always among the best educated men in the ship? Gentlemen who, after passing through a severe examination, which they are not allowed to undergo until they have attained twenty-two years of age, are entrusted with the highest responsibilities that can be given to a human being—the responsibilities of life or death, health or disease, to many hundreds of their fellow-creatures?

A very slight consideration of the subject will prove the truth of this position. Suddenly entering the navy with every high qualification expected from them, and their most onerous duties all enforced under pain of court-martial, the assistant-surgeons are thrust into a mess of thoughtless though estimable boys, many of them under thirteen years of age, and the rest varying through every gradation beyond that period. Thus placed beyond the possibility of obtaining a moment's quiet for study, the whole of the naval assistant-surgeon's professional attainments are doomed to become dulled for want of any opportunity of maintenance by reading, and the whole of his comforts annihilated by the pranks, and noise, of a set of youths, who, however worthy in themselves, cannot possess one feeling in common with the scientific civilian, but are very naturally addicted to the boisterous amusements of a midshipman's berth. Yet, if the surgeon should

die, fall sick, be promoted, the ship go into action, or any sudden casualty arise, the life of the most valued commander in the service—to say nothing of the limbs and health of a whole crew—may thus pay the penalty, not of the fault but of the misfortune of the assistant-surgeon, who, for the last two or more years, has never enjoyed half an hour's undisturbed opportunity of refreshing those attainments by which alone he is made competent while he is nevertheless held as responsible for the achievement of his duties, as if he had only the day before come down from the quiet of his class-room, and the preparation of his college. That such a system continued, can only lead to a comparative inefficiency of the service is evident; and we therefore trust that common prudence will induce the Admiralty to order an improvement, for which simple justice has called so long—in vain.

# THE NAVAL SURGEON.

## CHAPTER I.

"What'er we have we value not: what'er
We ne'er can have, becomes most trebly dear."

Discontent in this world is experienced on such numerous occasions, that I shall merely traverse a beaten path when I confess to having commenced life under the most powerful impulses of this feeling. Many men sigh through their existence for notoriety; others, with a loftier self-delusion, die for fame. Numbers of fat gentlemen repine that nothing of romance has been mingled with their satiatory and every-day serenity; and who has not encountered herds of those lean phantasmagoria,

whose constant wishes are, to depict themselves as martyrs to the trifles of mortality?

My earlier woes arose from the opposite extreme. Adventure and tragedy seem to have shared between them the amusing exercise of playing shuttlecock with my destinies. Most vigorously their sport was plied; but, however great the entertainment to the players, or deep the interest to the spectators, it is a matter of no such emotions to the playee; and when the reader has arrived at the finale of my story, he will perhaps be able to share with me, in some slight degree, that emotion which remembrance of the past never fails to awaken.

My father was an Irish country gentleman. To those who know my beloved country, this title would convey much; to those who know it not, a more explicit description becomes necessary. Of an old and venerated family, even amongst those who are the severest critics of such pretensions, his youth and manhood were passed in an honourable profession, and the enjoyment of that which is of far higher consideration—a character unsurpassed for integrity, humanity, and worth.

By some mysterious circumstances, which for years employed all my unpractised ingenuity to comprehend, this spotless reputation was darkened and defaced by rumours, whose inconsistency even went the hazardous length of charging him with every darker crime that the decalogue has denounced.

To unravel so complicated a web, and to elucidate this startling paradox, is the object of the following narrative. The knowledge gained by my experience has, I confess, been of frequent use to me in after days; and the prejudice of being an interested party must have greatly misled my judgment, if I err in supposing that few strong minds can arise from its contemplation without deep reflections as to the vital principles that my story developes; while those to whom Heaven has granted less of intellectual power, may console themselves with observing, that no worldly wisdom can defy misfortune, and that almost the only blessing which it insures to sorrow is, the fortitude to endure and wrestle with affliction—a virtue within the pro-

vince of the human will to cultivate, even under the most disastrous circumstances.

My father, having entered the army at an early age, contracted soon afterwards a friendship that by turns became the source of all his happiness, and the proximate, though unintentional cause of his misery. A gentleman bearing the same name, and coming from the same county in Ireland, joined my father's regiment a few weeks later than himself, and, on their speedily sailing for service in the West Indies, was twice the means, in all human probability, of saving my father's life ;—first in the field ; and next, by his attentive nursing throughout a severe attack of yellow fever, when every one beside fled the contagion.

One difference, however, separated the friends. My father, though not rich for a baronet, was, for a single man, possessed of considerable property. His namesake, on the contrary, was subject to many of the straits of poverty. Delicacy forbade the one from offering what he knew that pride would prevent the other from accepting; till, with the sudden enthusiasm

of an Irishman, the wealthier of the two privately executed a deed of gift of a small estate, and presented it to his friend, under the plea that he had left him even a larger property in his will; but that, as the operation of the last was an uncertainty for which, he trusted, they were both equally undesirous, he took this mode of showing, during his lifetime, that gratitude which its preservation called forth, to one who had proved a brother in everything but the title; and which, as their names were similar, he begged his friend to adopt.

After some disinterested cavilling on both sides, this piece of friendship, which romance and generosity had carried so near absurdity, took effect. The friends called themselves, and acted in every way as, brothers; and, for a long series of years, Fate seemed to have forgiven this violation of her prerogative.

But rarely indeed is nature tampered with by man, that a fearful retribution does not ultimately fall on the head of the offender. The friends—though some distant clanship might once have connected their families—called themselves brothers. Their after-connexions were

led to believe in the relationship; so also were their families: while sufficient resemblance existed between two tall and commanding figures, to deceive those who before imagined themselves acquainted with the family history; and thus to give currency to the affectionate fiction. To prevent confusion, therefore, in my story, I also shall adhere to the deceit which time only revealed.

Having both served with distinction in most of the affairs of their day, they at length grew tired of the bootless frolic of playing soldiers, agreed to retire on half-pay, and cultivate those duties which devolved on my father with the possessions that the prodigality of preceding generations had spared; nor less on his adopted brother, with the estate which gratitude had bestowed on friendship.

At this time my father bore the rank of lieutenant-colonel, while in the same regiment my uncle (as I shall style him) had only attained his majority. In those days the usurpations of officers' privileges at the Horse Guards were not quite so flagrant and unfeeling as in more modern times. The mess therefore, glad of the

opportunity of purchase, voted my relatives to be two most patriotic young men, and having obligingly accepted twenty cases of champagne and claret, over which to express the same, their vacancies were rapidly filled up, and Castle Maurice opened its portals to receive the last survivor of the many generations its walls had sheltered.

Once more the old hearths sent forth a glorious splendour upon the dim oak-panelled halls; the guests were numbered by twenties, and the O'Donnels of that day declared to come from the "rale old stock."

Two years from this time passed rapidly away. My father's care and personal attention, assisted by that of my uncle, had not only improved their estates, but the condition of their tenantry, and with the exception of a few of "the boys" being shot, or having their brains knocked out, once or twice a year, when the O'Donnels and O'Raffateys had a little bit of "a fair," everything presented an appearance of the most complete harmony, tranquillity, and happiness.

This interval of perfect repose produced such a startling effect upon the warlike mind of my respected progenitor, that, on going to spend a second season in Dublin, and meeting a beautiful English orphan, the only drawback to whose loveliness was the possession of a moderate fortune, he was so touched with compassion for her friendless state, as to fall in love with and marry her.

The sensation occasioned by the arrival of this lady at Castle Maurice was of a description to which my humble pen is perfectly inadequate to do justice. I must therefore content myself with stating, on the veracious authority of the butler, that the moats were filled with strong beer, while the whisky, with a sparing hand, was limited to the play of a couple of court pumps, all of which were duly drunk dry by the ensuing morning; while the country side has ever since upheld the accompanying "fight" to have been one of the most "ilegant," sociable things in their remembrance.

Within three years of this concurrence of auspicious events, my elder brother and myself

were born, and the "glorious summer" of "our house" seemed at its height. The beauty of my mother appears — for, alas! I have but little recollection of her—to have been eclipsed, if possible, by the attractive gentleness of her disposition; and if their neighbours had occasion to produce a brilliant and perfect simile for personification of happiness, courage, generosity, or virtue, "His Honour," the baronet, seemed to serve for all.

So completely had the matrimonial felicity of my parents acted on their brother, my uncle, that the sage icicles which nature has kindly planted round the heart of a poor man were completely thawed, and like great Cæsar, at a long shot's distance, he gave up his mighty soul to love's dominion—sighed—sued—and won his dame.

Though Mrs. O'Donnel was not quite so rich as her ladyship, she had many more relations; and, though the world still remains somewhat divided as to the advantages which these latter yield to a young bridegroom, still his lady soon left him in no doubt, that if she brought him less gold than his sister-in-law had

rendered to her spouse, she, at any rate, determined to occasion no lack of heirs, one of which duly preceded Christmas-day with as much precision as New-year followed it.

Three sturdy and most noble specimens of O'Donnel bone and sinew soon learnt to call me cousin, and exceedingly hard work I had to thrash them all as they deserved; but I think I may at this date undertake to say, that it was pretty fairly accomplished, and, as a natural result, a more peaceful, loving family was not to be found.

But now succeeds the tale of woe. Hitherto everything had been beautiful and bright. Poverty had been sufficiently near to make doubly prized the joys of a sparing competence, and life to us had proved like a Sicilian sky—cloudless and beautiful beyond all words. Like the pleasure-loving Catanians, however, we sported at the foot of a dreadful volcano.

My uncle had barely been married three years when an opportunity occurred of getting his lieutenant-colonelcy, and being, consequently, of

the same rank as my father. Of this it was but natural that he should wish to avail himself; and having taken the necessary steps, he but waited till my aunt was pronounced convalescent from her last confinement; and scarcely had his youngest child completed the fourth week of its existence, when he set off to join his new regiment, then serving in England.

At this time I was only five years old. I can, however, distinctly remember the grief occasioned by his departure, and still more distinctly the early breakfast. The day wore away, and the evening was spent in my aunt's dressing-room, where we all dined, while she reclined upon the sofa; and what with the affectionate solicitude of her relatives, and the assurances from all that her husband's first decided absence would prove of but short duration, she seemed to have taken a great step towards the recovery of her spirits.

On the ensuing morning, however, something had evidently occurred to discompose the head of our family afresh. My aunt was confined to her room with a succession of fainting-fits. My

mother was reported to be exceedingly ill, and my father exhibited, throughout the day, unusual symptoms of agitation. What had occurred to occasion this fresh woe, no one could divine. No tidings, either of ill or welcome omen, had arrived from the absentee; and so perfect had been our previous happiness, it was not thought possible that evil could spring from any other source.

Whatever the cause of sorrow might be, it seemed doomed, however, to sleep in mystery. None of the domestics appeared to possess better information on the point than ourselves, with the exception of my aunt's nurse, who had been the confidential attendant of the family since my father's marriage—an O'Donnel herself, and, of course, a relation, as she never forgot to tell us whenever our youthful pranks in any way might seem to trench upon her dignity. She was, however, a superior kind of woman, and, previous to the time of her first employment at Castle Maurice, had been by my father's foresight regularly instructed in the mysteries of her art in Dublin, by the most

competent authorities; for, situated as we were, at a distance from any civilisation more refined than that of the straggling hamlet at the castle's foot, it was no slight consolation to an over-anxious husband, to possess in his own establishment one on whose science and fidelity he could alike rely.

From Kate O'Donnel, therefore, who was still a blooming widow in her thirty-seventh year, not an iota of intelligence could be extracted, that in any way revealed the fresh occasion of disturbance. But though ignorant of the cause, the effects were so deep and extensive that they could be concealed from no one. The gloom and sorrow of one day seemed so profound that nothing could surpass it, till on the arrival of the next this delusion became but too apparent. My aunt, after much illness, went out once or twice to take the air, and then, as if this attempt at repairing her health had only the more impaired it, took to her room, and permitted the visits of no one but her nurse.

Some equally sad change appeared also in the deportment of my parents; no longer were they

to be seen, as heretofore, finding their chief pleasure in the society of each other, as evening after evening they strolled together by the beautiful banks of the ———, one of the most lovely and secluded valleys of which was included in our domain. As usual did myself and cousins muster our ponies, dogs, and fishing-rods, and run to ask why our elders would not lead the way. My father was too frequently not to be found; or he gave to our application some abrupt and absent refusal, as different from his former kind and playful manner, as his sunk cheek and contracted brow differed from the healthful beauty and manly candour that had always hitherto distinguished him.

As for my mother, her eyes filled with tears; and kissing us in silence, she would rise to add any necessary article to her dress, suffer us to lead her to the hall-door, and then, as the well-remembered beauty of the scene came fresh upon her, turn back in speechless agony to her room.

With all the minute observation of children, changes so mysterious and distinct as these filled us with sorrow and wonderment to the

last degree. Many and many a youthful consultation did we hold, as to the hidden cause that had dashed our little cup with gall. A thousand rumours were circulated among the servants, but none that could in any way elucidate the truth, or console us for it.

Four months had thus elapsed, and every succeeding day seemed to add to the wild agony of my father, and the mute sufferings of his wife. To no one point did he seem capable of fixedly turning his attention. His chief amusement had hitherto been hunting, and in keeping up, as nearly as the altered state of the times rendered possible, all those old feudal observances, or, I should rather say, the remembrances of them, which had enabled his ancestors in more troubled times to gather at their beck a thousand armed retainers. These powers had long since vanished, but their memory was connected in his mind with all the brighter and the better parts of chivalry, and the recollection of them was still most dear.

In little, however, beyond a boundless hospitality, and empty matters of form and dress,

could they be observed. Nothing hitherto had been sufficient to prevent this; nothing now seemed sufficient to rouse him to think of them. Absent, moody, dejected to an alarming degree, and uncontrollably fierce in his anger when disturbed, no revolution could be more complete than that which seemed so mysteriously to have been worked in his disposition.

At length we learned one morning that my father had left Castle Maurice, and was not expected to return for a fortnight. Once more this change stirred our boyish hopes; he might return with all his difficulties settled; or, at any rate, during his absence my mother's spirits might rise to their accustomed level. In both conclusions were we wrong.

As for Lady O'Donnel, she seemed more agitated and wretched than ever; and while yet forming a thousand excuses for not complying with our prayers that she would come out and share the beauty of the day, a clatter of horse's hoofs, and the heavy sound of wheels, announced the approach of a visitor. We hurried to the hall in just sufficient time to witness the arrival of my uncle.

Without deigning to notice the affectionate clamour raised at his recognition, or bestowing one answering glance either on his own children or their cousins, he strode hastily past to the grand staircase. As he flew rather than walked up the ascent, the dreadful expression of his countenance struck us mute with horror. Of a hue that rather belonged to the next world than to this, his eyes inflamed and protruding, the blood still staining his ashy lips from the force with which they had been bitten, his dress discoloured and disordered with rapid travelling, and his long black hair hanging in uncombed disorder over his forehead, it was with difficulty we could believe this fearful looking object to be the same kind peaceful relative who but four months since had left us in the pride of manhood, hope, and vigour.

Like frightened deer, we crowded together into a distant corner, looking rather than uttering our fears, when Kate O'Donnel came running from the direction in which we had seen my uncle vanish—for such it literally was—and with the tears chasing each other rapidly down

her cheeks, she led my little relatives away One act in this sad scene left a deep impression on my mind. The nurse seemed too much distressed to speak, but making a motion which we too readily understood, a parting kiss of affection was exchanged between us.

Too greatly terrified to give vent to the sorrow whose birth had been so sudden in our bosoms, my brother and myself stole into the gardens. In half an hour we returned, but my uncle and his family had departed from their brother's house, seemingly for ever. With them, to all appearance, too, had departed every trace of that bright and overflowing joy that had before made life a scene of so much delight to us all.

## CHAPTER II.

For happiness itself engenders fears
That Fortune's smiles must set at last in tears.

In my uncle's absence it appears that he had succeeded in obtaining the additional rank he had sought, and that his regiment being ordered on duty, he had, for the sake of appearances, remained at his post until some decent pretext presented itself for once more retiring. On the receipt of a letter from Ireland, however, all these prudential measures were at once discarded; he obtained sudden leave—appeared at Castle Maurice in the state I have represented—took his wife into an adjoining county where her relatives resided—sent in a certificate of ill health to head-quarters, and once more retired

on half-pay. My father returned to his residence, but the cause of his gloom, and his wife's estrangement, seemed still to exist in full force.

Time rolled on, and we heard that my aunt had presented her husband with a daughter. No joyful ceremonies were now, as hitherto, observed on similar family events. Indeed, the congratulations due to my uncle seemed to us to be ostentatiously transferred to Lord Desmond, whose lady had presented him with an heiress at nearly the same hour, but, however, under far different circumstances. Born to the title of viscountess in her own right, and the immense tract of territory which stretched away from the domain of Castle Maurice on one side, to nearly the farthest point of the county, where Colonel O'Donnel now resided, on the other, the choicest gifts of life seemed heaped up at the little creature's feet. One sad fate, however, appeared to link her with my cousin. The gift of life in either was the signal of its extinction in the fountain head. Both the unhappy mothers perished.

As my father's carriage rolled into Lord

Desmond's grounds, to congratulate him on being the father of an heiress, death, that so often mocks at human joys, did in sad truth turn "gay to grave, and lively to severe." Messengers came running down from the house to say that Lady Desmond had just expired, and the horses' heads were turned homewards.

In this visit my mother had accompanied Sir Maurice, and at her own door, on her return, was waiting a similar herald of woe. Her sister-in-law was no more. Whether the shock thus received was too much for the state of health in which she then was, or whether the secret that evidently preyed upon the mind of both my father and herself was beyond her strength to bear, I know not; from that day Lady O'Donnel sank by slow degrees, and despite of every remedy that art or solicitude could devise, before another twelvemonth had elapsed the memory of this gentle and affectionate being alone remained to us.

A thousand most extraordinary stories were again circulated, not only through our own but the adjoining counties, as to the mysterious

separable. Not, however,
intimate of their friends w
known to breathe a syllable
way be tortured into an all
happy event. Of my uncle
little; though living at no d
forbidden ever to visit him or
family, and none of them
wretched solitude. Public ru
of her endless shapes she took,
some guise or other to throw th
transaction on my father; and
one of these reports to its author,
in which the life of his adversa
rowly escaped.

The stern determination appare
of Sir Maurice, to uphold his fam
every risk and sacrifice, and still
mastery of the dreadful myster
crushed

any idle tales, and studiously polite when meeting with their object, the solicitude with which he shunned all society saved them from further trouble.

But it was not without a heavy cost that this devouring secret was pent within his bosom. Locked in his own rooms, his restless step was heard at all the various hours of the night, as though sleep too had declared her enmity against him; whilst the frequent and often passionate exclamation of his deep voice resounded sullenly along the old and lofty passages, and induced among the servants the belief, either that their master had recourse to witchcraft, and so raised spirits to confer with him, or that, by some means unknown to them, more earthly guests obtained admittance to his vigils.

Alas! they knew not the different guises that a mind unhappy and warring against itself can assume—how, in those dread hours when the boundaries betwixt this world and the next have grown so slight that the mere elevation of our voice seems capable of passing us beyond them, reproaches and appeals, that our pride had

otherwise forbidden, burst from the agonized breast in accents not to be restrained.

To one alone of all his former pursuits did my father remain faithful, and on that amusement seemed to be concentrated all the energies which had before been diffused over so many. From this also was doomed to spring a misfortune still more terrible than any which had preceded it. The amusement to which I allude was hunting. Before the unfortunate cause of quarrel occurred with his adopted brother, they were both accustomed to devote, during the season, every alternate day to this exercise; and it was their especial pride to have revived, and still to maintain as nearly as could be, all the feudal pomp and circumstance in which the old barons of our house had pursued this privileged pastime.

Every facility to this end, every species of covert for the deer, were especially looked to; and the emulation of all was directed to achieving the boldest feats on the stag at bay. It was customary, therefore, amongst the owners of the pack, to wear the short couteau de chasse formerly in use; and

though Colonel O'Donnel no longer joined his brother's hounds, he, like the baronet, retained his love of sport, and effected the gratification of it by establishing a subscription pack in the next county.

The excitement of spirit produced by this exercise seemed to be the only anodyne of which my father's mind was now susceptible; and my brother and myself gladly watched his return from hunting, as the most joyous part of our melancholy lives. With this view, one evening, some two years after my mother's death, we were watching from a hill the first appearance of the returning sportsman. Night fell; the hour grew late; the dogs and their keepers returned, but not Sir Maurice.

Half an hour before midnight, a groom in the livery of the lieutenant of the county arrived, with a message that we were not to expect my father, who would remain at his lordship's for a day or two. This was the formal tale: that which was delivered in the servants' hall was, however, sadly different, and too soon reached our ears.

For the first time since they had parted under our roof in friendship, Sir Maurice and his brother had that day met in hunting;—a duel had been fought, and Colonel O'Donnel left dead upon the spot. I pass over the feelings of that night, and hasten to the sequel. The story was but too true. An inquest was, of course, held upon the body on the subsequent day, and the following facts appeared upon the evidence.

Having by an accident been separated from his attendants, Sir Maurice, seeing some hounds in the distance, by hard riding contrived to join them, and discovered they were not his own. The appearance of a heavy storm induced him to seek shelter in a hut close at hand, where he was enabled to give his horse some rest, and learnt that he was on the borders of the adjoining county. The storm was now at its utmost height; and while standing over the embers of the fire, congratulating himself on such opportune shelter, he distinguished the noise of approaching hoofs. Thinking for a moment that this party might prove one of his own people, he went towards the door, to give him welcome.

While waiting on the threshold, he heard the stranger put his horse up in the adjoining shed where his own was tethered, and rushing in from the pelting of the weather, Colonel O'Donnel stood before him!

The glow from the burning peats sufficiently displayed them to each other. For a moment surprise seemed to overcome every other feeling, and they stood regarding one another in silence. At last my father put out his hand.

"No, sir," replied the younger of the two, in a voice scarcely intelligible from the rage that agitated it; "offer no hand to me, unless it contains your sword—your sword!" reiterating the last word with a characteristic stamp of the foot, and with perfect frenzy of manner.

"Augustus, are you mad?" mildly replied Sir Maurice, still extending his hand.

"Your sword!" replied the other, and his own was already glittering in the ember light.

"There, then," returned my father, drawing his from the scabbard, and extending the handle to my uncle; "there it is; do with it what you please."

But this concession seemed only further to enrage the unhappy man to whom it was addressed. Furiously dashing up the harmless end extended towards himself, he cried—

"None of this mockery to me, you traitorous son of hell! If you are too great a coward to risk your life, say so—take the pitiful burden, and begone, and never darken my miserable eyesight more."

What further he might have added, none can say; for, stung with his opprobrious epithets, my father unhappily snatched up his weapon from where it had been thrown; and for the next few seconds nothing was heard but the clashing of their hateful steel, and the piercing shrieks of the two women who witnessed the horrid scene, without the strength or skill to interfere—one being the mother of the cottager who was bed-ridden, and the other his wife, who was bewildered with her fears.

In a few seconds the power of interfering with any effect was gone for ever. Both were most able masters of their weapon; but my

father, whose object seems to have been the disarming of his assailant, in an endeavour to ward off a home thrust, got his point entangled in my uncle's neckcloth; he was therefore obliged to make the ward with the hilt. Confused in some degree by the unfitness of the weapon —a short hunting sword—for this personal conflict, and forgetful that the impetus given to the handle would equally reach the point of his blade, the same violent effort that threw off the lounge at one extreme, had, ere he could arrest it, plunged the other deep into Colonel O'Donnel's throat, the point entering a little below, and to the right of the small bone in front, and passing out on the same side of the spine. Thus were completely severed those vital vessels, the jugular and carotid, which intervened.

A slight gargle—like some arrested exclamation—was heard as the unhappy man sank upon the ground; and the gushing blood that flowed round the feet of my still more miserable parent, seemed crying up to him, with the awful voice by which he was for ever to be proclaimed a homicide—the slayer of his dearest friend!

Flinging himself on his knees beside the warm and palpitating body, he rapidly undid the neckcloth from whence was still bubbling the crimson stream that had so lately warmed his own preserver's heart. The first glance betrayed to him how vain were all his hopes that life might still be saved. Though once distinguished as a being of the gentlest mind, Sir Maurice was withal a man of iron nerve: yet all failed him now. Wringing his hands idly over the corpse he had once so loved—pressing its dabbled fingers to his lips, and calling on the spirit that had departed, with a thousand passionate and endearing exclamations—grief and horror for a few seconds were displayed in all the frightful fantasies of a disordered reason.

No sooner had the dire mischief been effected, than the cottager's wife, no longer afraid of receiving a chance injury from the weapons of those who were fighting almost in the doorway, rushed past the dead and the distracted, and, with the fleetness of fear and horror, sought her husband, who was working at no great distance. On the return of these two, they found

Sir Maurice lying across the body of the slain, in a state of insensibility. By dint of chafing and burnt feathers, and the pouring of some whisky down his throat, he revived; but seemingly, at first, in a state of idiocy. At last, his eyes fell on the horrid sight—on which it would have been happy for him if they had closed for ever. Then a passionate burst of tears relieved the mind, and sense and speech gradually returned to him.

The residence of the lieutenant of the county was not above two miles from where this tragedy had occurred; and giving the cottager his name, my father sent him with a few lines on a leaf of his pocket-book, briefly stating what had occurred, and begging that some of his lordship's people might be despatched to him without delay. This was done. At the inquest which followed on the ensuing day, the story, exactly as I have told it, was repeated by the peasant's wife and mother, and a verdict of justifiable manslaughter was returned.

Prior, however, to this finding of the jury, they requested Sir Maurice to inform them if

a dwarf grove of ilex and other evergreens, was a humble little building of stone, surmounted by a cross. Here, from the earliest date of our family, were gathered in their last sleep all who had sped before us in the race of life. This building Sir Maurice had enlarged, ventilated, and arranged with the utmost care. The remains of its different tenants were each deposited in a separate stone coffin,—lettered in copper with the name once borne by the dust within, the date of birth, the length of life, and all the other particulars which form the chronological history of the dead,—disposed in cells according to their times.

An ample fire-place and a small collection of books, a table and a single chair, bespoke something of life even in the grave; a large vase stood upon the table; and here every morning, when summer's sweet breath lent them odour, Sir Maurice was accustomed to bring and arrange the choicest flowers of his gardens, the withered but treasured petals of which he still reserved, to mock the niggard hand of winter with their fragrance. What might be

his musings in this solemn and singular retreat, none could tell; but the love and affection of a son were with him there. To my brother and myself he had never breathed one syllable of my uncle's fate; yet we knew that the bodies of the colonel and my aunt were sacredly deposited within this sanctum of the past, while there also the remains of my mother, treasured with even deeper affection, remained embalmed.

This deep and ineffaceable affection for the dead carried to the vulgar something of horror. To me it seemed the last mournful worship of a love that some inexpressible sorrow had drawn to the verge of insanity; while, for himself, it was impossible to regard him in any other light than as one buried alive. Possessed of every accomplishment that lightens life of its weariness, while it refines and improves upon every joy,—all were forgotten. He supplied us carefully with every master we could wish; but neither entered into our amusements, nor seemed conscious of that premature dejection which formed the atmosphere of our lives,

giving the cares and gravity of manhood to those who in years were still children.

Yet I could not set this down to want of kindness. Every reflection forbade such a conclusion; while it was impossible to me to watch his deep set and full blue eye, so "charged with unshed tears," without feeling an almost irrepressible emotion, that tempted me to fling myself into his arms, and there seek that love which was the hourly craving of my existence. This, however, was never granted in the quarter where it would have been most prized, and was therefore sought elsewhere. The affections of the heart, like the shoots of the vine, may be surrounded and enclosed in darkness and restraint; but if one ray of light, however small, should penetrate the dungeon, to that bright spot its strength directs all growth; for that alone it lives; and there, in defiance of every act of circumvention, it displays that luxuriance which is only the more vigorous from repression.

## CHAPTER III.

"There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him——
He had no breath—no being—but in hers:
She was his voice. He did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words. She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all * * * *
She knew she was beloved of him. She knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart
Was darkened by her shadow; and she saw
That he was wretched, but she knew not all."

BYRON'S "DREAM."

AT the time of which I am now writing, the love which Sir Maurice lavished upon the dead, while his living children seemed incapable of exciting any such regard, was a riddle almost as inexplicable as the other events of his life to

which I have referred. Reflection has, however, I think, discovered its solution. Too proud to allude to the dreadful history of the past, an over-sensitive perception led him to see coldness and distrust, if not reproach, in mere childish timidity; and so, without a blessing in the world to cheer us but a father's love, even this spring of happiness, to use his own forcible expression, was poisoned by the mysterious influence of the past.

Amid the estrangement which now had become thus settled, one only injunction was strictly given for our rigid observance. The sports of the field were allowed us without limitation: no bounds were set to our rides or our hunts; but we were never to exchange any acquaintance with our orphan cousins. They still resided with their maternal grandfather, in an old kind of manor-house, and a cordon was drawn around this locality, barring us out by a fair mile from the threshhold to which our alliance had brought such woe, and within which we were never to enter.

To us this inexplicable command seemed

harsh almost to tyranny; yet we knew not but that it might arise from a conviction of their hatred towards us, and thus with every reluctance submitted. Often, and for hours together, would my brother and self escape away from any attendance, and ride round and round this forbidden circle, hoping to chance on our young relations, and longing—how eagerly!—to enter on their boundaries; like those unhappy beings, shut out from the blissful bowers of Eden, against whose transgressing approach the double sword of fire was perpetually flaming.

Every passing year added to our wish for and want of society, and to the seeming cruelty of this prohibition. The servants told us many stories of our relatives, and one that sank more deeply than they imagined: that the youngest — the only daughter of the family, Kathleen—was beautiful beyond all praise.

The tender name of a sister was something of which I had no true idea, and fancy but too readily obtained leave to fill up an ideal picture. Already my heart had learnt to tremble at the name of one whom I had never seen, and

my vagrant pencil to trace and colour forms of all that I could conceive as endearing. My father's library was well stocked with books, and richly so in the departments of the imagination, culled not only from the gems of our own language, but of those of the Italian, the German, and the Persian. These fed the fire already lighted; and the copious store of music, which had once been my mother's chief amusement, and was now her son's dearest resource, all tended to bring about the result which followed.

Not far from the castle, the neighbouring river passed, as I have already said, through a lovely glen. It was celebrated at once for the striking nature of its scenery, and the peculiar fineness of the fish taken in its waters. Here, on a lovely summer evening, my brother and myself were wandering with our rods; he deeply intent on pursuing, with his accustomed gravity, the sport before him—I sitting musing on the branch of a tree that overhung the stream. It was a favourite haunt; a view unsurpassed, in my eyes, by any that I have ever since beheld, lay before me. I looked on it, but

I thought not of a single feature that it presented. The setting sun shone down upon the silent pool, on the eddies of which my brother threw his flies: his form was conspicuous to the eye, but it conveyed no image to the brain. My rod and lines rested idly on the bank, and my whole soul was taken up in one of those delicious dreams that abide no longer with the spirit than the morning dew upon the grass; dreams that youth alone supplies, and that manhood withers for ever.

Even the blue horizon could not lead my fancy beyond its illusive ridge, for considerably within it dwelt my cousin. There lived that gentle and beautiful being of whom I knew so little, and had dreamt so much. In her I fancied I should find one whom I loved as a sister.

An exclamation of surprise from my brother at length roused me from my reverie. My name, once or twice repeated, brought me to his side; and I then found that the cause of surprise was, the visit of a party of strangers, who were slowly approaching, by something that might be well termed an apology for a carriage road.

Their vehicle was a common jaunting car. One or two "slips" of the bank rendering such further riding unsafe, we determined to address and tell them so. As they came up to us, my attention was, however, wholly absorbed by the extreme loveliness of the only lady in the party; and for a few moments, I am ashamed to say, even my cousin Kathleen was forgotten. I felt like one who for the first time has plunged into the ocean—breathless with a variety of emotions. Never had I looked on anything so exquisite before in human nature. The very impersonation of all my waking visions was before me! I gazed, and doubted, and still gazed the more. Fiction no longer called up an airy, unsubstantial phantom, but that which I had so longed to see—to clasp—to love—was a being of this world; and therefore doubt that such existed could torture me no more! That being was, like myself, subject to the chain of the affections, and therefore might be wooed; while, more joyful than all, it was here present before me, and could no more elude my knowledge.

It was as though another world had been added to my joys—another life to my existence.

I spoke not, for I felt like one of those who are stated by our legends to have come upon the sports of fairies, and I dreaded lest, at the utterance of a word, the whole scene might melt away. But, rapt as I was, I saw that the party were about to alight, and, stepping forward, gave to my fair conqueror the hand of a too willing captive. Then, for the first time in my life, I felt that I could be both timid and bashful, and my hand trembled so greatly, as barely to perform its office.

My placid brother, happily ignorant of my emotions, had long since explained to our new acquaintance the further impassability of the road, and, in proof of his opinion, walked forward with the three gentlemen, while my companion, to whom I had given my arm, followed. Having satisfied themselves of the fact, a sudden break of the hills brought in view the distant turrets of Castle Maurice. This object at once arrested the attention of the visiters. With more curiosity to hear what might be said than judgment as to what we might feel at hearing it, neither my brother nor myself made any allusion to the fact of its being our home. After

gazing at the object of their survey with abstraction for some moments, the elder of the strangers turned round, and, directing my companion's attention to the spot, said, in a voice of deep sorrow, "There lives your uncle, Kathleen." An involuntary start, an exclamation of surprise and joy, together with the warmest welcome an embrace could give, soon proved that no lapse of time had shaken from our hearts the love, however it might have impaired the personal remembrance, of my relatives; and none who have not seen a delighted Irishman, can form any idea of the extravagance of my joy.

Again and again, as I gazed on Kathleen, I reproached myself that I could for a moment have doubted who was before me. We had met—a fatal meeting! which, in a single moment, annihilated my father's years of watching Nor is it necessary to say more; for, to see was to love, and to love was to doom myself to years of misery and pain. Those who have had the good fortune to meet in their rambles a perfect "Irish beauty," will find many excuses for my share in the matter, even though Kathleen's

eyes had been less blue, her hair less dark, or her face less fair. In conclusion, I accepted the offer of the elder brother to ride back with them to their house, and remain for the night, notwithstanding all the entreaties of my brother, to whose mind my father's strict injunctions at once returned. He might as well have mentioned them to the summer wind: I knew that my absence would, in all probability, never be discovered, and then I thought "At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs."

I was right in my conclusions: my absence was never known. The first visit was soon repeated, and, before a week had passed, it was the daily occupation, the engrossing thought of my life. Alas! for poor Kathleen; both were soon entangled in the mesh, and neither knew the mischief that had been committed.

This happy ignorance was not long, however, to be granted to us. With the natural impatience of a lover, I communicated to my father what had happened, and asked his permission for our marriage. How I found courage, even with my audacity, to reach the end of my story, I know not. All that it is possible to conceive of rage

and fury was depicted in his countenance, as I proceeded with my recital. Threat and denunciation of every kind were dealt upon me, if I should dare farther to pursue such an attachment. Not content with giving this decided refusal, unsupported as it was by any attempt at reason, save that of our mutual poverty, the bare recurrence to my project was to be the signal for my expulsion from his doors, whence, with a pittance of five hundred pounds, I might try how far the companionship of beggary would lighten the ills of love.

Choleric by disposition, and, from the peculiar nature of my education, accustomed to cherish that self-confidence and pride, without which there can be no independence of character, the last method that could have succeeded in changing my views was the attempt to daunt me. Without forgetting the respect, therefore, due to a parent, I temperately, but resolutely, announced my intention of courting any combat with the evils of life, rather than be drilled and frightened out of an attachment in which I knew that more than my own happiness was concerned.

Accustomed to see every one in his household quail at his anger, the determined boldness of this reply left Sir Maurice speechless with surprise. He seemed to pause for some word that could give expression to the depth of his bitterness. I saw that no argument could soften his refusal, and therefore, bowing to him as I passed his chair, I left the room.

Had my father entertained the proposition with that degree of calmness and temper with which I conceive every parent is bound to listen to that which may have deep influence on the present or future happiness of a child, I should have been perfectly amenable to reason. Had he spoken to me of the weight which his past experience was entitled to give to his advice—pointed out the difficulties into which I was hurrying — recommended me to test my affection by delay, or, at least, make out my claim to the taking of so important a step as marriage, by earning some independent position in the world,—how delighted would I have been to follow all that he could have proposed! But a point-blank refusal I felt to be an outrage of every just pride and dignity.

After brooding on these feelings for an hour, I retired to my own room, determined to prove to my father that, since he would not lend his countenance to my happiness, I would win my way through the world without it. Sending for the lad who attended on me as my servant, I ordered him to get our horses ready for starting to Dublin next morning, for a few days' residence in that city. Then, taking my gun on my arm, and mounting my shooting pony, I set off, in the beautiful twilight of a summer's evening, to bid farewell to Kathleen.

Alas! this was but the beginning of her sorrows. In common with all the neighbourhood, she had heard the character of Sir Maurice discussed, and loaded with every reproach. The history of the family duel induced her to view him with deep dread. But, blessed with the most indulgent grandfather herself, she could not possibly conceive why my parents should negative our wishes. Some opposition she expected, but rather from her brother than my father; and, knowing that I was that blessed thing "the favourite son," she certainly had calculated on my gaining a tardy consent. I did

not tell her, as I rather thought that, in all probability, it was to this favouritism alone his refusal was owing; since I had no doubt that my brother might almost have married any wench in his kitchen, without a finger being held up to prevent it. To be sure, it is very true that he might, with equal probability, have been kicked out of doors immediately afterwards; but that was a trifle, and would, perhaps, I might as well add, have been no loss in the end.

After many tears, and repeated offers of breaking off our engagements, they were, as usual in such cases, more solemnly renewed than ever. I then retraced my way to the castle, having promised to return from Dublin in the course of a week, to communicate to her the result of an inquiry, which I was now determined to make, as to the readiest mode in which a poor man could obtain the wherewithal on which to support himself and wife: for I was determined at once to "seek my fortune."

## CHAPTER IV.

*Par.*—I have business to my lord. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Hel.*—Let thy song be love! This love will undo us all. O Cupid! Cupid! Cupid!

*Troilus and Cressida.*

At daylight on the ensuing morning, I set off



air in which he chiefly delighted responded well to the fancies I was myself entertaining. Though I knew I should fail in stirring my father to use what interest he possessed at the vice-regal court, still I had in Dublin so many connexions, that I doubted not I should be able to procure a commission in the army.

The five hundred pounds, thought I, will will just fit out Kathleen and myself, and we shall be able to live on my pay till the storm blows over. Full of these bright and delusive ideas, I sallied out into the streets of Dublin the morning after my arrival; and going to the house of the most influential relative of my father, I told him, with much coolness and self-possession, that I had come up to town to try if the Lord Lieutenant would, in consideration of the past services that my family had at various times rendered to the government, bestow on me, a promising but unprovided younger son, a commission.

I confess that, at the time, my heart smote me for not being more candid. But love is a sad tempter. I was, moreover, not a little tickled at

the idea of accomplishing my object through the means of the very individual whose opposition alone intervened betwixt my hopes and their accomplishment.

My friend inquired after the baronet's health.

"My lord," said I, "it cannot be better."

"Upon my honour, then, I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Maurice; but why did he not write me a line?"

"For that I alone am to blame, my lord. It was owing to the hurry in which I left home."

Answering all his other questions in a manner equally one-sided, it never occurred to my friend that I could be taking a step independent of my parent. He promised, therefore, very readily, to use all his influence with the Lord Lieutenant, and to see him that very day, while he asked me to dinner, to hear the result of his interview. Well do I remember in what an ecstasy of joy I left him, and, mounting my horse, rode out among the most solitary parts of the Park, to enjoy, to the utmost and alone, the prospect thus opened before me.

Punctual to a second, I returned to dinner. My host took me aside into his study.

"The Lord Lieutenant has promised me a commission on these terms: you are to have a captaincy given you, provided you can raise the company on your father's estate."

"Thank God! my lord," cried I, embracing the old gentleman in my delight, and cutting a thousand other capers. "Men form almost the only produce that my father's hills can boast to superfluity. A hundred men! I could raise ten times that number, were it necessary."

There was not a holder of a cabin on our land who was not known to me, or whose sons would not have gone to the world's end at my bidding.

Dinner was a mere going through of forms to me; I was already imagining a thousand things of the glorious set of fellows I would bring to the king's banner, and the still more glorious way in which I might soon have to lead, with a "view halloo," on a quarry more noble than the stag.

"By St. Patrick!" said I, at parting with

that all my bright hopes were about to set, as I could the day before, when they first arose within me.

Taking me once more into his study, as soon as breakfast was over, my kind friend read my father's letter. It stated that I had formed an attachment of which he highly disapproved, that he suspected I was about to contract a marriage which he would never sanction, and that I, for this purpose, had set off to Dublin; to find some means of gaining the independence necessary to bring it about. Finally, he concluded by requesting that I might obtain no sort of encouragement in any of my plans, from the quarter to which that letter was addressed, and that such his disapproval of my conduct might be made known to all our connexions then in town, to part of whom he had also written by the same post.

"Now, Maurice," said my friend, when he had finished the letter, "I ask you, on your honour as a gentleman and a kinsman, is this charge true?"

"My lord, I must confess it is. But I

think my father has behaved unkindly and unjustly, as you shall hear."

"Pardon me, my dear boy; into that it is quite unnecessary for me to enter; I can only go on the broad principle; though I have seen enough to believe you would never make an alliance that could disgrace your family—"

"No, sir," interrupted I, "you may well believe that, for the lady to whom allusion has been made is my own cousin, Kathleen O'Donnel."

"Well, well—still your father has a perfect right, as far as third parties, like myself, are concerned, to give or withhold his approbation at pleasure. So long as he shall see fit to pursue the latter course, you are aware I can render no assistance. In the present matter of your commission, you must see that every effort of mine would be rendered useless, since not a man could be raised on your father's estate, in direct opposition to his wishes. It is true I could get you them very easily from mine; but not without the most direct quarrel with your father; which, under all the circum-

stances of the case, could not be justified. My advice to you is, therefore, that you write your father a statement of the facts as they now stand, and try once more to gain his consent. I will myself enclose your letter, and beg from him as favourable a consideration of your application as possible."

To a proposition so sensible and good-hearted I acceded, with many thanks. The letters were written and despatched. The answer was duly received, and was as follows:—

"My Lord,—I am infinitely obliged to you for the very great interest you are pleased to take in an undutiful son. The only answer I can give to your letter is, the repetition of my determination, already expressed to Mr. Maurice O'Donnel. On the day that he leaves my roof, or disobeys my commands in this matter, I shall give him an order on my agent for five hundred pounds, and disown him for ever. I must greatly regret that your lordship has had the trouble of applying to the Lord Lieutenant, as it is furthest from my intention

to avail myself of the offer his Excellency has seen fit to make.

"I remain, my lord,

"Your lordship's obedient

"Servant and kinsman,

"M. O'DONNEL."

"There, you have the whole of it, Mr. Maurice," said his lordship, smiling; "and a very pretty dose we've got between us. As to me, I suppose and trust your father will soon be fortunate enough to recover his good temper; and when that day arrives, and his consent is obtained, I shall still have great pleasure in rendering you any little service in my power. I will never encourage any young man in opposition to the wishes of his parent; but, in this case more particularly, I will not refer to the past; though I must say, that my friend Sir Maurice does not seem to have acted entirely without haste and prejudice, and I sincerely wish that you may be able to bring cool judgment to your assistance, in determining how far your attachment is well founded. Should

this prove the case, you have a relation's warmest wishes for your happiness."

"I am sure, my lord, I have most sincerely to thank you," replied I, not a little affected at his kindness. "I will do all in my power to follow your advice, and prove that your sympathy is not thrown away. I only wish that in my father I had to deal with one equally accessible to reason. The happiness you wish me I should in that case soon acquire."

Holding out his hand to me, I shook it cordially, and took my leave, he having previously desired me to take away my father's letter, saying that he never wished to retain the slightest memorial of peevishness on the part of those he esteemed.

## CHAPTER V.

"—— Hast thou found my daughter?

* * * *

The curse never fell upon my nation until now.

* * * *

And no revenge!—no sighs but o' my breathing,
No tears but o' my shedding!"

*Merchant of Venice.*

Much as the staunch conduct of my friend was calculated to console me, I must confess that, on reaching the hotel, I gave way to a violent paroxysm of rage and grief. This was my first actual encounter with the difficulties and adversities of life, in my own immediate person: indeed, it is long before the ardent and enthusiastic spirit of boyhood can meet disappointment, with that calmness and self-possession, by which alone we can be brought triumphant through the fiery furnace that, in one shape or another, is prepared for us.

As my father, brother, and myself, generally spent some portion of the season in Dublin, we had an extensive acquaintance; and I found on my table one or two invitations for the evening. Sending excuses to all of these, with one exception, I sat down and wrote a long love-letter, which, as is usual in all established cases of "unfortunate attachments," consisted mainly of large and varied doses of that admirable drug—Hope. This concluded, I turned to the consideration of what would be the most advisable proceeding next to be adopted.

For some time I endeavoured to reflect on the good advice that morning given to me—almost as much as if I had intended to act by it. But when I had nearly schooled myself into believing that I had better allow the lapse of some brief period to take place before entering on the indissoluble contract, I pulled out my father's letter. The positive and unconciliating spirit of this put to flight the last temporising idea I had entertained.

"The utmost depth of matrimonial misery," said I, "can never be worse than that which

suspense would entail; so, as my hopes are blasted in the army, I have only to ascertain which of the civil professions most readily repays its cultivators, and take forthwith to that.

Having called for another pint of wine, to consolidate my ideas — for these were post-prandial musings—I set off to see an old friend, who was some years my senior, and himself a Benedict to boot. He received me very kindly, laughed at me in proportion, and endeavoured greatly to persuade me that love was a mere delusion of childhood, for which wedlock was although the surest, yet still the worst of remedies.

Finding, however, that I was not to be dissuaded, he entered on the subject with due gravity. Next to the army, the natural profession of an Irishman is the bar. But, in my case, the course was both too long and too expensive. The church was equally out of the question. Medicine alone, therefore, was left me.

Fortunately I found, on inquiry, that the sum necessary to be expended in qualifying myself as a practitioner, would be considerably less in this than in any other of the before-named

pursuits, and also as much more quickly afford a return. To medicine, therefore, I determined to have recourse in my extremity; and, with this resolve, returned home.

The ensuing morning I devoted to making every inquiry as to the path I was about to pursue. The discretion of the result no one can question; I decided to marry, pass over to Edinburgh, there qualify myself for a surgeon, and then wend my way to the great metropolis; since in London I doubted not that a young gentleman of my prudence would soon find or achieve a fortune.

In order that no after-reflection might cause me to waver, I just took the liberty of waiting on my father's man of business, and, having told him that my worthy progenitor would soon have occasion for five hundred pounds, advised him to lose no time in raising and getting ready the same, since, long as I can recollect the proceedings of our ancient house, I never knew the time when five hundreds were so plentiful that it was only necessary for an O'Donnel to say to his agent, "Pay!" and he payeth it.

Having taken this little measure of precau-

tion, I left town that night—determined to be happy in spite of every one—while the money lasted. On arriving at my father's place, I looked up at the old castle, and rode on. Father O'Leary lived but at a short distance. Many a jolly glass and bottle had we absorbed together; and now I determined he should marry me to my own little Kathleen.

His name, properly speaking, was Ludovic Hassler; and his post, that of Protestant curate. From his devout horror of his Catholic neighbours, we had, however, given him the name of Father O'Leary; and whenever we wished effectually to excite his wrath, affected to believe him given in his own mind to the faith of the Romans.

Father O'Leary, however, proved to be from home; and, leaving a note for him, to lose no time in following me on some especial and secret business, I went on with all the eager speed of a lover's pace.

I had already dismissed my servant, and on reaching Kathleen's door I hardly gave myself time to secure my horse, ere I hastened through

the little enclosure; and, somewhat surprised at not being met and welcomed on the threshold, I opened the door and walked in. To my astonishment, a scene of the greatest confusion presented itself, which was far from lessened by my appearance. Several of the family crowded round me, and with tears of the wildest grief and distress entreated me to tell them if I had any news of their sister.

"What!" cried I, quickly glancing my eye round, and perceiving with dismay the absence of her who was everything to me. "Where is Kathleen? What has happened to her? Tell me, I beseech you, what has happened to her?" repeated I, as the cries and lamentations of her relatives formed the only answer.

Rushing up stairs to her aged parent's room, I found her bending over the insensible form of her husband, who, with his temples swathed in a bandage saturated with blood, was laid upon a bed spotted over with the same revolting dye. I tried to ask the meaning of the horrors I beheld, but the suddenness with which they had come upon me was so great that I fainted.

On opening my eyes I found Father O'Leary beside me, and from him at length I extracted an account of what had occurred.

On the preceding evening, as the family were sitting at the supper table, and on the point of retiring to rest, a body of ruffians, from twelve to twenty in number, some with their faces blackened, others wearing crape masks, surrounded the house, forced the door, and in spite of all the resistance made by her grandfather and brothers, succeeded in forcibly carrying off Kathleen. She was instantly secured behind a powerful man on horseback, and borne away with the utmost speed. The most deadly opposition had been made to this dastardly outrage that the great disparity of numbers permitted; the result of which was, that two of Kathleen's brothers were most severely injured, and their grandfather so wounded as to leave very little hope of his ultimate recovery. That evening, pursuit of the miscreants had been and was still making, but hitherto, for all they had heard, without success.

Frantic with this intelligence, I knew not

what to do, or where to fly. With the earliest moment they had sent intelligence of what had happened to my father, but he was from home. This last piece of intelligence awoke in my mind a suspicion, which I knew not well how to entertain, and still less how to discard, and the very existence of which increased our difficulties tenfold. It appeared that the party had been commanded by an individual who kept his post outside the threshold. As Kathleen was being placed on horseback she attempted to save herself by catching at his clothes, and entreating to know how she deserved such cruelty. In so doing she partly snatched away a letter that protruded from his waistcoat pocket, and, in the struggle of the owner to regain possession of it, a fragment was torn off, and falling unnoticed to the ground, was picked up on the ensuing morning. It was shown to me. The writing was nearly illegible, from having been considerably trampled. The hand seemed familiar to me, though I vainly taxed my memory to recognise its writer. The portion in question had been the lower fly of the

letter, and contained the following words: "If such a notification has been authorised by you?" after this there followed, lower down, the words "obedient servant;" and beneath that again the last letter of the writer's signature, which was "e."

What a trifle more, thought I with grief and indignation, would in all probability have laid bare the originators of this most iniquitous transaction! As it was, it left us completely in the dark. Still, Kathleen's grandfather resolved that the fragment should be carefully treasured up, since, under Providence, it might some day afford a clue to ascertain the fate, if not to obtain the recovery, of his beloved child. Thinking, therefore, that it might aid me in the search on which I was setting off, he committed it to my keeping: with the same conviction I accepted the charge.

Determined to leave no effort untried to attain their discovery, I procured the most accurate descriptions of the persons of all concerned; these I wrote down, resolved that while I drew the breath of heaven I would never resign the attempt to track them out.

As may naturally he imagined in such a case, there were no bounds to which my fears did not by turns extend, and no agony of mind which these did not cause me to endure. From several concurrent reasons, my suspicions pointed to my father, if not as the actual leader, still as the cause and projector of this violence. It was true that the individual under whose directions the ruffians had acted, was alleged to have been exceedingly robust as well as tall, while my father was as remarkable for being thin in the extreme.

This deception might, however, have been most easily practised, for the sake of the disguise. The fact of his being absent from home, together with one or two other circumstances, told strongly against him in my thoughts.

Still I forebore to breathe the slightest hint of my suspicions. It was possible I might wrong him. Young as I was, and maddened by the thought of what had occurred, I yet fortunately remembered the character of my countrymen, and how often and how readily the appearance of guilt is taken for and

punished as its convicted reality, more especially in a case where the sad past would have such an influence. The deepest of injuries would seem to call for a revenge, while the relationship was so near as to aggravate them to the last extent. If, thought I, he really is innocent, the loss of poor Kathleen can never be mitigated by my being the proximate cause of having my own father murdered on the first opportunity; since to this issue I well knew there was not a brother of Kathleen's who would not have put it, had such a suspicion of my parent once gained ground. Reserving these thoughts, then, strictly to myself, I carefully put away the soiled fragment of the letter, together with the personal description of the ruffians, and, remounting my horse, rode off in the direction in which it was supposed Kathleen had been carried, and in which her brothers had already preceded me in their pursuit.

Very little difficulty presented itself in tracking the path of those who had gone before me,—which I continued to do all night, making the

necessary inquiries at such hamlets or hovels as presented themselves, at long intervals, on my way; but it was all in vain. Early on the ensuing morning I met Kathleen's brothers, returning from their fruitless search. Only two horsemen, it was supposed, had finally carried her off, and these were distinctly traced to within forty miles of the coast, where, it seems, they had left the main road, and all tidings of them were lost.

On arriving at this conclusion, the brothers and their party had all separated, some striking off into the surrounding country on the right hand, others on the left, and the remainder proceeding direct to the sea. On reaching this, they had again separated, to traverse the coast; but the only intelligence obtained, which could at all bear on the point at issue, was, that two men had, some seven or eight hours before, embarked at a port, twenty miles to the eastward of the main road, in a small vessel, carrying with them, muffled up from sight, a young lad, said to be dangerously ill from a wound received in a duel, which proved fatal to his an-

tagonist, who was also reported to be nearly connected with the survivor.

However, as an affair of this sort would soon have been bandied about the country, this description seemed indeed to me to be very suspicious; so much so, that, after consulting with Kathleen's brothers, I left them with the most ardent exhortations (which, however, were little needed) to push their search on land with every vigour, while I hastened to sea, and endeavoured to give chase to the fugitives whom we, with so much reason, believed to be afloat.

Having exchanged my horse, which was now completely knocked up, for one but little better, I lost no time in executing my determination. Being instructed as to the little port from which the smuggler sailed, and the readiest mode of reaching it, I was enabled to make my way thither much more directly than those who had preceded me. With some difficulty I procured a boat, or rather vessel and crew, and, despite of their dissuasions to the contrary, crowded all sail for the coast of France, towards which they

were supposed to have fled. The port to which we steered was ———.

Idle as it seemed to all around me, I could not help entertaining strong hopes, but these were soon proved futile; and after many days spent at sea, in a chase that only rendered me suspected of madness by my crew, our vessel was driven back by a gale of wind, and our lives with difficulty saved. For me, all that now remained—was to return—broken-spirited and despairing!



## CHAPTER VI.

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my love?

* * * * *

There is no end—no limit—measure—bound—
In that word 's death.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Nor equally fruitless, however, had been the exertions of Kathleen's brothers; and in my absence, comparatively short as it was, discoveries, as dreadful as they were unexpected, had been made. It is, indeed, beyond the power of words to record the agony of mind which I endured on reaching home, to find my father in a prison, and my brother in the grave!

Yet such, indeed, was the truth. Nor was this all: the object of my sorrow and com-

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the castle, affirming that they had found the perpetrator of the late outrage on their sister, and that they but waited for my evidence to convict the criminal, not only of this, but of her subsequent murder.

"*My* evidence!" the words fell with the weight of ten thousand horrors on my ear. *My* evidence! and against whom? *My own* parent! Little reason as I had to thank my father for his conduct before this fatal event—transported with madness, as I was, by its occurrence—still the thought of being instrumental to the disgraceful conviction and death of one from whom I received my own being, was insupportable.

Imploring Kathleen's family not to judge too hastily, I demanded upon what grounds their present belief existed, and was then informed of the following dark story.

Among the dependents on my father's estate was one who, amongst the generality of his neighbours, bore anything but the best of characters: his name was Donaghue. He, an only daughter, whom I had often

miseration, the sharer of my boyish difficulties, might well leave behind him the deepest grief, in a heart whose inmost thoughts had veiled no secret from his own. The distress of knowing that my parent was in a position of temporary disgrace, discomfort, and danger, might also have been contended with; but when I learnt the cause of all this aggregation of wretchedness —when I was told that he was confined on a charge of *murder*—cold-blooded, atrocious murder—deliberately committed, under circumstances of the most aggravated nature, upon the person of a young and beautiful kinswoman, and that kinswoman my lost Kathleen —it seemed as if the horrid tidings bore with them the death-warrant, not only of my brother, but myself; and eagerly as I implored Heaven to grant me a knowledge of her fate, I offered up a heartfelt prayer, that some fatal delusion might have misled my informants into suspicion of one whom—greatly as I tried—I could not altogether acquit.

No sooner was it known that I had returned, than Kathleen's relatives came posting over to

the castle, affirming that they had found the perpetrator of the late outrage on their sister, and that they but waited for my evidence to convict the criminal, not only of this, but of her subsequent murder.

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Imploring Kathleen's family not to judge too hastily, I demanded upon what grounds their present belief existed, and was then informed of the following dark story.

Among the dependents on my father's estate was one who, amongst the generality of his neighbours, bore anything but the best of characters: his name was Donaghue. He, and an only daughter, whom I had often

remarked for her likeness in person to Kathleen, lived beside a small tarn, or little loch, in the midst of a desolate tract of moor, some few miles from our place.

The miserable hovel that sheltered them belonged to my father, who gave this and some small stipend to Donaghue, for acting in the capacity of gamekeeper, or, to come nearer to the point of fact, for his undertaking that no one should poach on the grounds but himself. To this, smuggling, and some other practices of equal respectability, it was supposed that he was indebted for the means of that miserable existence which he was too great a vagabond to support by any more industrious and creditable exertion.

The face of this creature plainly bespoke his mind, that of a hardened, sordid ruffian, capable of any desperate deed that brought him the bread of idleness. It was, moreover, like that of Cain, one on which Heaven had set a mark that never could be mistaken. He was one of those strange beings whom we are accustomed to denominate Albinos; his hair being of the

colour and texture of fine-spun glass; while his eyes, large, full, and prominent, instead of possessing the pink shade that generally distinguishes this race of men, had been of a deeper hue, and looked as sanguinary as was his character.

Such, I say, they had been,—for, in one of his smuggling affrays, one orb had been thrust from its socket, while the other still remained, to glare forth with the horrid look of relentless malice that marks the man of blood. No one that had ever seen him once could either fail to recognise, or wish ever to look on him again.

From the first moment of beholding him, I felt the utmost detestation of himself and his pursuits. He knew that this was my feeling, and acknowledged it, by many a little impertinence, whenever he could dare with impunity; but the hour of his full vengeance had not then arrived.

Fully convinced of his desperate villany, I had often expressed to my father the extreme surprise I felt at his tolerating such a wretch on his estate, much less employing him. In reply

to this, I was told not so readily to give way to idle prejudices; for that an honest heart might often be discovered beneath a rough exterior. Having in this case a very different impression, here my remonstrance of necessity terminated.

The forcible carrying off of Kathleen created, as may well be supposed, a sensation of the greatest abhorrence in the surrounding country, against its unknown executors and abettors; and offers of assistance in tracking out the ruffians came to her friends from all quarters, except that of my father, who should certainly, in one sense, have been the first to proffer them.

Meanwhile days passed on, and all their efforts proved vain. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had circulated many stories, each in their turn believed and rejected. The fact of my attachment, and my father's peremptory refusal to permit or sanction it, was well known, and this circumstance naturally drew on him many of the tales to which I have alluded. Still as one so well known to be quick and determined in his resentments, a man of family

and powerful connexions, and himself a magistrate, his name was not to be assailed with ease, or with impunity; and those who did suspect spoke below their breath, when hinting the share he might have taken in so foul an outrage; those of his own rank remaining mute, and those below it being powerless to say much more.

Soon after the fatal night, it was remarked that Donaghue had disappeared from the county. No one had seen—no one had heard of him; and it was suggested to Kathleen's brothers that they should make some inquiry as to the absence of one who, generally speaking, was to be seen idling at every turn of the road.

With the quick eagerness of men greedy to seize the slightest clue, they went off to his cottage. It was deserted; they tried the door—that was locked. The younger brother proposed to force it open; the elder brother, however, hesitated at this, but hearing an unusual noise in the sty, where was kept that mainstay of an Irishman's household, his pig, they went towards it. The poor creature had eaten up even the dirty straw

on which it was accustomed to lie, and gnawed the wooden work of its sty in all directions, from which, and the eager way in which it endeavoured to climb up to them, they were convinced that it was in a state of starvation.

These circumstances naturally struck them as being singular; for in the first place an Irishman's pig has always the right of his cabin, and the liberty of rambling where it pleases, or, at any rate, is only shut up at night; while, during an absence that has been foreseen, it is either put under the charge of a neighbour, or sold outright.

From all these facts they concluded, with much quickness, that the absence of the master had been, first, unexpected; next, that it had taken place during the night; and thirdly, either with such precipitancy, or under circumstances of such confusion, as not to allow of his taking care of a creature that, with my countrymen, generally meets with as much consideration as a child.

Again, where was his daughter? Unless their flight had been taken under circumstances of guilt

or fear, or both, surely she would have been allowed to remain behind. Neither could theirs have been a journey undertaken without means, or surely they would have preferred selling their property, at however short a notice, or great a sacrifice, to leaving it behind to perish of famine, benefiting no one. Yet whence could Donaghue's means be derived, save from some principal who employed him as a tool in matters which he was afraid to execute himself?

The concurrence of these various points, however trivial in themselves, still, as a whole, so strongly attracted the suspicion and surprise of those most interested in weighing them, that they resolved to enter the cabin of the fugitive, and see if they could gather from its contents any corroboration of that which they doubted, yet believed. The few remaining pieces of horn were easily dashed from the patched-up apology for a window, and the youngest brother was pushed in, while the other two remained waiting on the outside.

The cabin consisted of the ground floor, which made one room, and a sort of loft, in

which Donaghue's daughter had been accustomed to sleep, above. In a few minutes Ralph —the name of the younger brother—returned to the window place pale and agitated, saying that he had attempted to open the door to obtain more light, but found it had been strongly barricadoed from within; and that at the other end of the cabin was a large dark patch, like the remains of a dried-up pool; that on putting his hand on the ground, he found parts of it still moist and clammy.

"What is it?" said he, extending his hand out of the window.

"Blood!" cried his brothers in one breath, as they looked on it in horror.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the poor boy, who had been most fondly attached to his sister; and as he uttered these words, he fell upon the floor.

In a moment the others rushed in, tore down the barricadoed door, and bearing the lad into the open air, returned to search more minutely what they all, with one consent, seemed to consider as the scene of Kathleen's murder. But

it was yet to be proved whether this impression was merely the result of previously excited emotions, or an instance of that strange presentiment which has so often, as if by mere guess-work, led the imagination to the ascertaining of facts which no evidence could otherwise have unravelled.

Be this as it may, they had no sooner cast their eyes round the place, than they became but too painfully sure that it had lately been the scene of some shocking tragedy. The pool of blood which their brother had described was one of no ordinary size, and, having been trodden in, it was dabbled to and fro with ensanguined footsteps. These they immediately tracked up into the loft above; but though they were found to surround the bed on every side, they led to no conclusion of any importance.

After looking on at one another in silence and horror for some minutes, as they contemplated that wretched pallet, each forming some conjecture in his own mind as to the scene of guilt and despair that might have been last acted beside it, one observed a piece of flannel

lying down beside the head of the couch: this with intense anxiety they picked up. As far as they could determine, it appeared to them to have been partly cut and partly torn from the original vesture to which it had belonged, the separation having intercepted the mark of the owner's name. This next excited their deepest attention, and they had little difficulty in deciphering the letters Kath. marked in human hair. Here, however, the smooth compressed edge, tinged with blood, evidently bespoke the action of a knife, or other sharp instrument, which had cut off the rest. The remainder of the division was torn as if by the human hand, of which there still remained the ensanguined impression.

The texture of the materials, as well as the beauty of the needlework employed, at once negatived the probability of its belonging to any one in the station of Donaghue's daughter, even if the severed mark had not bespoke that it could only have belonged to Kathleen; and the letters themselves not only led to a strong belief on their minds that such had been the

case, but bore every appearance of having once formed part of those silken and dark-brown tresses they had been accustomed so to love and admire. Her partiality for this enduring kind of mark they well knew.

With these fears as to the victim of this terrible scene, more firmly written than ever on their minds, they now descended to the room below. Here one of them trod upon a leather sword-knot, which seemed to have been detached by some force from its proper place of use, and trampled in the tale-telling current which disfigured everything within those hated walls. This, however, said nothing, though one of the brothers carefully preserved it; and, beyond the appearance of the floor already mentioned, they could discover no further clue towards the tracing of that fact which they were so sadly eager either to place beyond a doubt, or altogether to disprove.

They now determined that one of their number should be despatched to a magistrate, to state the belief they entertained, and procure the sending out of a warrant for the apprehen-

sion of Donaghue; while the other two should remain on the premises, to prevent any one obliterating the revolting evidences of guilt that it contained, or take into custody the villain himself, should he by any chance return.

They next consulted together as to the magistrate to whom they should apply. As my father's residence was the nearest, one named Sir Maurice; but to him the others at first made strong objections, if only from the degree of lukewarmness which he had already exhibited in the matter. Finally, however, from a consideration of my feelings, the fact that Donaghue was, as it were, one of his servants, as well as a feeling of generosity, they resolved that the application for a warrant should be made to my father, notwithstanding; and, for this purpose, the second brother was sent off, with a request to lose no time, while the eldest and the youngest remained to keep watch.

Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed since the departure of George, the second brother, when Ralph, attempting to make for himself a seat on some turf, which stood piled up beside the

fire-place, discovered behind it a piece of paper. On looking at this more narrowly, it proved to be a letter. His brother instantly came to his side, and, on examining the superscription together, their amazement may be conceived when they read the name of my father. They now quickly turned to the signature; the last letter of which, however, together with part of the concluding line of the epistle, had been torn off.

On the minds of both of them there now flashed the remembrance of that fragment which had been wrested from the grasp of the chief actor in their sister's abduction. It had been carefully treasured up, they knew, either by their father or myself; but even though they should never behold it again, they felt themselves still able most positively to assert that these two parts formed one and the same letter, and that, in short, in Sir Maurice O'Donnel, the magistrate to whom they had sent for assistance, they ought in future to behold the violator of their sister's liberty, if not her assassin!

## CHAPTER VII.

"Can guilt like this pollute the judgment-seat?"

THE BRIDAL DAY.

ON coming to the conclusion just recorded, the brothers paused for a moment as to the

up very carefully, then, the letter so important to their proceedings, they both set off, at their utmost speed, to overtake George ere he should reach the residence of that sad being who, in their minds, at the same time filled the place of the criminal and the seat of the judge—the father of the lover, and the slayer of the beloved.

Quickly as George had moved forward, under the impulses of hatred and suspicion, still fleeter footsteps were behind him. Conviction of the hand to which, with equal perfidiousness and cruelty, all their wrongs were owing, lit in the bosom of his pursuers the ardent fire of revenge, till they scarcely felt the ground on which they trod, thought not of the exertions they were making, nor felt, even for an instant, the fatigue which it would otherwise have produced.

On coming up with their messenger, and producing to him the damning proof of Sir Maurice O'Donnel's share in the transaction, but one opinion prevailed; and in the same breath they swore not only to devote their whole thoughts, acts, and energies to the discovery of

the bloody deed that had been perpetrated on their unoffending sister, but, still further, to accomplish the destruction, either legally or otherwise, of her murderer. But these ends they determined to obtain through the laws of their country, if possible; though, if the culprit should be found inaccessible through these, then, but not till then, did they bind themselves to become his executioner.

In furtherance of such resolves, their first step was now obviously to take out a warrant, not only for the apprehension of Donaghue, but that also of his more elevated, and therefore less pardonable, accomplice; who, urged by no craving of hunger—debased by no brutal course of life—misled by no want of knowledge—had leagued himself with the vilest of the vile, to shed blood not only innocent of crime, but akin to his own. The more they reflected on the enormity and revolting nature of the act, the more inflamed became those deep feelings of vengeance which need so little to strengthen their bitterness.

One thing was evident. In their application

for the apprehension of Sir Maurice, they would of course have to make it appear that their horrid story was no fanciful creation of over-wrought feelings, but the conclusion of sound reason; which, emanating from men, however deeply grieved, was, nevertheless, based upon judgment and truth.

The Lord Lieutenant of the county was at this time residing amongst them, and every circumstance of the case at once pointed out his lordship as the proper person to whom they should proceed.

As the joining of their grandfather in the request would, however, be necessary to give it the due degree of weight, they at once bent their steps homewards. The melancholy tidings which they carried to the old man were received with mingled feelings of frenzy, grief, despair, and rage. Jacob, mourning for the darling of his age, over the blood-stained garment brought to him by the brothers and betrayers of his son, was not more distracted with his loss than the grandfather of Kathleen.

The article of dress discovered in Donaghue's

cabin was immediately recognised by the old gentleman's wife, to whom the bloody grasp upon it was, indeed, as the hand of death,—since from that moment all hope vanished from her mind, and she never held up her head again.

Not a doubt as to Kathleen's fate now remained upon the minds of any of them. They ceased to think of her whom they had lost, as of one whose beloved society they were never again to recover—for whose liberty they had to strive, or for the termination of whose sufferings they might be permitted to pray. They brooded only on her loss—they thought alone of her murderer; and the thrilling remembrance of her exquisite beauty, and the thousand still more precious virtues that rendered it so dear, goaded them on, with redoubled fury, to call down the terrible pangs of justice on her cruel assassins. Every moment that intervened between this consummation seemed to reproach them with their tardiness, as the greatest insult they could offer to the violated dead.

After the first outpouring of grief and despair, their grandfather heard the detail of their plans from Kathleen's brothers. They at once met his approbation. Having a perfect recollection of the fragment of the letter which poor Kathleen had snatched from the person of her abductor, he, like his sons, felt convinced that, whenever I should return to produce it, the edges would be found to correspond with the larger and remaining portion so lately discovered by Ralph, and which was, in fact, a communication addressed to my father by his agent and lawyer in Dublin, requesting to know how far I had been authorised in my application to him respecting the five hundred pounds.

Their evidence, therefore, being, as far as they were concerned, all ready, and a strict silence resolved on as to the discoveries they had made, the party, consisting of Kathleen's grandfather and her three brothers, set out well armed for the seat of the Lord Lieutenant.

As the suspected criminal was well known to his lordship, no less surprise than regret was

manifested at this application by his own relatives; but, after a careful investigation of the facts, the warrants were granted, and the necessary steps taken to put them into execution. Sir Maurice was found at his castle; and denying the charge alleged against him with the utmost indignation and scorn, at once surrendered himself as a prisoner, ordered his horses, and professed his readiness to set off under escort of the emissaries of the law.

Previously, however, to their taking him before his superior magistrate, his house was searched, with a view to discover whether anything it contained might serve to throw additional light on the murder. This search at first seemed most likely to prove unsuccessful, till one of the officers, observing in the baronet's study a heavy dragoon sword, drew forth the blade from the scabbard with difficulty, and found it to be marked with rust of no long standing, the remains of what was asserted to be blood; while from the edge had been shivered a long deep splinter of the steel, as though a considerable fragment had been

chipped out of it by sudden contact with some hard substance.

This led to a further examination of the weapon. The remains of a leathern sword-knot were still twisted around the handle, but the tassel itself had been torn away. Yet a few days before Kathleen's abduction, I had myself handled that very sword in Sir Maurice's study, the former oratory, and having oiled the weapon to keep it from the rust replaced it in a perfect state, in the accustomed spot.

Suspicion now seemed rapidly gathering into certainty. The officers took possession of this thrice fatal blade, and with their prisoner set off for the residence of the Lord Lieutenant.

There my father was confronted with his accusers, and his examination gone into by his lordship and four other magistrates of the county, with the most patient investigation. The sword-knot found in Donaghue's hut, soiled and trampled as it was, fitted exactly to the fragment yet remaining on the rusty sword.

But sadly strong as were the presumptions against my father, as to some share in this melancholy transaction, he contemptuously refused to say one word, either in explanation or defence of that which, to use the gentlest term, was the mystery of his conduct.

Under these circumstances, he was remanded until I should return to produce the fragment of the letter, and declare whether I had found any clue to the fate of the absentee. In the mean time, and for the same end, every search was made in the more immediate neighbourhood, to discover the remains of Kathleen, and the retreat of Donaghue; but not the slightest intelligence could be gained of either, although emissaries were despatched into every quarter to arrest the latter, and all that ingenuity could devise was put in practice to detect the former.

The loch near Donaghue's hut was dragged again and again; the surrounding moor was coursed with bloodhounds; but everything proved equally vain and futile; the most complete veil seemed to shroud the dark transaction, and

proved as impenetrable as the silence of Sir Maurice.

On the first arrest of the latter, my brot her was from home, fishing, and being met on his return by some of the peasantry open mouthed, they communicated to him in the most unguarded manner what had happened, and, as from such a quarter might well be expected, exaggerated into actual guilt that which at the most was but strong suspicion. In his enfeebled state of health more was unnecessary for the most fatal consequences.

The deepest grief and dejection followed, both on my own and my father's account, to say nothing of that of poor Kathleen, whom he had loved as a sister; and after a night passed in the utmost mental agony, he was attacked by strong convulsions while attempting to rise from his bed on the succeeding morning, and in twenty-four hours was no more.

## CHAPTER VII.

When life in those we love is o'er,
The sorrows of the eye
May cease to flow, but never more
The heart's deep founts run dry.

Such was the tale that reached me on regaining that which once was *home!* Surely the I may be forgiven for having cursed that hard strength of frame which prevented me fro sinking beneath such an accumulation of sor rows, and sharing the quiet of my brother' grave. A far different lot was before me and yet one how arduous—how horrible! Bu I had no choice. I felt as if I were stunned b the quick succession of calamities that ha

overwhelmed me, and with a passive indifference I suffered myself to be taken where my evidence was required.

On producing the fragment of the letter still in my possession, it was found, as Kathleen's family had expected and asserted, to correspond completely with the remainder discovered in Donaghue's house. But as the individual to whom it was addressed still maintained a silence on the subject of it as inviolable as before, it certainly increased the suspicion against him, but in no way advanced the position of his accusers. The body of the murdered Kathleen was not to be found; and high as were the rewards offered by government, and great as the other exertions they had made to arrive at the truth, not a single accomplice, either in the foul deed itself or the outrage that preceded it, came forward; and though the sword and the letter were both the property of Sir Maurice, they could neither prove that he had dropped the one, nor used the other.

The evidence already possessed, therefore, was quite isolated, so far as related to the

violent death of Kathleen; not a step could be taken on this head while the chief evidence of the fact — her murdered body — was yet unfound. Sir Maurice, therefore, was of necessity set free. But though this was the fiat of the law, it was not the verdict of the world.

Throughout the whole of these proceedings, my position had been the most painful that it was possible to conceive. I will not say what was my own conclusion at its termination; but at this it was not difficult to arrive, since, as Sir Maurice, accompanied by a strong guard to protect him from the fury of the populace, approached the house of his dishonoured family by one road, his sole surviving son quitted it by another. No kind lips, no familiar accents, welcomed him back from prison, or condoled with him on the wrongs of injured honour, and falsely accused integrity. Within those walls which had sheltered so many of his race, he stood—a fallen spirit, the horror of whose crimes, like the circle of a sorcerer, kept without it all that was amiable or dear.

His equals ceased to acknowledge his acquaintance; his inferiors testified every mark of abhorrence at his approach; his very domestics fled from his service; and his own child had been unable to bear up against the belief of his guilt.

This could not be long braved, and a few mornings after his release he was found to have left the country. Nor did any one confess to the possession of his confidence, or the ability of saying whither he had gone. The steward and two servants alone remained behind him, and the former was generally supposed to be the depository of a secret which few of the better classes showed the least disposition to unravel.

From all the relatives of my father I received, it is true, letters of kind condolence, and offers of assistance. But could I accept of these, in any way more substantial than mere form? — Impossible! Pity was too nearly mixed up with contumely to be acceptable to a heart which, broken as it was, was still full of the bitterness of a pride no longer able to support it in its shipwreck.

For one thing at least I was thankful to Sir Maurice,—that he had so soon withdrawn himself from the public gaze. Kathleen's family were necessarily dear to me, and my misfortunes scarcely needed the aggravation of seeing them imbrue their hands in the blood of one who, however guilty, was still a parent. Yet from such a step, to which they had so solemnly sworn, no entreaties of mine could have dissuaded them. Relieved from this fresh source of dread, I was left to contemplate at leisure the melancholy waste before me.

But how miserable, alas! was my portion! Love could no longer bear me up against an adverse fortune, when, in every probability, the being whom I had loved was a mangled and disfigured corse; to whose hidden remains not even the melancholy rites of burial could be given. Neither might revenge animate me; for then my hand would be lifted against my own father. Ambition of the world held forth no charm. I no longer possessed one dear friend for whom to strive. In the guilty dreaminess of apathy I could not abide, for the

memory of the past was a ceaseless tormentor for the future. If I remained in my native country, it was to be surrounded with a thousand perpetual remembrances of disgrace and suffering; and if I wandered abroad, it was without purport or design. In feeling and in hopes I had no longer a point to which to attach myself, and turn whither I would, I saw but anguish and despair.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It is not by the lapse of Spring
The length of life appears;
Time measures Life with Winter's wing,
And gauges it in tears!

Six months—the most sad and weary I have ever experienced—now wore slowly away. To me, they were only marked by that quiet but unintermitting pressure on the mind which antedates our age, and in which, though the finger of time may spare the forehead, it is laid with tenfold force upon the heart.

On quitting the house of my father, I had gone by invitation to that of Kathleen's family. Loss of health, strength, and spirits, became daily more apparent, even to myself. Never

was greater change more quickly wrought in any being. My pony, which, with my dogs, were all that I had brought from the castle, now remained idle in the stable, or enjoyed on the moor a liberty no longer valuable to its master. Unbeaten might my pointers chase the hare; and if a fishing-rod was the companion of my rambles, it was no longer for a warfare on the finny tribe, but the exercise and seeming occupation of a listless dreamer, who sat for hours on the bank of a stream, on which no fly was thrown.

Nothing that could in the most remote degree confirm or shake our conclusion as to Kathleen's fate, was ever heard or discovered. Even I had renounced all hope of attaining to further certainty; and unable any longer to bear the monotony around me, and careless whether or not I succeeded in any pursuit I might undertake, I determined at any rate to change the scene.

The day after forming this resolution, I packed up all that I might require, and on the following morning, having taken leave of

Kathleen's family, and told them where they might write to me, I set off alone to Dublin.

The course on which I had now resolved was this: to abandon all claim on and relationship to Sir Maurice—to embark in one of the scientific professions for my own support—and thus, as peaceably and honestly as I could, get through my pilgrimage, never resigning, *but with my life*, my determination to pursue to the utmost any clue that fortune might afford me, of unravelling Kathleen's fate.

That this was only to be achieved by detecting the retreat of Donaghue, I felt convinced. Upon as calm a revision, therefore, of all concurrent circumstances, as I could take, I saw no profession so suited to my views as that I had before contemplated—the becoming a surgeon; and this I determined, therefore, if possible, to be.

The first friend to whom I repaired was the young married lawyer. He received me most kindly, expressed the greatest readiness to be of any service, and, having discussed my plans, recommended me, before their adoption, to go and mention them to the relative who had al-

ready taken so warm an interest in my welfare. I did so, and his demeanour was even more cordial than before.

He expressed the greatest regret at what had happened, the more so as it prevented me from allowing him publicly to show his desire of serving me. On telling him, however, of the views I had formed, he concurred in thinking they were the most prudent I could adopt; and on learning that the lawyer had agreed to lend me for the next two years such a sum as I might want, begged that he might not be outdone by a stranger, and requested me to allow him to double it. This was so truly kind that I could not, even if I would, have refused it. Having told me that I was quite right to leave Ireland for the present, he said the sooner that part of my intentions was fulfilled the better.

Taking leave of him with many thanks, I returned to the house of my friend. During the next day I sent back to Kathleen's grandfather the horse on which I had ridden up to Dublin. As it was my own property, I might, it is true, have sold it; but it was one of the few things

I had been allowed by Sir Maurice to love in peace, and I could therefore ill bear the thoughts of passing it into strange hands, where, in all probability, it would miss the kind treatment it had hitherto received, and would still be sure to meet, from Kathleen's brother. In addition to this, I was consoled by feeling that I began the world indebted to Sir Maurice for nothing, beyond that life which his conduct had already rendered so burdensome.

Having passed over in a sailing vessel to Glasgow, I proceeded to Edinburgh, and, with the loss of as little time as possible, entered the classes necessary to qualify me for obtaining my diploma as surgeon.

The period of my life which so quietly passed away while studying in the Scottish metropolis, was necessarily of too unvarying a tenor to afford any incident worthy of my dwelling upon here. The feelings which so deeply occupied my thoughts when not absorbed in the pursuit of my new profession; the determination which I had formed to adhere to a life of seclusion and economy; all combined towards the same end. Save,

therefore, the acquisition of a few delightful associates from among the most estimable of my contemporaries, little now occurred for me to record, but the passing of my examination, and the attainment of my profession. This over, I took leave of the little circle of my late brother students, and returned to Ireland.

It may easily be supposed that my visit thither was neither prolonged nor agreeable. With the exception of a stolen interview with the few friends I still had left, and the satisfaction of thanking them for their kindness, every scene—I might almost say every sound—that told me I was in my native country, spoke of a bereavement for which no consolation could be offered. With a mixture of emotions too conflicting to be easily analysed, I found myself at the expiration of a fortnight on the deck of a vessel, the beautiful bay of Dublin fading into the distance, and the helmsman steering for the coast of England; while I, with exertion temporarily suspended, and scarcely possessed of an object for which to live, remembered only all that I had lost and left behind me. On

referring to my journal for this melancholy era, I find the following random lines faintly inscribed on the page for that evening's date.

Those who are curious in the feelings of the human heart, may on these, therefore, found their speculations, as to the sad misery produced by an exile, themselves have never experienced.

Sad is the heart that on itself relies,
And veils each softer thought from vulgar eyes;
Steeled by that lonely pride which yet must weep
When Sorrow breaks her sister Mem'ry's sleep;
And buried shades to Fancy's eye appear,
And paint the joys of each departed year!
O'er trackless waters, and through peopled wastes,
My vessel speeds me, and my fortune hastes.
But no kind hand—no heart by kindred dear,
Nor wife, nor child, nor sweet consoler near,
My fainting soul upholds along its way,
A prize to live for, or a hope to stay.
Troubled as ocean—pathless as the wave,
In life, my only landmark is the grave!

## CHAPTER IX.

"Respectable Jones! and so he's moved to Clapham! Clapham, is it? Ah, I thought it had been Tooting!"—*His Last Legs*.

Prior to my leaving Edinburgh, one of my friends had kindly given me the address of a landlady, whose house was distinguished for two great desiderata—cleanliness and moderation; to say nothing of her being a fellow-countrywoman. Of course, like the other wise people, she was to be sought somewhere in the East. But to me it was indifferent whether I sought or shunned the rising sun, for my own seemed set for ever.

On arriving in London, I felt my heart sink within me as I contemplated the interminable

vastness of that metropolis, and the quickened tide that swept unceasingly through it, while I was so utterly alone amidst its swarming thousands, each intent on his own schemes, and utterly indifferent to aught beside.

It seemed as though this was the actual launching of my little boat upon the strong waters of the world, and all that had passed before mere preparation. Here I was either to sink or swim by my own efforts. I thought with lively regret of the many companions I had left behind me—of the many hours I had so delightfully passed, cheered by their intelligence, happy in their friendships, and stimulated by their intellectual attainments, in the race that lay before us.

All these, then, said I, are gone. No more may my solitary rooms be disturbed by the knock of the friendly visitant. However difficult a step I have to take, it must be taken alone. I have no longer any one to counsel and console. No social converse now will give zest to a leisure hour, and unbend the mind. Even the cordial pressure of a companion's hand is

denied me. How can I surmount all the difficulties that surround me? Surely, after all, I have been hasty in thus determining to face the world!

Those who boast an Irish heart in their bosoms, well know how trying is such a situation. But nature, that has ordained us to feel so keenly, has also kindly given to us a lightness and buoyancy of soul, that does not yield long to depression; and the rapid succession of images that presented themselves, as we drove out to Clapham, soon riveted my attention, and changed the current of my thoughts; so that, by the time I was set down on the Common, I did not feel quite so miserable.

Pulling out my attenuated purse with a sigh, as I paid the coachman, I nervously inquired if he knew the house of one Mrs. M'Divett; being prepared in my own mind to be shown to some sad hovel or another.

On this head, however, I was agreeably surprised, by his pointing out a nice little trellissed residence, at some three hundred yards distance; and giving my trunk to a porter, we soon arrived at the door.

Mrs. M'Divett was at home: she was a nice-looking old dame; the personification of that spirit of order which, as I had been led to believe, reigned conspicuous throughout her house. She still retained a little of the Scotch accent, though not much; and, having opened my friend's letter, she proceeded to put a most merciless string of questions, three of which were relevant, thirty were impertinent, and one was necessary. Still she was evidently a kind-hearted body, and I therefore made up my mind to become her tenant. So, in truth, had she; but being as "canny" as is the wont of her nation, she would not let this appear.

On asking if it was convenient to see any rooms she had to let, she answered me by saying, that she had not always been a lodging-house keeper—she had seen better days. Ah, my good woman! thought I, with a sigh, there are many beside yourself may say that; but, as I did not want to raise a curiosity so prying as hers, I said nothing that might lead her to suppose I was in a similar case: but, to her lachrymose observation, merely replied:—

"So I perceived, madam."

"Did ye, sir?" ejaculated the old woman, her face brightening up under the influence of this little bit of blarney. "Then ye'll be of gentle blood yourself?—no doubt no doubt ye will—and I am glad of it—glad of it."

She went on, giving no time for a word to any but herself.

"I would not have for a lodger any of those low Irishers; na! na! there's no saying what they might be at."

"Oh! for shame, Mrs. M'Divett! For me, I'm only the son of a very poor gentleman farmer; but all my dear countrymen, you know, are descended from kings and conquerors."

"'Deed are they, sir? Then it'll be a very long descent, I'm thinking."

"Faith! you may say that, Mrs. M'Divett; so long has been our descent, by St. Patrick, it's almost time it was our turn to rise again."

Having by this time mounted the stairs, I had choice of three rooms, and being forced to exert as much economy as lies in an Irishman's soul, I contented myself with one room on the second

floor, possessing a cheerful aspect over the common, a good bed, and a fire-place: for this I was to pay half a guinea a week, which included the high privilege of using the old lady's sitting room, at such times and seasons as I might think proper.

Please Fate that she send me a short residence here, thought I, as the porter deposited my trunk, amid the growlings of Mrs. M'Divett, who rated him soundly for not taking off his shoes, ere presuming on the precincts of one who had seen "such *very* different days."

Having taken a hasty, but a substantial dinner, I retired to rest, secure of being happy here, if nowhere else! In the morning I set off to discover the readiest mode of procuring for myself a future independence, by the obtaining some medical appointment. These were not, however, quite as plentiful as blackberries; as I soon learnt, to my cost; and in the evening I returned to dinner at Clapham, as wretched and unhappy as any next heir to an independent baronetcy could well be.

Fortunately for me, the admixture of a Scotch

education had given me some slight share of the perseverance for which our neighbours are so famed; and, early on the ensuing morning, I rose, and once more walked into the city. I was no longer so elate; but at last contrived to learn that the porter at Apothecaries' Hall made a regular business of medical appointments, perfect lists of which he kept duly registered, and admitted candidates on the payment of a certain fee.

To me this was cheerful intelligence; and, having taken his direction, I set off to the neighbourhood of Blackfriars' Bridge, near which the Hall of Apothecaries is situated. Having rung at the gate, the porter presented himself—a man of the name of Small—whose name, I must confess, seemed to suit well with his manhood, which was made up in a wondrous little parcel. Having given him to know the nature of my wants, out came his book.

"Three shillings and sixpence, if you please, sir. What might you say your name was?"

"Hold!" cried I; "not so fast. First inform me what your plan may be, and what my chance of success."

"Why," said the porter, rearing up, pen in hand, and glancing his eye with an air of conscious superiority over my unhappy person, "as you seem to be rather of a genteel-like young man, you may get a situation before the week is out."

"Thank you infinitely, Mr. Porter; but who, I wish to know, is to get me this desirable thing?"

"Why now, young man, who should you think? When surgeons wants assistants and such like, they makes application of course to the All of one of the learned bodies. Some goes to Surgeons' College; but the most part comes to us, and then, of course, I'm the gentleman as gives the medical appointments to the people what applies; such, for instance, as yourself."

I bowed. "And pray, sir," infusing a little more respect into my manner towards the great man, "what may be the mode in which you do business?"

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated he, throwing up his eyes with contempt, "they may well

: of the distress of Ireland! when here's a
ngster, just caught in the bogs, asks as
ny questions, before he trusts me with his
ee and sixpence, as if it was a matter of as
ny thousands. Look here, young man. This
the All of one of the learned bodies: if I
ong you, I am answerable for it with the
s of my office. You give me the three and
pence—I enters your name—you come here
the clock strikes nine to-morrow morning—
give you a list of all the gemmen what have
plied for assistants, and off you all scramble
be suited."

'Very well, Mr. Porter; here is my three
sixpence," placing the money on the table.
w enter the name of Maurice O'Donnel."
id so; and I held out my hand to him till
ve me his.

Ir. Jack in Office," said I, when his fin-
ere firmly in my grasp, "it becomes my
n behalf of all poor gentlemen, to teach
lesson. It seems you belong to one of
ned bodies—"

, sir; I do, sir."

"Very good; then it is the more incumbent on you, whenever you come into contact with men who, however poor, are still the cultivators of an enlightened and humane science, to comport yourself with additional kindness and humility; and this—" squeezing his hand till the agony made him skip round the room with tears in his eyes—" will at once show you that Irish blood is utterly intolerant of insult, and that the next time I catch you so offending, I will wring your ugly head from off your crooked shoulders."

With this useful admonition I walked from under the dark archway in which was situated the den of this official jackanapes, and, unmindful of the abuse which accompanied my retreat, commenced my return home.

On the ensuing morning I had to rise at half-past six; and, after a hasty breakfast, I set out.

The distance to Apothecaries' Hall was nearly five miles; and as the coaches passed me on the road, each bearing a heavy freight of bank clerks, I longed to spare myself my fatiguing walk against time, and make one of

their number; but this was a sort of extravagance which my slender purse would not admit. I therefore bent my eyes most resolutely on the ground as they rattled past, and became deaf as an adder to the voice of the charmer, while they bawled out, "Going up, sir? Going up, sir?"

As I crossed Blackfriars' bridge, I found it wanted just a quarter to nine by the clock of St. Paul, the vast and beautiful dome of which seemed almost like burnished gold, from the united effects of a slight autumnal fog, and the early rays of the sun.

"Surely," thought I, looking down at the cheerful scene on the river, "if men would but rightly school their minds, it could matter little how they passed their lives—whether as coal-porters on the wharves below, or whether, like the late and self-made Emperor of France, in one continued series of triumphs and splendours, neither can pass through life without a due proportion of grief. On some future day, when my own exertions have rendered me independent, I may be looking at this scene, and smiling at the recollections of these boyish struggles which

now appear so hard; or, surrounded with wealth and luxury, I may recall with regret sorrows so light as these. Lonely as I am in the world, thank God, I am at least free!

The near approach of the minute hand to the central point warned me to hurry off; and I found the archway at Apothecaries' Hall crowded with some fifteen or twenty applicants.

When I saw the ragged and needy state of the majority of these, I easily accounted for Mr. Small's upstart insolence, though I by no means repented of the lesson I had given him.

In a few seconds the heavy bell of St. Paul's tolled nine. The upper half of the porter's door was opened; the crowd rushed towards it, and each man in turn obtained a ticket. I was the last to present myself, and when I did so, Mr. Small seemed half inclined to slam the hatch in my face; but, on my putting out my hand, he seemed involuntarily to remember the grip it had yesterday given him; so, slipping the piece of paper into it, he lost no time in effecting his retreat.

Mr. Burgess of Hatton Garden, and Mr.

ires of Oxford Street, were the two names
:ten on it. I was about to inquire what
my next proceeding, but, on turning
nd, I found myself alone.

The porter had bolted his door; so, concluding
t I had better put in my appearance at the
› addresses given me, I set off at a round pace
Hatton Garden. On arriving at Mr. Bur-
's, I was subjected to the usual string of
estions, which even went to the length of
juiring my parentage. To this I gave
: same answer as to Mrs. M'Divett, and
en I concluded that all had proved satis-
tory, I was told by Mr. Burgess that he had
eady chosen one of the gentlemen who had
ceded me, and much regretted that I had
me so late.

The same reply, without the vexatious in-
iries that went before it, awaited me in Oxford
reet; and, not a little mortified, I returned
me, resolving in my own mind, as I wearily
dded along, not to be behindhand in the
amble for the future.

Accordingly on the next day I was in posses-
n of the foremost post a full quarter before

the hour. The only name delivered to us was that of Mr. Soso, who resided in Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Square. Having been the first to obtain possession of the ticket, I posted off with all speed, but I nevertheless found an unhappy tatterdemalion waiting in the hall. He had run all the way, and was so completely out of breath, that when ushered into the presence of Mr. Soso, he was unable to answer a single question coherently. Now, as the worthy man was well to do in the world, and almost as pompous as Porter Small, this was an unpardonable offence, and for it he was sent about his business without a scruple.

Fully prepared for the same fate, I next advanced. Mr. Soso was a thin, shrivelled, monstrously knowing, and still more particular person. Talk of examinations! those I had hitherto undergone were fleabites to his, which was manual as well as verbal, since he took me into his surgery, made me roll a pill, weigh a powder, and mix a potion, all of which I had a very great longing to make him swallow.

This over, I was told to wait in his library for his answer. One by one I heard my worthy

compeers arrive, be examined, and depart, and then in the course of an hour Mr. Soso made his appearance, wearing a look of the utmost doubt and perplexity. He looked at me, and then began to walk up and down the room with his hands behind him. Every now and then he would look at me; then resume his walk, then look at me again, and resume his walk once more. What the devil would he be at? thought I.

"Mr. O'Donnel," said he, "there is one thing of which you are not yet aware."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes; and a most important thing it is."

I was all expectation.

"I have two daughters!"

Not sorry for that, thought I; though, if they're as stiff as you, old cock, they'll afford very little fun to me.

"Yes, Mr. O'Donnel," continued the old man, "I have two daughters; you must speak to neither of them. Do you understand that?"

"Ye-s, s-i-r."

"You are never to permit them to come into the surgery. Do you understand that, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are to take your meals alone in this library."

"Yes, sir."

"But, more especially, you are never to hold any communications with my daughters."

At this unfortunate juncture there entered a dashing young damsel, of prepossessing appearance, who proved to be one of them, and now pretended to be in quest of something.

"What do you want, madam?" said her father, in a hasty tone.

"Only Clarissa Harlowe, papa, which I think is behind this gentleman."

I jumped up on the instant for her accommodation, for which I received an arch look of thanks, that made me more desirous than ever of agreeing with her parent. Not finding the book, she presently, on a second hint from the Doctor, retired, leaving on my mind a very favourable impression of her charms, and an equally strong conviction that the purport of

her visit was to see personally something else beside Clarissa Harlowe.

Having impatiently shut the door, and listened till the retreating footsteps were no longer heard, the old gentleman once more turned to me. "Yes, Mr. O'Donnel, if you should ever come to reside in this house"—laying, as I thought, a monstrously disagreeable emphasis on that wretched conjunction *if*—"if you ever should, I caution you once more, sir, to avoid all recognition of my daughters; neither, I say, to speak nor bow to them, not even if you meet them on the stairs."

To this I assented merely by a nod, knowing that if I gave five hundred promises I should break them all; and, after another pause of cogitation on the part of the old gentleman, I was told to come on the ensuing day at noon, and hear his final answer.

Perfectly satisfied how favourable this would prove, I made him a profound congé, and walked away. On being called next morning at my usual hour of half-past six, I thought it quite unnecessary that I, a young man, with

the certainty of so good a berth before me, should trouble myself with early rising, a hurried breakfast, a fatiguing walk, and the horrid attendance at "one of the learned bodies." I determined, therefore, to lie still, and for three hours amused myself very comfortably, by dozing and dreaming in what way I was to conduct the stolen interviews that I proposed to have, with one or both of the Misses Soso. These thoughts would suddenly be put to utter rout by the mournful recollection of Kathleen; and anon I started up in haste, lest I should be too late at Apothecaries' Hall; to which fear would succeed the comforting conviction that I was already provided for, and that I had at length got, in the words of Mr. Small, "a situation."

At a quarter to ten I rose, dressed, and lounged down to breakfast, at which, by way of congratulating me on my good fortune, I treated myself to a red herring. In the same spirit of generosity I declined, on such an occasion, to trudge my way into town, but mounted on a coach; to the doing of which I

must confess that I was additionally tempted, by having put on a pair of rather "crack" boots. For, though cruelly prevented from even bowing to either of the Misses Soso, still I well knew that the women, dear angels! have a most instinctive talent of putting themselves in the way, just exactly when they are told not to do so; while I doubted not that even the old gentleman would not object to an *air of neatness* in his assistant.

Punctual to a moment, I knocked at Mr. Soso's door, and was shown up into his drawing-room, which I had not yet seen, and which I naturally took as a sign of his admitting one by degrees into the penetralia of his residence. It was very handsomely furnished, and I found the owner writing at a side-table. On hearing my name announced, he rose, made a slight bow, took a most scrutinizing look at me—boots and all—and began, as usual, walking up and down. After a good deal of hesitation, and hemming and hawing, which made me feel as awkward as if he were about to say something in praise of me, he looked down on the carpet,

while I heard him give utterance to these words —"On mature consideration, Mr. O'Donnel, I find you are, although I regret to say it, rather too"—and there he came to a dead stop —"rather too—"

"What? Mr. Soso."

"Why, if I must say it, Mr. O'Donnel, I confess I did want a young man rather"—and here there was another stop.

"Rather what? sir."

"Why, if I must speak out, rather less—"

"So I understand, Mr. Soso."

"Mr. O'Donnel, you mistake. I was about to say I did want a young man rather—less good-looking!"

Had Phäeton, in Apollo's chariot, fallen at my feet, I could not have been more astounded. Like the love-sick rustic in "Edwin and Emma," till that moment I "knew not I was fair;" and now to have this usually gratifying opinion made the vehicle, nay the cause, of the most annoying disappointment that could then befal me—it was too much! and, turning my back on the old humbug, with a degree of rage that

did not permit the utterance of a single word, I strode down stairs.

Just as I had got half way down to the passage, whom should I meet but one of his daughters, my acquaintance of yesterday. I know not why or wherefore, but, as if by mutual consent, we came to a dead halt.

"Are we to have the pleasure of your residence with us, Mr. O'Donnel?" said she, in dulcet tones, which made me doubly regret the unfortunate result of what her father termed good looks.

"No! indeed, madam," replied I; "it is my melancholy fate, almost at the instant that I make your acquaintance, to pay you my adieu."

Mechanically almost I raised her hand to my lips. Holding it a disgrace to an Irishman to be backward in these matters, and finding no resistance to this salute, I made a step forward, and repeated the salute upon her cheek, before she could be aware of my intention.

"John, John!—Miss Soso!—John!" I now heard some voice of agony exclaiming.

I looked up, and there stood the old father on the drawing-room landing, all rage and bewilderment. Giving him a familiar nod, as much as to say, "What do you think of that, old boy, for an assistant?" I moved quietly down the stairs, where miss, with all her vivacity, stood fixed, not knowing what to do, while her father remained bawling above—"John, John! show that person to the door."

While John, however, was putting on his coat, or otherwise making ready for his appearance, I condescended to act as my own porter, and made my way into the street.

Vexed as I was at having missed my post, I could not but laugh most heartily at the whole affair; and having lost the opportunity of that morning at the hall of the learned body, I bent my steps slowly homewards, firmly determined to make up, by retrenchment, for the awful extravagance of the red herring and the ride on the coach.

## CHAPTER X.

**Fortune, the stern coquette! that only smiles**
**On the most tireless suitors in her train.**

For some days I continued my diurnal trudge to the hall of the learned body with equal want of success. For some, I was too old; for others, I was too young; a third would not trust me with his midwifery cases; while a fourth said, Irishmen were never to be depended on in the dispensing of medicines—they always made such blunders—they were too imaginative.

I thought this an odd charge to bring against a mediciner, but my only part was that of submission. Meanwhile my spirits went down day

by day, as each different disappointment assailed me, and my funds continued to diminish, while I saw no mode of recruiting them by my own efforts.

The unceasing fatigue of my daily walks to and from Clapham, with my various trudgings from one Doctor Humbug to another Doctor Whimsical, combined with the before-mentioned causes to affect my health. Powerful as was the frame which nature had kindly given me, I was attacked by a severe pain in the chest, night perspirations, and a tendency to cough. Still I was determined to drop at the post I had taken, rather than apply to a parent at whose hand I considered myself to have received undeserved treatment, or become burdensome to other relations on whom I had less urgent claims. If I survive this struggle—I reasoned with myself—I shall be a better, a wiser, and, I trust, a happier man, for my life to come; while it will, I hope, teach me to feel for and assist those whom I may see in after years fighting the same battle. If I drop, it is in doing my duty in

that station in which, doubtlessly for wise purposes, I have been placed; and whether we fall in the field, or on the quarter-deck, or in the obscurity of private life, contending with undeserved ill fortune, the same noble feelings should animate, and doubtless the same reward will meet us. The only difference is, that in the two former cases the world is looking on, and that thought alone is sufficient to support the dying heart; while, in the last, courage is only to be derived from an innate strength of soul and rectitude of mind.

As these reflections frequently presented themselves after I had retired to the solitude of my humble pillow, I could not but picture to myself how many hundreds of such minds must at that very moment be languishing under the pressure of similar afflictions, within the wide circle of the vast metropolis; while at the same moment how many noble hearts that metropolis must contain, able and eager to administer to their wants, could they only be made known to each other!

With these melancholy images on my soul

often did I fall off to sleep, and dream th
more held in my arms my poor little l
amid scenes of bliss that could nev
return to me. That I might not ac
annoyances that most fatal one of deb
for everything I required, as the necess

One morning, as the autumn was dr
a close, and I was dressing by candle-l
shivering with the cold that shot thr
chest a bitter aching pain, I, with a fear
turned out the contents of an old purse
I kept my little "capital."

This was soon summed up. Beside
sixpence in my pocket, I now perceiv
owned but one guinea in the world.
it away with a shudder, my next m
duty was to examine my boots befor
them on—my "crack," and now, a
only boots, which I once fondly imagi
to nestle under Mr. Soso's mahogany.

Sad as I was, I could but smile a
membrance; but, like an ignis fatuus
my native plains, it was a mournfu
lusive gleam. Alas, my boots! M

fears were realized. Too long had my apprehensions delayed this inspection; worn to a wafer's consistency, another walk and the soles were gone! Pulling them on as quickly as though that would make me forget their deficiencies, I descended to breakfast, and once more winded along my weary route to the eternal hall of the learned body.

The only address for this morning was that of a Mr. Burrowes, who lived close by, at Paul's Chain. On repairing to him, he informed me that he had been commissioned by a friend of his, a Mr. Stump, a worthy gentleman now practising at one of our largest seaports, to procure an assistant. My lucky hour seemed to have arrived. I was selected, and desired to proceed to my destination, for which a small sum was allowed in advance. I was to be received "as one of the family," with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

I have often thought that I felt more true joy and honest pride at this trifling piece of success, than at many much greater advantages that afterwards accrued to me.

Losing no time in taking possession,
sented myself, bag and baggage, at the
Mr. Stump's door, within four days af
appointment. On sending in my name
admitted to the presence of the "good
cary." I found him in his surgery, busi
pounding, and well worthy of his cogn
not being very tall, and possessing consi
more fat than height. If this is physic, t
I, his patients have enough of it—a
bolus of a man.

"I am glad you are come, sir," said
voluntarily resigning to me the pestle wit
he had been busily rubbing together
savoury electuary. "Just bring your
with this; it is but light work;" at t
time drawing a handkerchief from his
and passing it over his brow, as if to giv
denial to his assertion. While I thus pr
compounding his medicines, the servant
my luggage to my future chamber, and
structed me as to the duties he should
me to perform.

These consisted, for the most part,

usual routine of a general practitioner's business. When he had arrived at the termination of these, he waddled up to the door, which he shut and bolted; then looking carefully round the surgery, and into a large closet, he advanced once more towards me. I began to get frightened.

"Now, Mr. O'Donnel, I have one head on which I particularly wish to caution you. My *wife*, sir! my *wife!* You must beware of her!"

TAP, TAP, TAP, came some one at the surgery door. The old doctor waddled up to it, and took the lock in his hand.

"Who's there?"

"Me, sir."

"Who the devil's me, pray?"

"Why, Lor bless 'e Doctor! don't you know *me?* I be Peggy, come from Mrs. Bennett's, who's taken very bad in a fit, and you must come this instant, her husband says."

"Dear me! dear me!" quoth the Doctor aloud—"one of the best patients I have;" then *sotto voce*,—"Never do to let her slip her wind in this way!" then aloud again, "Coming di-

rectly, Peggy! Run you off, old girl, and hold her head up. Mr. O'Donnel, quick—my lancets. Peg, old girl, basins and bandages, you know, get ready. Mr. O'Donnel, where's my hat?" And off went the Doctor in such a stew and flurry, that he seemed unable to give another thought to his wife.

Not so myself. Surely I am well in for it, thought I what with one man's daughters and another man's wife—and this before I have been in his service ten minutes! I suppose this is some silly old fool who, in the days of his dotage, has married a pretty young woman, and now grows jealous of every lad who comes near him. She very naturally, on the other hand, being cooped up, and tormented by his suspicious fretfulness, takes a pleasure, no doubt, in the society of those of her own age; and so, between them, a pretty dog's life life I may expect to lead.

"Please, sir, is your name O'Donnel, the new assistant what's come?" demanded a servant, entering the surgery.

"Yes, my good woman," replied I: "why do you ask?"

"Why, because, please sir, my missus wishes to see you in the drawing-room."

"Your mistress, girl—who is your mistress?" said I, much alarmed.

"Why, sir, who should it be but Mrs. Stump?"

"And she wants to see *me* in the drawing-room?"

"Yes, sir, directly."

Heavens, thought I, what depravity! and this with a man who has not been in the house a quarter of an hour. Well might her poor husband caution me. Ay well, I see how the case is with him! But, thank Heaven, he has placed his confidence where it shall never be abused! I consider that I have entered his house under a sacred contract, which I will perish rather than violate — ay, even though she be beautiful as the wife of Potiphar, and fascinating as Cleopatra. Such open advances as these might at least fortify, if not disgust, any man.

By this time the servant had proceeded up stairs, and now flung open the door, saying,

"Please, missus, here's Master O'Donnel."

With this elegant announcement I entered the room, and there beheld—shall I ever forget her?—Mrs. Stump!

"Well, my dear!" said she, "I'm glad you've come," and she beckoned me to sit down beside her. Yet I moved not for some moments. I stood motionless, contemplating her charms! How shall I find language to describe them!

Talk of the size of her husband! In one sense he was a pigmy to her. In stature, it is true, he exceeded her; but in girth she might have made three of him, and reminded me of a tun rolling along the ground. She was about fifty, and scarcely more inviting in feature than in figure; though I must certainly acknowledge that she appeared to possess all that good nature for which large-sized folks are generally noticed.

As I looked at her complacent capacity I could not help, in my own mind, indulging in a hearty laugh at the virtuous resolutions which I had so lately come in her behalf.

"Come, my dear," repeated she, seeing that I was at a stand-still, "here's room enough for you beside me; why don't you take a seat?"

Thus pressed, I reluctantly complied.

"Mr. O'Donnel, you are," she continued, "a young man to my liking; you are bashful, modest, and retiring, and all that kind of thing; to which I am partial, being particularly so myself. I don't doubt, too, from your looks, that you're very charitable; which I think all the Irish are, or ought to be, seeing they are all beggars together. Don't be offended, my dear," seeing a frown gathering rather quickly on my face, "for 'charity,' which 'should always begin at home,' is another of my own foibles; and part of my family's Irish; for which reason, and to show my regard for you, I've sent for you up here, while the Doctor is absent, to give you one necessary caution as soon as possible:—*my husband!*—take you care of him, that's all; you cannot be too much *on your guard.* Ah—hark! O me, as I live, there's his knock! Run, my dear; run down! he mustn't catch you here for anything. Be quick, and you'll get

down into the surgery yet before him.
me, I thought that old plague, Mrs. I
was in a comfortable fit all this time; b
sure it could only have been one of her

Thinking that I had better do as I w
more especially in this strangest of all
houses, I hurried down stairs, and,
greatly annoyed at myself and "my dear'
above, that there was a necessity for a
of the sort, I yet contrived to gain the
before Dr. Stump was admitted. When
happened, in he came, puffing and b
denouncing the sex in general, and Mrs.
in particular, and ordering dinner, all
and the same breath.

"We medical men, Mr. O'Donnel, ar
—mere slaves; would you believe that o
ing Mrs. Bennet, I found scarcely a
more the matter with her than there
myself. But I think she requires a litt
medicine, though, by-the-bye. Put he
for another box of pills. You'll find a to
water for your hands in that recess, Mr.
nel, for I hear them serving up dinner."

While, by the doctor's direction, I availed myself of these, he marched up stairs for a similar purpose.

And so I'm to be treated as one of the family, thought I; a mighty pretty family to be treated in, where the husband cautions me against his wife, and, within a moment after, the wife takes me aside to bestow a caution against her husband. And is this to be the treatment I'm to get, after all my walks to the hall of "one of the learned bodies?" Let us, however, hope for better things. Thus soliloquising, I proceeded to the dining-room, where I found the great Mrs. Stump in full possession of one end of the table.

"Here, my dear," said she, as I entered; "your place, remember, is always on my right hand."

Her smile, as she dragged me down into my chair, was of so sweet a nature as involuntarily to recall my former fears. Gracious powers! thought I, if by any visitation of the fates they ever should prove correct, what an awful thing it would be!

Here Dr. Stump entered. Neither he nor his wife looked at each other, but the latter said, "Good morning, Dr. Stump."

The Doctor grumbled forth a few inarticulate sounds, and plunging the ladle into the soup, commenced helping it.

"What! Dr. Stump, not a word of grace before your dinner? Are you not afraid that it will choke you?"

"Say it yourself, then," quoth the Doctor.

The lady obeyed. The Doctor waited a few moments, ladle in hand, for her conclusion; but, finding this to be yet some way off, resumed his liquid functions, which he finished some time before hers of a more oral character. I, of course, did not think of touching my soup till this was done. The Doctor was not so ceremonious.

"My dear," said the lady, "I'm glad to see that you approve of grace. You will be a good example to my husband, who, I am sorry to say, has as little piety as good breeding."

Pleasant this, I thought, to be made the

medium through which to pass every thrust this loving couple feel it their duty to aim at each other. 'Tis a pity they don't happen to have any family to take the brunt off my shoulders. Presently, I suppose, the Doctor will return his adversary's lunge, *vid* myself of course.

Here, however, I was wrong. The Doctor, long accustomed to these sorties from the garrison, only kept muttering a few oaths gently to himself, for which moderation I could not but admire him greatly.

Soup being finished, the plates were changed for the next course, when presently in rushed the servant, with dire amazement in her face, to announce that some one had stolen away our dinner—a cold leg of mutton!

"Stolen it, woman!" quoth the Doctor, "impossible! Go and search the larder again, it was there after breakfast this morning."

The servant departed, leaving us mute and still as marbles—with the exception, perhaps, of "my dear" Mrs. Stump, who, at this cold mutton report, did appear to me somewhat more

moved than was ordinary with her philosop
temperament. In a few seconds the se
returned.

"Please, sir, the cook says she's sear
everywhere, both in the pantry and larde
well as the kitchen, and the joint's not
found nowhere. The dish is in the larder
where it stood, but the meat is gone
clean."

"My dear, is it the cold leg of m
they're looking for?" interrupted Mrs. St
addressing her husband as innocently as i
had not heard a word of all this colloquy.

"Why, damn it, madam, yes! What sh
it be else?"

"Well, my dear, exactly. But, bles
heart, they need never look for that,
after you were gone out this morning, I
my little duties to perform; and it does
to me that I just put the leg of mutton i
muff, as I was going down to read with a
good woman at the bottom of the street,
was brought to bed last week of twins,
thought how very acceptable it would
her."

"I think this, madam, that I wish you and your good woman, and her twins too, were all in—in heaven, or anywhere else where you and your precious parcel of saints could learn to be honest before you are charitable."

"Well, Dr. Stump, it's all your own fault! How should I know that such a thing as cold mutton was wanted for dinner? If you allowed me to keep my own house, as other ladies do, this would not have happened."

"When you are fit to be trusted, madam, you may obtain that privilege, but at present such a step would only make matters infinitely worse than they are already; your present trick shows your fitness for the cares of a household."

"Well, my dear, what harm have I done? There's tapioca pudding coming. Mr. O'Donnel, I'm sure, will be very happy to make his dinner off that and the soup; and, so stout as you are, a little abstinence *must* be good for you—you don't get it often; therefore I'm sure *you* can't object to do the same."

"Yes, but I do though, madam! Are you

mad? Do you think that a man who has been fagging all the morning is to be fed upon broth and panada?"

As I looked upon the Doctor's rotundity of carcass, and thought of his being supported on such aliments, I felt the greatest difficulty in restraining myself from a roar of laughter.

"Well, my dear, what would you have me do?" replied Mrs. Stump, somewhat touched at the case her lord and husband so movingly set forth; "shall I send the servant to say what a mistake I've made, and that the mutton is wanted for dinner, and to bring it back?"

"Really, madam, you must be quite a fool—How should that be brought back which, doubtless, has been eaten long ago?"

"Well, my dear, perhaps that's true. Now that I recollect, they had begun to it before I came away. But, at any rate, don't be so distressed. Take it at the worst, you know you've *only* lost your dinner! And how many poor houseless creatures are there this day, who have not even had what you have!"

To this piece of consolation the Doctor replied

by a look alone—but such as few like to encounter. Whether Mrs. Stump's mode of mending matters was naturally meant as such, or whether as a further irritant, I could not discover, so perfectly innocent, to all appearance, was the tone in which such speeches were uttered. The Doctor having pulled out his purse, and sent for some beefsteaks, gave orders to be called when they were ready, and having retired till such time to his library, the dinner was till then adjourned.

## CHAPTER XI.

" She bore his ills with so much equanimity,
That all the world cried out—What magnanimity!"
DON JUAN.

" Now, my dear," said Mrs. Stump, laying her hand on mine as soon as the door had closed on the Doctor's rotundity, " if you will excuse me, I'll rise from table. For, to tell you the truth, I did take rather a hearty luncheon with the poor woman, on the cold mutton. Only I thought it as well not to mention that, as I make it a rule never to say anything to irritate the Doctor, who, you see, poor man, deserves all the caution I gave you respecting him this morning. Not that I would do anything

unchristian, my dear; only one can't help seeing one's friends' faults, even though they are one's friends; and now, as I have my afternoon's duties to attend to, perhaps, as I said before, you will excuse me?"

"O certainly, madam."

"Oh! and by-the-bye, Mr. O'Donnel, now I think of it, could you, while the beefsteaks are dressing, just step into the surgery, and do me up four or five dozen antibilious pills? I'm going to visit the poor, and you know, my dear, medicines are very expensive for them, though a little, more or less, is nothing to us."

"Certainly, madam."

"Thank you, my dear! And while you are about it, you might as well put up a yard or two of poor man's plaster."

"Yes, madam."

"And a roll of blistering cerate, and some wash-leather."

"Certainly."

"And also a little simple spermaceti ointment to dress it with."

"Yes, madam."

"Oh! and I knew there was somet
two dozen active leeches in a nice litt
dear."

Having given me this moderate li
ployment, away she went, and I w
the surgery, and set to work.

Before, however, I had completed
entered, dressed for walking abroad,
ceeded to lend her assistance in the
of her numerous commands. This, c
her vast size, she did very quickly; a
as each article was "done up," she
into her muff—that capacious muff
conveyed away, but a few hours b
cold roast leg of mutton—the stap
dinner.

Everything that she required ha
given her, she, in order to make bette
took every article out of this hold of
re-stowed it.

First were three cold muffins, w
taken from those destined for our t
came the blister cerate; then the sin

ing—the poor man's plaster; antibilious pills, &c., followed next; and last of all the leeches. These being, as she thought, securely stowed away, she was busy unrolling the best part of a ball of twine to join them company, when the surgery-door was pushed open, and in walked the Doctor.

"What! *you* here, Mrs Stump? Umph! umph! What has she ordered, Mr. O'Donnel?"

I told him.

"You need not put up a single article. Why, I declare if she isn't taking all the twine we have in the surgery!"

Advancing forthwith, the Doctor seized the fast attenuating ball, while the lady continuing to hold her appropriated share, they in this way contested for the mastery.

While thus pulling one another across the room, infinitely to my surprise and amusement, I saw a leech fall from the lady's muff. I was about to stoop and pick it up, when in another instant the Doctor's foot was placed upon the slippery creature, and down he fell

with a most tremendous plump upon
In an instant the ball of twine was
from his hand, pop it went into the r
his wife, without waiting to see him
his legs again, glided out, as she thou
cunningly into the passage, and thenc
the front door. What between kee
own gravity, and helping the poor
apothecary to gain his footing, trul
enough to do.

On finding himself once more est
the doctor proceeded to investigate the
his downfal.

"A leech!" exclaimed he; "ac
leech!"

"Too bad for one leech to make
another, sir!" said I, venturing on a
hoping thus to turn the matter off.
would not do.

"You see, sir," said the doctor,
"how necessary was the caution I g
only this morning respecting my wife,
was about to give you, when I was
nately interrupted. Why do you smil

"*I* smiling, sir? I beg your pardon; really it was not intentional," replied I, struggling to put down the mirthful remembrance of how nearly his worthy wife had anticipated his own words in relation to him.

"Well," resumed the doctor, rubbing with a puzzled air that tender part on which he had so recently fallen, with one hand, while he examined the unhappy leech with the other; "it is a mystery to me how this came to be on the floor. It cannot, surely, have escaped from the jar! No; all right outside," continued the doctor, examining the vessel; "but, bless me, Mr. O'Donnel," untying the lid, "there seems a considerable defalcation within. I hope, Mr. O'Donnel, you've not been so silly as to give any to my wife!"

"No, sir, though I believe she took a few," said I; for it was herself who executed this part of her own order.

"Now then, Mr. O'Donnel, I have only to tell you, after what's happened, that you never, on any occasion or account whatever, permit Mrs. Stump to take away or obtain any medi-

cines, or other things, from this surger
is a large cupboard for all the ready-n
parations. I desire that you keep i
and place the key, when you go ou
bottom of the large iron mortar. T
cine she wastes, the mischief she does,
bother she gives with her d——d fals
charity, is not to be told,"—still rub
bruises. "Never permit her to come
surgery at all, Mr. O'Donnel; she has
ness here whatever."

"Please, sir, those steaks are ready,
servant, showing her nose within the
precincts.

"Come, sir, as my wife's out of the
may at length stand some chance of
our dinner without further interruption

Muttering a few oaths to himself, a
posed, at the recollection of the way i
his mutton had vanished, the Doctor
the way back to the dining-room, w
rather a surly humour, he proceeded
plete his own dinner, and help me t
Every now and then it appeared almost

temper, naturally kind, was contending with the vexations that had lately assailed him, like the sunbeams struggling through a fog. But as often as I thought he was about to indulge in some slight outbreak of kindness and hilarity, a sudden twitch of pain seemed to assail him in that portion of his body which had recently suffered from his fall, and by reminding him, I suppose, that I had been the witness of his accident, at once suppressed all further sign of mirth.

A nice initiatory day this seems likely to prove, thought I. Hope, that fair deluder, had led me to believe, that when I was to be received as "one of the family," I might find among strangers that peace, if not happiness, which it has been denied me to know at home. Now, however, if I side with the wife, as an Irishman's gallantry would teach me to do, it is very clear that I shall not long be retained as "one of the family" by the husband. On the other hand, if I follow up with any fidelity the severe edicts this morning issued by the husband, I shall not long be "my-dear'd" by the wife.

This, to be sure, will be no loss; but, other hand, as the sex, dear souls, make i single exception always to agree with on ther when in the wrong, I may expect an able warfare to be waged upon me in cases by the servants; while to pleas parties is, I suspect, almost beyond t even of a Milesian, and likely to end, as effort of my good friend the portrait p in the fable.

While engaged in this brown study, a assault, both by bell and knocker, was su at the front door. This being opened, t titions of the passage being somewhat th heard three or four poor people rush i house, exclaiming with one accord, "V Doctor Stump? Tell him as how he m directly to Jones's, the bricklayer's, whe Stump lies bleeding to death!"

At this alarming intelligence I half from my seat, expecting that as the Doc listening, and must have heard the san sage, he would himself hasten into the p and try to learn what was the matter.

however, that he sat still, without the movement of a muscle, I did the same, merely saying, "Sir, do you hear what they say?"

"Oh!" quoth the Doctor, with a sigh, but never looking off his plate, "it never can be true!"

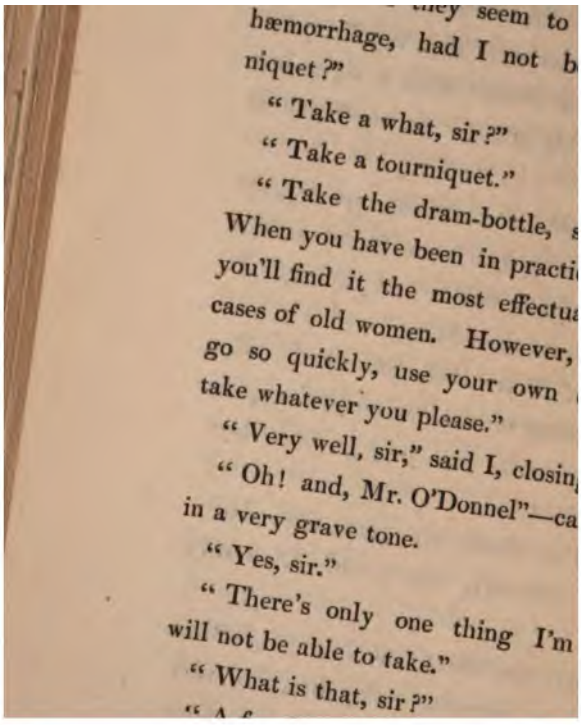
"Please, sir," said the servant, opening the door, "here's some people come to say as how missus is bleeding to death, and you're to go and see her, because she's dying."

"Very good, Jane—shut the door. Mr. O'Donnell," turning to me, "when you've quite finished your dinner, you may go and learn what is the matter."

"O then I've dined, sir, some time since; and I'll go directly, sir," said I, hastily rising.

"Nay, nay, sir, there's no hurry. Rather than die without any one seeing her, I'm sure Mrs. Stump will wait till you come. Some people, you know, die many times; and I've long been convinced that men's wives are of this class."

"But surely, sir, there must be some foundation for this alarm?"



hæmorrhage, had I not b
niquet?"

"Take a what, sir?"

"Take a tourniquet."

"Take the dram-bottle,
When you have been in practi
you'll find it the most effectu
cases of old women. However,
go so quickly, use your own
take whatever you please."

"Very well, sir," said I, closin

"Oh! and, Mr. O'Donnel"—ca
in a very grave tone.

"Yes, sir."

"There's only one thing I'm
will not be able to take."

"What is that, sir?"

"As you go out, order the servant to bring in some hot water, tumblers, and spoons, and I'll have a glass of warm punch brewed for you by the time you come back."

Excellent creatures! thought I, putting on my hat; with what great magnanimity they bear of each other's misfortunes! She trips out of the house with her muff full of physic, leaving her spouse floundering on his surgery floor. He hears she is bleeding to death, and orders—hot water, tumblers, and spoons!

## CHAPTER XII.

"I shall die—or at least be exceedingly sick."
FUDGE FAMILY.

USING all possible despatch, after having extricated myself from the doctor, I made the best of my way towards the house of the bricklayer, the site of which the servants had described to me. On the road I began to think, whether, in my hurry to prove useful, I had omitted anything necessary for the present emergency. I could not, however, tax myself with any omission. Should the case prove as serious as reported, I had brought my instruments for cutting down on and taking up any artery;

together with a couple of tourniquets; and should the accident have been, as I hoped, magnified, I had also one or two styptics, and some dressing plaster.

What could have happened to the old lady? thought I; she can't have been following her husband's example, and taking a roll also; though, as the weather begins to get frosty, and the stones very slippery, the thing's not at all unlikely. Perhaps she's laid open the temporal artery. Well, we shall see.

Stepping out pretty briskly, I at last arrived at the bricklayer's house. One or two people were gathered outside; a tremendous clacking, too, was audible from within; and on lifting the latch, and pressing on one side the bystanders, there I beheld Mrs. Stump seated on a bench, while before her was placed a large washing-tray full of cold water, of a most ensanguined hue, and in which her arms were immersed up to the elbows.

"Oh, my dear! is that you? I'm so glad you've come, for I'm very faint!" said the poor soul, turning round and looking up.

I saw at once that she spoke the truth, for her voice was weak, and her face very pale; and whatever her follies might be, the most superficial observer of human nature must soon have been convinced that she had a disposition of the greatest kindness, ill and ridiculously directed as it might be.

"Yes, madam," I replied, "I'm sorry to see you've encountered some accident; so tell me quickly what's the matter, and how I can relieve you?"

"Why, my dear, do you know I've an idea —but it's no joke to me—that this is rather a silly matter, and I shall get terribly quizzed by the Doctor for it! I hope he wasn't in when my message came. But I'll tell you how it happened. You must know, that on coming out of the house just now, I walked rather quickly, and being occupied with thinking of one thing and another, I felt something tickling my hand, but never gave it any attention, setting it down to the heat of the muff you know, my dear, in which, as you might perhaps have seen, I had one or two little things.

began to feel rather faint, but I set
to my walking quickly. As I was
ı. Jones's, I thought I would come
a little; and as she has a little girl
;, I imagined the little dear might
the muffins I had with me; so in I
ear; when lo and behold ye! as soon
hands out of my muff I fainted quite
were covered with my own blood,
ıff was full of it. Oh, my dear!
faint again at the thoughts of it.
lo you think it was?"
I can't say, madam."
my dear, the leeches!—Don't you
leeches? Somehow or other they
) get out of that nice little jar I put
nd feeling rather hungry, I suppose,
:. I could not for a long time think
—tickling and tickling! However,
ıe worst—I soon got them off, you
a little salt; but the bites won't stop
ıough I've tried two or three things,
ow put my hands into cold water,
dear, considering the state of the

hit upon some way o
teeth begin to chatter wi

Though I could not
retribution which had ov
I saw that she had been
With her full habit of bod
of a flowing vein when on
and she must have lost som
current already.

Having taken her arms ou
had them dried, I took a little
from my black hat, and app
each leech-bite—of which the
no less than nineteen. Putting
these, to secure them for the p
her she need fear no further hæ
I advised her to take a little
warm,"

declaring she could never dare
loctor—at least yet; begging, at
e, that I would endeavour to keep
his knowledge.
eplied, was impossible, since he
e whole of the message which she
ich her messengers had so greatly

ell, my dear," said she, fumbling
t, " since that's the case, I must
to make the best story you can
ch you will have time to do, as I
ca pudding in my pocket, which
o a friend, with whom I'm going
; so that I sha'n't see Dr. Stump
inner-time to-morrow. I'm much
ou for the promptitude with which
e to me, my dear; and there,"
ne coin into my hand, " there's a
nedicine that I know you young
ways a great need for. As you've
rgeon, it's only fair you should let
physician. Now, say nothing about
ing about it," seeing I was going

to remonstrate; "I always have my
you know, my dear, except it is wit
Stump, and that goes for nothing, as
my husband."

To this of course I very politely
touched my hat, pocketed my fee,
my way.

"Now," thought I, after what ol
said, "this is funny, and confessedly
awkward and degrading part of our p
is that in which we have to take a fee.
fore I do consider it my immediate a
rative duty to try and get over this
'duty,' with the utmost speed and no
possible. Consequently, now that
step is taken, I do feel very glad tha
made a beginning, although I grea
from concurrent circumstances, it is c
shilling—so come forth, Mr. Fee, an
see you. No—by Jove—he is a
Really I begin to think that this sam
of fee-taking has been very much libe
though, perhaps, it may be bitter in
ing, upon my conscience it's very sw

down! I only wish I had a chance of a little more such practice; no doubt before long I should become quite reconciled to it. After all, that Mrs. Stump is not such a bad sort of woman, although a most indescribably strange one. To think of her carrying a tapioca pudding in her pocket! After the time she has been sitting, she must have meant a tapioca pancake!

On once more regaining Dr. Stump's dining-room, I found he had been as good as his word —a fine large covered jugful of hot punch stood on the hob, part of which the worthy man was quaffing with considerable gusto, at the same time solacing himself with a long Dutch pipe: altogether he presented a most moving picture of the threatened loss of a wife.

"Well, Mr. O'Donnel, you didn't find the patient quite gone, did you?" said he, as I entered.

"No, sir," I replied.

"I thought not," rejoined he; "now pull your chair to the fire; you'll pronounce the punch very good, and perhaps it may support you

under any terrible announcement you have to make. You see I've taken leave to fortify myself already."

Following the doctor's hint, which proved very agreeable, I took my own time in narrating the state of the case I had just left.

On hearing it, he burst into such a hearty fit of laughter as almost to fall from his chair, and cause a second and similar catastrophe to that which happened in the surgery. This, and the scarcely less pleasing intelligence that he was not likely to be troubled with much of his better half's society till the next day, put him into such a completely good humour as quite restored me to his good graces.

After a long and somewhat convivial sitting, tea and hot devils succeeded. The doctor then petitioned for a game of cribbage, told me three or four capital stories, and, after a much more pleasant evening than the events of the morning prognosticated, I went to bed.

For some days after the above occurrences everything went on very smoothly. My occupations were those naturally falling to the lot

of a general practitioner's chief bottle-washer, and all went well. Now and then the old man would get a little fidgety, when he happened to put any one of his patients *hors de combat* somewhat more quickly than was desirable; but the lapse of the dinner hour, a glass or two of hot punch, a Dutch pipe, and a game of cribbage, generally set everything to rights once more.

As for Mrs. Stump, since her adventure of the leeches, she had never dared show herself in the surgery, and her husband quizzed her so unmercifully on what he was pleased to term the bloody rebellion of the muffites, that she took it quite to heart. Seeing this, and feeling some compassion for her sufferings, in an unlucky hour I ventured to hint what had been the cause of the doctor's downfal in the surgery, and advised her to make some slight allusion to it in reply. She did so, and never more heard anything about her bleeding to death.

My pity for her, though, had brought a serious evil on myself; for her remembrances of

her late misfortunes being weakened, her visits to the surgery were renewed, and, despite of all I could say or do, she would make me give her the most unconscionable quantities of pills for the poor. At last the doctor found me out, and with great displeasure renewed his orders on that head. In obedience to these, I locked the pills up; but my lady then turned her attention to another weak point of her enemy, and abstracted whole quires of paper—to the extent of nearly half a ream at a time. This it was impossible to conceal, and innumerable rows were the result.

Finding that between one and another I was in continual hot water, I determined to hit, if possible, on some plan that would satisfy both parties; but it was no easy task. However, I thought I had at last done it, and broached my plan to the doctor. By him it was received with the most cordial glee, and, taking a fit opportunity, I mentioned as much of it to his wife as it was necessary for her to know. We then came to an agreement, by which she gave me her word to cease at once, and for ever, all

ıd not but believe there was some trick,
ıitated. When, however, I told her that
totally without her husband's knowledge,
lied, "Oh, then, if that's the case, Mr.
ıel, it must be all right, as I'm quite
u would never deceive me."
ing her to such a pleasant delusion, and
the best excuse I could to myself for
y I had told, I walked away, and having
myself into the surgery, to prevent any
ant intrusion, I set to work.
ng purchased a hot penny roll of bread,
ut all the soft part, and put it into the
on mortar. To the bread I added a little
to enable me to beat it into a soft mass,
bol ammoniac and lamp-black to give it
r, and, lastly, a dram of the tincture of



dicine, unless it has both the odour and appearance of dirt.

These components being duly blended, the mass was made into so many hundred pills, the whole put into a large box, and labelled "Pilulæ Stumpi muliebris;" which, being rendered into English, runs *Pills of the woman Stump.* Under this was added, "Equally good for anything;" but which meant in reality—like most things bearing the same boast—good for nothing.

This duty being discharged, and the crusty fragments of the loaf removed from view, to prevent suspicion, I asked "my dear" friend Mrs. Stump into the surgery, and pointing out the hiding-hole of her treasure, said that she was always at liberty to take thence as many pills as she required for her charitable practice. She was in raptures, and thanked me over and over and over again, till my heart almost smote me for the trick. Fortunately, however, for me, this was spared my suffering sensibility. As to her *endearing* epithet, that I had ceased to fear,

having some time since found out that it was her wont to call every body "dear" except her husband.

"Now, my dear," continued she, "tell me how many pills you've made?"

"Seven hundred, madam."

"Oh, thank you! Surely I shall never use all these! At any rate, they'll last me a long time. I really must say, Mr. O'Donnel, for a young man, and that young man a doctor, you really are one of the most charitable dear creatures I've met for an age; the more so, you know, as the medicines do not belong to you; and many people have an idle scrupulosity which won't allow them to do good with a thing, merely because it isn't their own."

Had this been uttered by any one but Mrs. Stump, I should have known that it was meant to quiz me; but less idea of this was never yet entertained by any simple creature upon earth. Having made me take off the lid of their box, she greatly admired the beautiful round shape of my creations as they lay so lovingly together, in all the glory of a little magnesia; and bending down her nose, for all the

world as old Stump might have done, marked that they had the smell of very pills, at the same time hoping that been tender in my doses, as many we given to poor weak people who were u bear strong medicines. I assured her, i to this, that I had been so careful that s not dread any dangerous results; and w assurance she went away more happy queen.

For some time I had great reason to tulate myself on my most felicitous Everything went on smoothly—I had rows between her and the Doctor—s compromised by nothing. I did expec complaints on the inefficacy of my to be sure; but even here I was disap which confirmed the Doctor and mys belief we before entertained, that two-t the poor people to whom her gratuito cine was given, made a point of it out of the window directly her b turned. Once or twice "my dear" fr ported that the pills were found *very h*

"Oh, never mind that, madam,"

"only tell your patients to drink plenty of water, which," I added, alluding to Dr. Sangrado, "is a strongly recommended practice of very old standing."

In this way things peaceably proceeded for some time. Batch after batch of bread-pills were made and used, till I began to get tired of the labour. In an unlucky hour, while emptying some old drawers in the surgery, I found about two thousand small round stones of the hawberry.

"By Jove," thought I, "this is quite a treasure. I'm fond of experiments; I'll try if I can't make these into pilulæ Stumpi muliebris."

Putting five or six hundred of them into a strong solution of gum Arabic, scented with assafœtidæ, I allowed this coating to get nearly dry, and then rolled them all in magnesia. My plan succeeded past expectation; the white powder adhered, of course, most firmly to the hawstones; their form was beautiful: the whole making of them cost little or no trouble, and they had every appearance of the most genuine

pill. Highly tickled with this piece of str
I filled Mrs. Stump's box, and put it ba
its nook.

Day after day, for the first time, w
creased satisfaction, I watched the dimi
of the contents. They had dwindled d
nearly twenty, and I began to think
paring a few more hundreds, when, on
to bed one evening, I found a packet add
to me, in a lady's hand. I hastily bro
seal, and saw a slip of paper, on whic
written the following lines:

"Mrs. Stump presents her complime
Mr. O'Donnel, and, with her grateful tha
all past favours, begs to return him a box
'pills for the poor.' Should he have an
culty in solving this, he is advised to
plenty of water, as it is a strongly recomm
practice of very old standing."

Opening with much eagerness and cu
a box in which these said "pills for the

were contained, I beheld about a dozen of my patent "vegetable" boluses all cracked and open; most of them containing little kernels, which long keeping had shrivelled up almost into a husk. I looked at these, then at the note, then at these again, and then burst into a hearty laugh. The fact of the hawstone containing a kernel I had quite forgotten. Had it been solid, it might never have told tales; since, even if broken, it would, among ignorant people, have passed for peculiarly hard medicine. But a kernel was too monstrous even to swallow!

Fancy, thought I, some unfortunate patient taking it into his head to crack one of his pills, and finding inside a kernel! One, he would think to himself, might have got there by mistake: he cracks a second—a third—a fourth. He cracks them all, and all have kernels! Most wonderful pills!

Too bad!—too bad!—and I laughed till my sides felt sore. Then I took up Mrs. Stump's knowing note; that made me laugh still more. The idea of meeting her next day was certainly

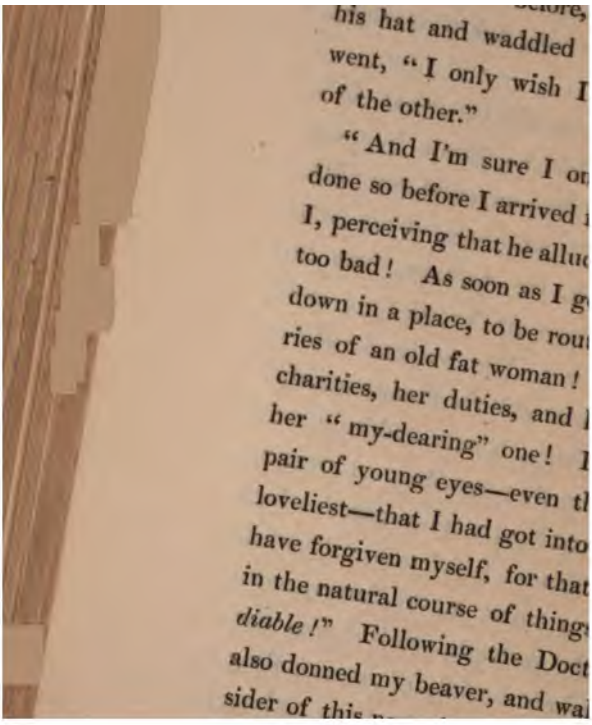
not quite so pleasant; but, after half an hour's amusement, I thought all would be well if it ended well; so I went to bed.

As Mrs. Stump generally breakfasted in her own room, I did not see her till the hour of dinner. Thinking it would be wisest to take no notice of her note, I paid my respects by the usual bow, and received what is commonly termed the cut direct. Well, thought I, you may come to, old lady, at your leisure—I shall take no notice of your wrath. Nor did I. Three days afterwards the Doctor came into the surgery in violent anger, and began to rate me soundly for having allowed his wife to get at the medicines, thereby violating the contract entered into between us.

"I did expect, Mr. O'Donnel," continued he, "that after the express understanding to which we came, you would have taken steps to keep this place secure from any intrusion of that silly woman Mrs. Stump. But it seems, sir, that she has found some argument of greater weight with you than any of mine; so, since you do not choose to obey my directions, I must obtain some one who will, sir."

"Very well, Dr. Stump; most certainly, since such is your wish: but I was, and am, ignorant of your wife having taken anything out of the surgery."

"Well then, sir, I can tell you what she's taken. She's been and laid her hands, by some unlucky accident, upon the compound iron pills, and persuaded Mrs. Bennet—one of my best patients, as you know, sir—to take them in large quantities without my knowledge; and what's the consequence? Her husband, who's been looking for an heir with the utmost anxiety for the last seven years, is now suddenly deprived of the chance that was about to present itself, and I've lost at least a ten-guinea fee for my expected attendance; which must otherwise have come on in a month at the furthest—to say nothing of the patient's nearly losing her life; and all through the folly of two meddling women: one talking of what she knew nothing about, and the other as bad for believing her! The long and the short of it is, this can't go on, Mr. O'Donnel. I give you a month to determine on your own plans, and then we separate."


his hat and waddled
went, "I only wish I
of the other."
"And I'm sure I o
done so before I arrived
I, perceiving that he allu
too bad! As soon as I g
down in a place, to be rou
ries of an old fat woman!
charities, her duties, and
her "my-dearing" one! I
pair of young eyes—even t
loveliest—that I had got into
have forgiven myself, for that
in the natural course of thing
*diable!*" Following the Doct
also donned my beaver, and wa
sider of this

## CHAPTER XIII.

Who can control his fate?—OTHELLO.

THE seaport at which I was residing at this period of my history, is one which is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and affords several most delightful walks by the shore. There is something so grand and impressive in the appearance of the briny element, that, with me at least, it always soothes and calms any annoyances that may be oppressing me. The view of its sublime beauty elevates and strengthens the soul to bear—and bearing, to despise the petty cares of our mortal coil.

Sitting down on a rock, I wondered to myself what fortune intended to do with me

next, and whither I was to be thrown. Mo
by an impulse of the mind, which thous
have felt before me, and which will yet, i
probability, be felt by thousands more w
I shall be mere dust of the valley or san
the waters, I took up a piece of drift-w
left by the higher tides, and flung it into
sea. Now, thought I, let me watch it thr
amidst these tangled rocks; and as its pas
is either smooth or rough, I shall augur
difficulties I am to undergo, before I com
it were, to land.

With these idle fancies I sat and watched
fragment. After some little time, it seeme
be stationary, and then, caught by an u
pected current, gently glided out to sea.

Poor mortals! thought I—thus it is
even the brightest hopes can make fools o
I thought to tell my fortunes by that
when suddenly it drifts away beneath my
and leaves me as much in the dark as ever

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. O'Dor
said a rough voice from behind me. I tu
and beheld Lieutenant Strong.

"Good morning to you," replied I; "I am glad to see you out again, though by the colour in your cheek I should not argue that this was your first convalescent walk."

"No, no! you're right—I've been about again for the last week. But you, doctor, sitting down there, are a regular idler, as we say aboard a ship. This nor'-east wind makes it a little too cold for me to bring to; and with my game leg here, these rocks require too much traverse sailing. Making you out from above, I thought I'd pass within hail; if you've a mind for a walk, I shall be happy of your company."

"With all my heart," said I; and rising, we regained the more level ground above, and proceeded onwards together.

My companion was a patient of the fat doctor, and had lost a leg in the battle of the glorious 1st of June, further receiving—I suppose by way of exchange—a severe wound in the chest; both of which, combined with a long service of seventeen years as midshipman, en-

titled him to the honour of being pla
lieutenant's half-pay list, and the she

Equally overflowing with intermin
and warmth of heart, he had
tunate enough to marry a sensible
tionate young woman in a respec
of life, and was pleased to consider h
Lord knows how he managed it) one
piest men in his Majesty's dominion
the autumn of the year, the wound ir
became so troublesome as to con
the house; and it was thus I was
sent to see him by the Doctor, who
as I have said before, he was. Th
of sailors is so marked, that if they
good qualities, it is very seldom t
prove at least amusing society; an
there was much that I thought d
a better designation than "amusing.

As his conversation afforded me a
able change from that of the old pe
staying with, I used occasionally t
evening at his house. After dis

the present occasion, one or two indifferent topics, he remarked the present abstraction of my manner, and asked with great kindness, in his rough way, what was "bothering" me: adding, that if I had "outrun my tether a little, he had a shot or two in the locker, which he would be happy to lend me."

Returning him my warm thanks for this kind offer, I told him candidly what had happened, and how I was situated. We enjoyed a hearty laugh together at the character of the female quack; and then he remarked, and I thought with a great deal of justice, that had my position with the doctor been otherwise more settled, he would have advised me to dismiss from my mind all fear of my leaving him—as he doubted not that this was a slight squall, and would soon blow over.

"But," said he, "as this sort of thing will be turning up again and again, my advice is, that, when your month's up, you just cut your cable, and make sail."

"Very true, Mr. Strong; but in my case

that requires some consideration; I have
ther means nor prospects before me." F
had never confided to him any of the fo
part of my history.

"Vast heaving, brother—not so fast," re
he; "I've been thinking of what port y
better run for, and I doubt not you
make a good thing of it. My first cou
head doorkeeper at the office of the Tran
Board in Dorset-square, Westminster; wh
though it does not sound to be anything
great, is a devilish better berth than I h
I can tell you. Now I propose that
you start from here, you go straight to Lon
with a letter from me to my cousin. I
tell you everything that is necessary, a
the passing your examination at Surg
Hall, or wherever it is, and then put yo
the way of getting an appointment as doc
mate on board a man-of-war. From
I've seen, I know right well that it's a
berth for a young man at first starting;
if you've any luck, in the course of a

years you'll be pretty well certain of getting promotion by a surgeon's warrant, and then there's half-pay for your life."

Thanking him very sincerely for this kind offer, I begged to defer my answer to it for one day, till which time I would give it the consideration which was due to such an important change in my future life.

"That's right, lad," said he, shaking hands, for we had arrived at his door: "always go to work in that prudent way, and there's no fear of you."

The maxim contained in this little speech I thought so good, and one so necessary for the guidance of an Irishman, that I resolved to remember it, and afterwards found the greatest benefit from doing so. On getting to my pillow that night, I remained awake some hours, debating in my own mind whether or not I should accept the lieutenant's offer. And first it occurred to me, that such an appointment would, in its rambling nature, afford me the greatest scope of chancing upon

the retreat of Donaghue, whom I could not but consider as possessing the secret of Kathleen's murder, and which retreat I could not in my own mind avoid connecting in some manner with the sea; and, even at the worst, would afford me, by its constant change of scene, that degree of interest which nothing else could ever now present. On the other hand, the advantages thus offered were numerous. It was an immediate provision, that rendered me to a certain degree independent, and at the same time enabled me, by a more extended intercourse with the world, to gain the advantage of travel without its expense.

"I'll go," said I—"it is resolved;" a few minutes more, and I was fast asleep.

Soon after breakfast on the ensuing morning the old doctor toddled into the surgery, and saying that, on reflection, he feared he had spoken somewhat harshly to me the day preceding; remarked that it was his wife who was to blame; and that if I chose to forget what had passed, I was heartily welcome

do so. I replied by thanking him very sincerely for the handsome way in which he had made the *amende;* but as I feared that Mrs. Stump's peculiar practice might again come between us, I thought it would be more prudent to adhere to the resolution of yesterday. It was true, that I was ready to abandon it, if such was his express desire; but if not, I had some slight channel of interest at the Transport Board, and therefore contemplated entering into the medical service of the navy.

On hearing this, the old doctor looked rather blank for a minute or two, then frankly shaking me by the hand, declared that such an appointment would be more for my good than remaining with him, and he would not stand in my way; that he had some one in his mind's eye who he thought would suit him, and that I should soon be at liberty to depart; adding, "I'm sure, Mr. O'Donnel, I wish you every success: and if, on reaching town, your interest at the Transport Board

should not prove so good as you may hope, don't stay loitering away your time and money in London, but come down here til they give you your appointment, or you ca get something instead of it."

As the old gentleman said this, he walke out of the surgery so quickly, that I had the no time to thank him, even if my surpri at his true and unexpected kindness had pe mitted me to do so. I took an early oppo tunity afterwards, however, of expressing m feelings to him on that head, which raise him ever after very greatly in my estimatio After a great deal of anxious suspense, an something on my part which amounted almo to an inclination to waver, my successor i office arrived.

Late at night, as the doctor and myse were sitting over the fire, deep in the mysteries a game of cribbage, a glass of grog, and a Dut pipe, a violent knock and ring were hea at the door, together with the sound of a coac Fearful that this was a summons to ta

him into the cold, the worthy doctor stopped short in the act of giving "one for your nob," and looked at the portal. This, after a considerable noise in the passage, was flung wide open, and a little thin apparition appeared in the centre.

Advancing majestically into the room, it said, "Please, sir, I'm come from Hapothecaries All." This, then, was the new assistant.

Within two days I was once more on my road to London. After all, I was sorry to part with the old fat doctor, who, I was aware, had treated me with infinitely more kindness than I should have received in nine places out of ten; while I equally regretted that the old woman, with all her intentions of doing good, achieved little more than perplexity to every one around her—and, even to say nothing of the bother she gave by her quackeries inside the house, there was no end to the scrapes she got into by scandal and tale-bearing without.

enclosure, contained the follo

"As I hear, my dear, th
away to-morrow morning,
little housewife, containing
tapes, &c., and all that may
you to mend your b——." W
thought I, as I came to this e
I know not, unless it is the la
of writing the word "breech
went on—"Though I have co
right, both to you and mysel
to you again after your impr
as regards the pills for the p
ceive it is my christian duty
leave my husband's house
being acquainted with my h

as to your charitable duties that you will never forget. Charity, you know, my dear, vaunteth not itself, and is so well described in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, that I beg you to read it often for my sake. I am told you are now going to London—I say nothing of the temptations which I understand abound in that second Babylon of the seven hills; but as one more matured in the world, and addressing a younger person, I may implore you to beware of the fascinations of our sex—avoid her who flattereth with her words—whose house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. From such a one fly, I beseech you, my dear, to her whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

"I am,

"Ever praying for your welfare,

"SUSANNAH STUMP."

"P. S. At the bottom of the parcel, under the housewife, you will find a nice tapioca

pudding, well packed up, which will be quite a luxury when travelling; and a box of my favourite pills, 'Anderson's Scotch,' which are so good for the bile.

"S. S."

Having carefully tossed the pills and the tapioca pudding both out of the window, I put the housewife into my trunk, made careful observation that I had packed up every thing that belonged to me, and then, not a little melancholy at parting with these kind though eccentric people, I went to sleep. At the breakfast table next morning, I took final leave of the old doctor, who once more wished me every success, and renewed his invitation. In a few minutes Lieutenant Strong called and walked with me to the coach-office.

"Now, my good fellow," said he, as we walked along, "you are yet young enough in the world, and not very old in reality; and you're going into one of his majesty's public services, where a chap has to keep his eye

teeth about him, and look well out for squalls: when a ship's going into action, you know there isn't much time for palavering and advice; and that's our case just now. However, you see I might talk from now till to-morrow, and yet never be able to say as much as I once stumbled on in a few lines in an old book I got hold of: after I left the service, 'tis true, and therefore too late to serve my day, though they shall that of my little ones, if I can leave them nothing else. Here they are, you see, written out fair—read them at your leisure when the coach gets under way; and whenever you fancy yourself in a scrape, think of me, look them up, and you'll go through it all, as true as a clear dog-vane, or my name's not Harry Strong. Now here's the coach in sight. Put this letter for my cousin into some snug stowage — give my love to him when you meet. And so fare you well, my hearty, and may you have good luck till you're tired of it."

After a hearty and friendly grasp, I mounted the coach—it drove rapidly off—we waved hands,

and so we parted. An hour's musing on all that had happened to me during the last three months succeeded—and then congratulating myself on the friends I had made, and trusting that this would prove an augury of better fortune, I unfolded the lieutenant's scrip of advice. In this I recognised an old and well-appreciated quotation from Britain's great bard, which does indeed contain almost all the worldly advice that can be offered in life.

" Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar—
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear it, that thy opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

## CHAPTER XIV.

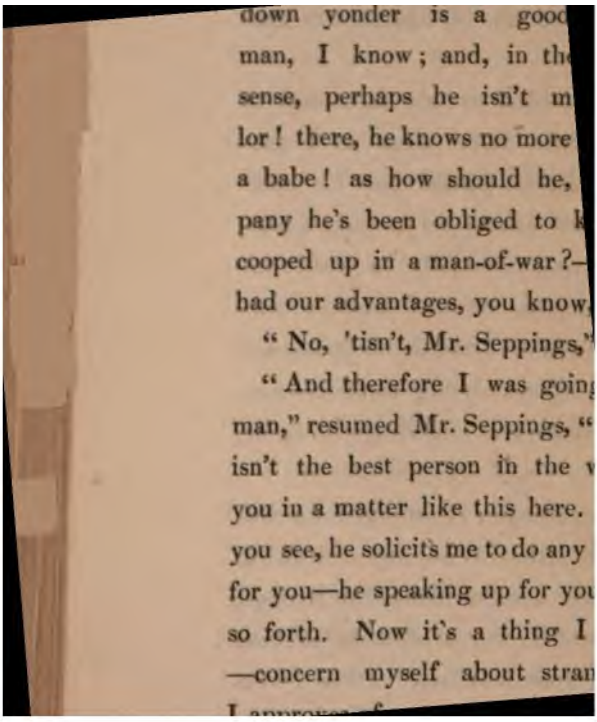
" Curs in office,
Who're always the least civil of all hounds."
Don Jua

The day after my arrival in town, I w
to present Strong's letter to his cousin,
Seppings, the head doorkeeper. I found
worthy a tall fat fellow, with a very red
very sinister countenance. Now porters o
descriptions form a distinct class of the
man species—at least in London. The
of mankind, in proportion as they grow
become mellow and good-tempered; but
more obese we find a porter to be, so n
the more ill-natured does the brute pr

like some savage hound, set to keep his master's property, the length of whose chain has not only debarred him from wholesome exercise, but allowed his ill humours to concrete about him.

Mr. Seppings looked at me from top to toe with his little ferret eyes as I presented him my letter—pulled out his spectacles, and, without asking me to take a seat, proceeded very consequentially to read the epistle. This finished, he made another survey of my person from beneath his specs, and then, in a voice of astonishing condescension, loud enough for all his underlings to hear, thus accosted me:

"So, young man, you've brought up this recommendatory letter from my cousin at P——? And how does he manage to struggle along, poor man? I hear he's likely to have a large family before he's done! 'Tis a wonder to me, John," addressing a brother servant in the king's livery, "how them there poor lieutenants do manage to scramble on from day to day, and them having only a ninety pounds



down yonder is a good
man, I know; and, in the
sense, perhaps he isn't m
lor! there, he knows no more
a babe! as how should he,
pany he's been obliged to k
cooped up in a man-of-war?—
had our advantages, you know,

"No, 'tisn't, Mr. Seppings,"

"And therefore I was going
man," resumed Mr. Seppings, "
isn't the best person in the w
you in a matter like this here.
you see, he solicits me to do any
for you—he speaking up for you
so forth. Now it's a thing I
—concern myself about stran

seems, persuaded you, young man, to come up here, that I may get you made a doctor's mate. One might think, from looking at him, you'd see how little good is to be got out of the king's service, even as a lieutenant, let be a doctor's mate; so, out of regard to him, if you promise to conduct yourself discretionably, I'll put you in the way of doing something better for yourself."

Determined to see how far this amusing specimen of upstart vulgarity would go, I contented myself with bowing my head, whilst he proceeded.

"John, bring me our private register-book, and let me see if that berth's given away that was to be had last week. No, it is not," looking into the register; "and I may therefore confer it, if so be I should see proper, on you, young sir. It is—and as my cousin there says, you're no bad hand at writing, and a bit of a scholar like, it will just suit you—it is the junior messengership to this office—two suits of uniform in the year—bed, board, and lodging; a guinea a week, and

promoted next to myself;
hundred and fifty a year."

And a pretty sample you
of that purse-proud wretchedne
which is ever the sure produ
circumstances, unaccompanied
tivation. Most men would, per
inconceivably enraged at suc
coming as it did from a creatur
ignorance, and addressed to one
both much time and money in q
self for an intellectual pursuit.
quainted, however, with the cause
I merely smiled, and returned Mr.
best thanks for his obliging offer.

"My object in going into the
is," I said, "to see the world
countries. This, if I remain in
on shore I

de, cut up Master Porter far more effec-
than any anger could have done; for
inced him that there neither was,
er could be, any equality between us
ver.

you like then, as you like," replied
a tone that showed his annoyance;
ince that's the case, this paper, draw-
from a bundle, will give you all the
y information; and my time's too
e to fling any more of it away on ——."
ther words were here uttered, but
pocketed the paper, I made my bow,
arted.

nquiring, I found that the demand for
t surgeons in the navy was at this time
t, that I should find little difficulty in
an appointment beyond the mere
ry compliance with regulations of the
ort Board. Having consulted those
were printed at full length in the
given me be by Seppings, I found
ad to pass the College of Surgeons in
, and then undergo whatever fur-

ther examination the Transport Board gentlemen might in their wisdom think fit to inflict on me. This, after passing the College of Surgeons, would, I supposed, be but slight. In this I was right; and after "grinding" myself "up," as it is termed, for two or three days, I made my appearance before the college, the examiners of which I found to be most kind and gentlemanly.

On going afterwards to the Transport Board, I found it composed of Sir Rupert George, Dr. Burnett, Mr. Ambrose Serle, and Dr. Weir. The medical examination, such as it might be, was wholly conducted by the latter, who left

O'Donnel, and you will be sent to one of the naval hospitals. Call the day afterto-morrow, if you please, for your appointment." On this I very gladly made my bow, and left the room.

Since the morning of my refusing worthy Mr. Seppings' offer, that functionary had contrived never to be in the way when I called, though this had happened, of course, several times. This morning, however, it so fell out, that on passing through the entrance-hall, I met him full front, and duly made my recognizance. After giving me the benefit of a full stare, both through his spectacles and then from under them, the great man turned his back upon me, and strode into his little room.

How much, thought I, as I walked away, has a government to answer for, when, in a nation taxed like this, the pampered menials who attend the doors of its offices, are overpaid to a degree that makes them spurn with contempt the very hands that feed them; while an old and deserving officer, who has bestowed upon his country his youth and manhood, his services, his happiness, and too often his health, is left

to starve on a pittance so
him an object of insolent
very hall porters!

Had this Seppings be
of his present salary, he
bability, have been an ob
quite as honest, and far mor

Light of heart at so speed
pointment, I only regretted t
have troubled himself to g
relative so unlike himself, an

On the day ordered, I w
secretary H——n for my
was not the most agreeable
the world, and I thought hi
he said I could not obtain m
less I produced my indenture

"Surely," said I,

through. I then said that I had them at home, and if he would give me my appointment to-day, I would faithfully present them to-morrow; as otherwise I should be put to the expense of unnecessary delay in London.

"Can't be done," said the secretary surlily, and turning round he proceeded to read the newspaper which was lying before him, and took no further notice of my presence whatsoever. Now I had procured my indentures in Edinburgh by dint of a little bribery; and, determined, if possible, to counteract the secretary's plans, I hurried home, turned them out of my trunk, and retraced my steps with as little delay as possible. Before I got back to Westminster, however, the office-hours were passed, and I had my walk for nothing.

"By the holy St. Patrick," ejaculated I, "had I only that secretary on a quiet bit of the moor that lies so snugly before Castle Maurice, isn't it myself that would beat a little good manners into his thick skull—that's all?"

As the clock struck nine on the ensuing morning, off I set once more, with my inden-

tures rolled under my arm. As I walked along, it occurred to me that the secretary had raised the question of the indentures, hoping that if I had them not, I should be obliged to fee him for his connivance in letting me pass without; and should my suspicions prove correct, I was more than ever determined to balk him. On telling him that I had brought my indentures, he replied, "Very well," and proceeded to pick his nails; and there being no seat for my accommodation, I was obliged to stand and witness this pleasant and very profitable occupation.

After an interval of a quarter of an hour, he looked up, and said, with the utmost nonchalance,—

"What do you want?"

"Want, sir!" my choler beginning to rise; "what should I want but my appointment which Sir Rupert George told me I was to obtain yesterday?"

"Oh!—as to that, you can't have your appointment to-day, unless you choose to go without the conduct-money."

"And how much may that be?"

"Why, you'll be sent to Deal Hospital, and the conduct-money will be eighteen shillings."

Oh ho, thought I, you want to finger that yourself, do you?—Not if I can help it, old boy.

"Oh! eighteen shillings, Mr. Secretary," said I. "Upon my word, that appears to me to be a large sum—I can't afford to lose all that. Pray how long will it take to get so much money together I should like to know, when I really can get my appointment?"

"Come to-morrow," said the secretary, with a look of the utmost rage; and turning his back on me, he proceeded to warm himself at the fire. A fitting secretary for such a porter! *Mais n'importe!* Maurice O'Donnel cares not a rush, though he had to pass through a wilderness of such reptiles.

Still I thought it as prudent not to trust my indentures with the fellow. It might occur to him, with a brain so fertile in delay, to put the empty parchment in the fire, and then swear he'd never seen it. His back being turned towards me, I quickly lifted them off the desk, and took them with me. It was very easy to

bring them back on the next day in my pocket. This I did; but no sooner had I made my appearance on the day ensuing, than the secretary, with a look that expressed his desire to get rid of my importunity, handed me, in the most contemptuous silence, both my appointment and the conduct-money, minus a small mulct for the established fees.

The whole air of the thing was as though he should say, "There's nothing to be made out of this fellow—a regular king's hard bargainer." Indeed, for aught we humble officers of his Majesty's services are aware, these gentry of the public offices may have laid down a regular code for their guidance; so that, after once trying to bully and twice to cheat us, he who stands fire without flinching may, on the fourth trial, pass through with impunity.

In equal silence and much greater mirth, I pocketed the conduct-money, secured the appointment, and walked away. As to my indentures, they had, after all, never been looked into; which plainly proved what humbug ruled the genius of the spot. My trunk was soon

packed, my bill paid, and that afternoon I was on my road to Deal, overjoyed at finding myself fairly started in public life, and humbly thankful that it was the result of my own exertions.

In the life of almost every man there are some proud and happy moments. But I much doubt, whether in any position of life these are so justly based, and so vividly felt, as when industry and honour have combined to triumph over the impediments which unkindness, injustice, or misfortune, may have thrown in the path of youth. When I reflected on what I had undergone, and to what I had submitted, since leaving my father's house, and all for the attainment of this end,—I do say that I would not have foregone the enjoyment of such a fruition, not even to have acquired the ample wealth so idly lavished by the prodigality of the many who have gone before me. Peace to their ashes!

Mr. Macallum came to report himself on the morning of his arrival in Deal; and this duty over, he came into the dispensary, where we were preparing the medicines. The dispenser, who was himself a fellow-countryman, and spoke the classic language of the North in its broadest purity, looked up from his desk, and kindly accosted the noviciate with,—

"Weel, sir, and how's a' wi' you?"

"Weel, sir, thank ye, verra weel," replied Mac.

"So you've just come down to us from the great Babylon, have ye, sir? Ye'll find us verra busy."

"Verra, sir. I left London the nicht last."

"Ah! ye had a cold ride. And where, may I ask, was ye bound, sir?"

"O, sir, I was'na bound at all. I tended the classes in Edinborough, and went through a weary time of it wi' M'Candlish, near the Grass Market. Weel I paid for it too: I gave him sax punds sterling to go to his laboratory for three months."

"Ay, truly! Then ye ken things weel?"

"Verra weel indeed, sir! though maybe I shouldna say so."

"May be no," replied the dispenser, who was a bit of a wag in his way. "Here, Mr. Macallum," continued he, placing before him a piece of crude opium, with part of the poppy leaf attached to it—"ye ken what that is?"

"That, sir," said Mac, with a vastly puzzled air, and scratching the bottom of his back with one hand, "I canna just call that to mind the noo, but I believe it to be olloes"—meaning aloes.

A general and hearty laugh followed this sad blunder of poor Mac, which he never got over during the whole time he remained in the hospital.

"I fear, Mr. Macallum," said the dispenser, "ye might as weel have kept M'Candlish's sax punds in your pocket."

Now, I would ask, how was it possible that this man could have produced an indenture at the board? Indeed, how could a lad so ill qualified, and who evidently was not more than eighteen, have managed to get through his exami-

before the lives of his maje
could be entrusted to su
tide of war was, however
into our hospitals. Thos
say whether they were ki
the enemy; while those wh
in truth, most lucky rasc
sing our glories; so that
doctor was like that of a
more he mangled, the more

A few days after the arri
we had another arrival in
equally worthy, in the pers
captain who commanded
the ———. I had just
beach to take a walk be
morning, when she came

the water once or twice, and before I could think what it was, I was covered with dirt, and nearly stunned. Some malicious fellow had put a shot into the gun, and it struck the ground not a yard from my feet, and very luckily found a harmless passage to the right of the town.

No sooner did the Deal boatmen see this than one and all took to their heels, and the beach was clear in no time. Thinking it was possible the crew might repeat the compliment, I walked away to breakfast before I received a proof of their love, in which not even the skill of Macallum might be able to assist me.

In a few minutes I learned the cause of the general consternation. The frigate was reported to be in a state of mutiny, and a silly alarm had been spread, that the shotted gun was but a prelude to a heavy fire on the town. As this would have been the last thing to help the cause of the seamen, it carried with it the stamp of absurdity to any mind capable of reflection. That her crew had, however, just

grounds of complaint against the harsh an
tyrannical disposition of her commander, fe
would have doubted who witnessed a scene
which I was present.

Soon after this incident I had an opportuni
of seeing, that if coming to an hospital present
to most men an epitome of all that was most di
heartening, it now and then afforded a shelt
to the victims of oppression and ill usage. Th
was exemplified in the case of Lieutenan
C——l and Und——ll, who "came in sick
as it is termed, from a brig commanded
Captain Plagueusoh. For some offence agai
his mightiness, which he chose to consider
breach of duty, he had kept them for a co
siderable time under arrest, and had even go
so far, at the time of thus confining them, as
call the crew of his vessel on deck, and gi
them leave either to shoot or otherwise despat
either of the presumed offenders, should th
be caught breaking through their arrest.

Gladly hailing the first opportunity to g
like the Egyptians, "out of bondage," c
suddenly found himself troubled with the li

plaint, and the other with tendency to con-
ption. To all appearance, they were both
l and gentlemanlike fellows, for a court-
tial being soon held upon them, they were
nrably acquitted, and their commander a
days afterwards sent to vegetate on half-

he circumstance of my acquaintance with
: officers has been more firmly impressed
i my mind from after circumstances, and
ingular history of poor C——l. It was his
ppy lot to sail with Captain Hasard Stack-
, the noted duellist. Having afterwards
that the latter gentleman was given to draw-
the long-bow, some ill-natured blockhead
ated this to the said archer; and whether it
it have been correct or not, matters little,—
years after the offence, Stackpole fell in
him at Port Royal, sent him a challenge,
got shot.

his unfortunate result so preyed on C——l,
he sought consolation where few ultimately
it, and, although promoted, became lost
he service, and died most prematurely. The

have always appeared to m
pressive.

I had now been just a su
hospital to feel myself conten
when my quiet was one mor
turbed by Dr. Wright infor
was ordered off to join the R
ship, at Spithead, in the capa
merary.

There was no disobeying
law, and I therefore, in technic
up my traps and started.
Portsmouth I put on a plain
coat, and went on board the
port myself.

In those days the assistant
and midshipmen, had all on
such a name

mistaken. I escaped almost without notice; and even those who remarked that mine was a new phiz, luckily came to the conclusion that I had been afloat before. The day passed off dully enough. From the great change of officers on board a guardship, the greater part are strangers to each other, and if you meet with no interruption, you meet with less civility.

Just before I was going to turn into my hammock at night, I heard one youngster say to another, "I say, Jones, there's a new surgeon's mate come on board; shall we lower him down to-night?"

"Devilish kind of you, upon my soul," thought I.

"Is there, Dawson?" responded the other; "then it's right he should have a taste of it."

"Softly, softly, young gentleman!" thought I; so creeping up to the first speaker, and taking firm hold of him by the ear, I said, "Allow me, Mr. Dawson, to inform you that the doctor's mate you speak of is no greenhorn—that this is not the first night of his sleeping in a hammock—that he is a peaceable subject, if

you do not interfere with him—but if
presume to touch his hammock, he'll break y
head—that's all."

This manifesto had the desired effect, an
a few minutes I was fast asleep. From
I have said of a guardship, it will be e
imagined that the first few days on board
sad enough. By degrees, however, the g
variety of characters that one beheld *en*
as it were—on board to-day, and appointe
the West Indies, or some other distant sta
to-morrow—begot an interest even in this se
kind of existence.

A few days after my joining, I witnes
display of more characters than one, w
made me rejoice in the quiet way I had sli
into my new circle.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Whereby I said, 'An' if your merry lordship should want fun, there's nothing can compare with catching a young hound and tail-piping him.'"

OLD PLAY.

THOSE who are at all acquainted with the character of a midshipman's berth, must be fully aware that its inmates compose a set of the most mischievous, thoughtless young rogues that can well be brought together; besprinkled here and there with an older head that would fain long since have sheltered its blushing honours in the repose of a ward-room; in default of which its wearer is licensed to play the sage and ancient on all matters of ordinary



One bright morning, [illegible] were taking middle deck of the R[illegible] by a few of the hobadeh[illegible] call made by the midshi[illegible] "sideboys." The variou[illegible] hearing this rout, demand[illegible] who's coming?"

"Hang me if I know,' gated reefer; "but some another in full tog. Just what uniform this is."

Such an invitation, in a fe the whole bevy to the enter tion of uniform is always—in vice—a solemn question witl old—afloat or ashor

be hanged for a church milliner yourself!—church *militant!* you mean, I suppose."

"Ah! well, I suppose I do; but I wasn't so far off, d'ye see, after all—I knew it was a church milli—something. But, however, let the chap be what he may, he's a precious lubber, that's clear, for he can't steer his boat alongside. I suppose it's some thief from the dock-yard."

"Why, absolutely it's a doctor's mate!" exclaimed all in a breath, as the unconscious object of these speculations drew sufficiently near to have this sad judgment passed upon him.

"That chap looks a sap all the world over. I vote we have a good lark with him if he's come to join," resumed one.

"Oh, certainly," said the rest, "we *must* work *him*, he's a reg'lar catch on a rainy day—a pig all ready for soaping! But stand out of the way, he's coming up the ladder. We'd better pretend not to take too much notice of him at first, for fear he should twig us."

"Ay, ay!—just so. I'm midshipman of

the watch," said Dawson; "leave him to me."

"Ay, ay," cried one and all, "leave him to Dawson. But mind, Dawson, you're blessed polite to him."

"Trust me," responded the hobadehoy, with a knowing wink.

He had no time to say more, for his victim's cocked-hat made its appearance up the accommodation-ladder, with its wearer, as may be concluded, not far beneath it.

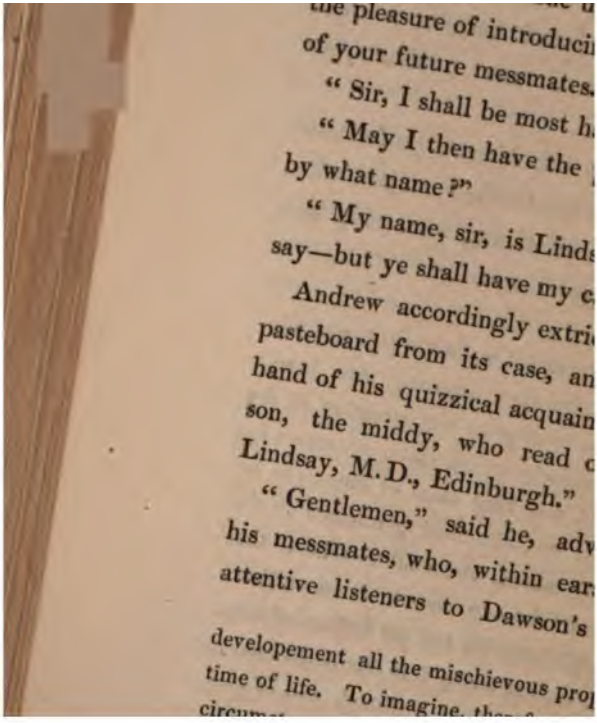
"Pray, sir, would you be so obliging as to inform me if this is his majesty's ship the Royal William?" said the new comer, touching his cocked-hat to the midshipman of the watch, as soon as he reached the middle deck, and speaking with an air of finished courtesy, but in the Scottish accent.

"Sir," replied the young rascal addressed, mimicking the stranger's manner, and bowing to the very deck while he answered, as if his interrogator was an officer of the utmost importance—"this *is* his majesty's ship the Royal William—more commonly, and perhaps we

might add more vulgarly, called the Royal Billy. Will you do me the honour to lay upon me your commands, or state the purpose for which you repair on board her; or is there any point on which I can further your wishes?"

"Sir, I am greatly beholden to ye for your kindness, and, to say the truth, I am just come to have the honour of joining your ship as a supernumerary surgeon's mate." *

* Since the days of which I write, the title has been changed to that of assistant surgeon. And here I must be excused for urging on the attention of the Admiralty the exceedingly strong claim possessed by this most useful and deserving class of officers to be quartered with the commissioned gentlemen in the ward-room. It is, indeed, shameful to reflect, that men who have received a superior education, and have arrived at years of discretion and the feelings of manhood, should, on their entering into the British navy, be thrust back as it were into boyhood, and be condemned to the racket and unceasing noise of a midshipman's berth, many of the inmates of which, however admirable in other respects, are only just turned of thirteen or fourteen years of age, and have in full



the pleasure of introduci
of your future messmates.
"Sir, I shall be most h
"May I then have the
by what name?"
"My name, sir, is Lind
say—but ye shall have my c
Andrew accordingly extri
pasteboard from its case, an
hand of his quizzical acquain
son, the middy, who read c
Lindsay, M.D., Edinburgh."
"Gentlemen," said he, adv
his messmates, who, within ear
attentive listeners to Dawson's

developement all the mischievous pro
time of life. To imagine, th
circum

aken their cue from it accordingly—" Gentlemen, permit me to afford you the honour of an introduction to Doctor Andrew Lindsay, of Edinburgh, who is come on board the Royal William to join as supernumerary surgeon's mate."

"Oh, sir, we are most happy," exclaimed the whole body in a breath, they in their turn imitating the profound bows of Dawson, and at once offering to escort their new shipmate to the quarter-deck—an offer which he with equal politeness accepted.

On his way thither, Doctor Lindsay's *cortège* was joined by one or two other jolly reefers, who gathered from the winks of their companions that some fun was going on, and were indeed at no loss to guess of what description, when they beheld in the midst of the group the tall and youthful figure of the assistant surgeon, most daintily decked out in the then rarely-displayed full dress of a doctor's mate, with new uniform, cocked-hat, sword, &c.

When our new acquaintance arrived upon he quarter-deck, he found an old man with

apparition was carrying
high hand; and to this
the learned Andrew's conc
out loss of time, whisp
"Mind your eye now, fo
our first lieutenant."

It certainly did strike I
whisper, and indeed the
differed widely from the
previously experienced on
but he called to mind the
great men have in a native
tally set down the Buffer a
Peter the Great.

The great Peter of the
having looked at Doctor Li
of astonishment, from hea

man, an irritable Cambrian, said, "Well, well, Mr. Taffy, take him down to the clerk, and let him be entered accordingly on the ship's books."

Having thus briefly, and as Doctor Lindsay thought abruptly, delivered himself, Mr. Buffer, without addressing one word to the actual object of his order, went off to the gangway, where he and the boatswain were very busy in getting out a spare top-gallant mast from among the booms.

In compliance with the orders now delivered, Doctor Andrew was accordingly conducted to the cabin of the ship's clerk, and all his names, styles, and titles fully registered, with a degree of politeness and refinement which, in the young doctor's view, well accorded with the previous reception of the accomplished Mr. Dawson.

Just as the whole party were leaving the clerk's cabin, eight strokes were heard upon the ship's bell, and within a few seconds a very tremendous whistling, which was interpreted to the nautico-chirurgical novice as the piping to dinner of the ship's crew at twelve o'clock.

"Dinner, sirs!" exclaimed young Doctor Andrew; "I havena weel digested my breakfast yet. Surely we're no to dine so sune!"

"Why no, sir," replied Dawson, "there is not the least necessity for it; only having, all of us gentlemen in the midshipmen's berth, a very great degree of zeal for the service, we do so, out of an accommodating disposition, and simply to oblige the first lieutenant, Mr. Buffer—whose wishes we make a point of meeting whenever we *conveniently* can. Indeed, our attention to them, in this instance, prevents much confusion from the cooking of an otherwise too great number of dinners in the galley at one time. Still, if *you* would like to have all this altered, I am sure, sir, our mess would do all they ——"

"O, sir, I have to beg that you'll not mention it for a moment; I would not on any account that the usual routine of the ship should be disturbed for *me*."

"That's both kind and lucky," whispered one of the mids aside to Mr. Taffy, laughing very heartily at the bare idea of such a thing.

Meanwhile the young and learned doctor went down ladder after ladder, wondering to what depth the bowels of this vast leviathan might descend, and with the descent of each flight from deck to deck, he lost more and more of the precious light of heaven; until at length this finally deserted him *in toto*, resigning him to the sweet odours and illumination of a few purser's dips, which, like rushlights in consumption, were stuck here and there around him at long intervals, to render darkness visible.

Struck with dismay at this novel and unpleasing spot, the doctor exclaimed in horror, "Gudeness guide us, sirs! Where are ye taking me?"

"Merely down into the orlop, Dr. Lindsay, that's all."

"The orlop, sir?—I was not aware of its locality. Can ye say, then, where is the cockpit?"

"O that—that's another deck lower down; you shall go down there, if you like it better."

"Not at all, gentlemen—not at all—I am

"nat, sir!—do y
Perhaps you'd like th
salts?"

"Thank ye, sirs—n
"Or the lower-deck
"Much obliged, but
to do without it—that is
of the windows anywhere
"Why, Doctor Lindsa
objection—the only obst
happen to be under water
haps, in such a case come
tion to which the fact is, we
but we have reached the me
soup tureen is on the table,
vive you."

In a moment the doctor

"Will you permit me, Doctor Lindsay, to relieve you of your sword?" quoth another.

The doctor bowed, and at once accepted the spontaneous kindness of his new brother officers —so different from what he had been led to expect; and, as he added, "*so* delightful." He gave his hat to the first, who—sat upon it; and his sword to the second, who—thrust it under the table.

Meanwhile, Doctor Andrew carefully spread out the tails of his new uniform coat, cautious to a degree lest he should crease or sit upon it. This his next neighbour observing, slily spilt a spoonful of the hot soup on the seat, and allowed his new acquaintance forthwith to place himself upon the same, and benefit by its absorption.

This greatly disconcerted poor Lindsay, while all hands swore so roundly at the servant, and seemed to apologise so heartily for what they said was his negligence, that the new supernumerary never saw how they were enjoying his misfortune.

This mishap having been repaired as far as

duties, and with t
dressed the new com
"Sir, you come
a Cambrian, I canno
of your great doctri
will you, sir, oblige us
The doctor on this
seriousness, and some
his request.
"Doctor Lindsay,"
he had resumed his se
that on your first doin
the honour to join he
president of the mess,
logise for the state in w
of its concomitants. Arou
to say, you must behold
—some wanting one, sor

dirt on the tablecloths; and even I am, as you see, so utterly without a soup-ladle, as to be obliged to use a cracked teacup in the place of it. But I fear this is all to be attributed to a sufficient cause; for in the catering of this berth there has been gross mismanagement—nay, even more—and I blush when I say it, Doctor Lindsay—there has also been gross corruption."

"Infamous! infamous!" said Dawson, and one or two others who saw how the scent lay.

"You are right, gentleman, you are right," continued Taffy; "but I hope that the hour has arrived which will for ever put an end to such iniquities. We have long wanted a gentleman—I say a gentleman in *every* sense of the word—who would do us the favour of becoming our caterer. Doctor Lindsay, will you allow me to give you a cupful of soup?"

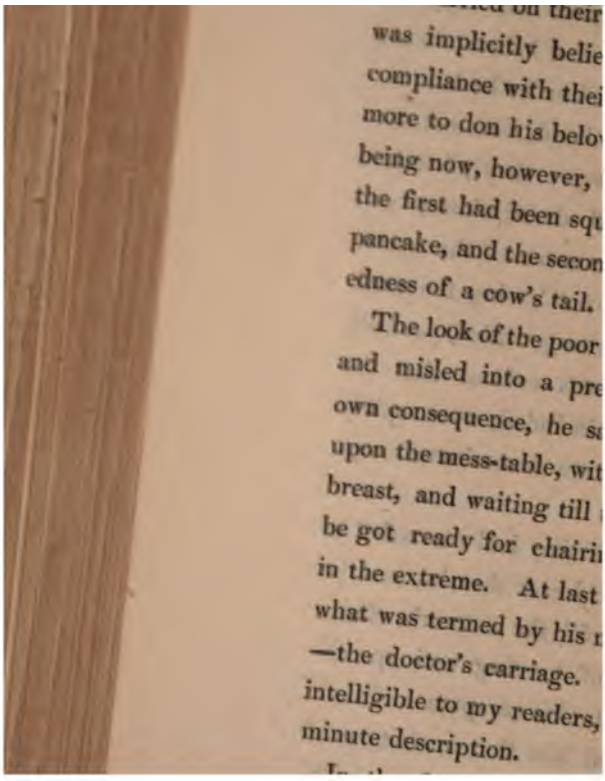
"Thank ye, sir—that will do, sir—one will be plenty."

"I fear, even here, sir, we must again



guardly, rascally so
call this soup, or th
dishes in last night,
Doctor Lindsay, you
ties under which thi
struggle, in its want of
that pure, patriotic fe
mate every gentleman'
office of caterer. But
by my ability—my tem
—you'll excuse me—I'
servants occasionally. M
of the lower deck, make s
upon my time. Ah! if
one with equal ability, c
who could so far forge
human nature, as to take
responsible station

id old Taffy go on, seconded by the whole
ntil at length the good Scot began to
Jupiter-Ammoniacal that he scarce knew
r he stood on his head or his heels.
enemy, on the other hand, were not slow
eiving their advantage: they plied him
ith stimuli of all descriptions; and
Doctor Andrew's was one of those won-
ieads which, from not having too much
, require so much to get filled, yet still,
ight o'clock, it was evident that the
ompany, Andrew included, were rapidly
; to that happy state denominated *mops*
*oms*.
e time before this they had succeeded in
ing the learned doctor that he, and he
was the man to fill the caterer's chair;
ter all kinds of toasting and speech-
for an hour after his acceptance of their
, they informed him that an honour of
sual sort was in store for him—namely,
nemorial solemnity and custom of *chair-*
president of their mess.
his was told to him in the same grave,



ses, the landsmen often hear of them in a
y of senses and services; as, for instance, of
"towed on shore on *a grating*:" a "marine
on *a grating*" is a common phrase; and
ıfrequently the same thing is, afloat, made
ve one of the purposes of a shutter on shore
t of transportation. Such indeed was the
t present.

sooner had the unruly mids started the
f chairing their new and also most inex-
ıced caterer, than some of them, starting
the poop, brought down a couple of spare
ıs; and getting down to the orlop one of
aforesaid unused lower-deck gratings,
l on it an inverted mess-kid, or oval
The whole of this, being covered with one
: ensigns, made a small platform, with a
seat on it, of certainly a most distin-

flute in the berth go ahead, preceded by one fellow with a ship's drum that had been slackened in its braces to lessen its sound, together with no small number of amateurs, consisting of all the other mids in the ship, bearing quadrant and cocked-hat cases, which they beat with any kind of stick that came to hand. This they styled "the band;" and rub-a-dubbing to the tune of "British Grenadiers," they marched forward in great style to the berth door. In the mean time, all the idlers, including the clerks, the other assistant-surgeons, and myself, the gunner, boatswain, carpenter, and their boys, and a number of the crew, were looking on, convulsed with laughter, at the folly of poor Lindsay, and wondering how in the name of fortune any person, either sober or not, could fail to perceive that his own ridicule was the point really aimed at, under the appearance of doing him the greatest honour.

However, that was to them the greater part of their fun; and scarcely a soul there, I firmly believe, would have attempted to undeceive him for the world; and, even with

respect to myself, I have very great doubt whether the attempt would have been successful. Be that as it may, it was never tried, nor could have been but with great danger to the essayist.

On the doctor's carriage reaching the spot where he sat, Andrew, as they called him, attempted with the utmost gravity to mount; but wholly unable was he to do anything of the sort.

His friends, however, were not easily to be diverted from serving him; so they lifted him on the top of the grating, and, with a show of great consideration, told him, for fear he should come down again, they would lash him fast.

This he was fool enough to let them do: and as soon as they had secured both his thighs and his ankles to the grating, his dutiful subjects gave him three cheers—his band struck up their most martial strains—and off they marched round the deck.

No sooner was the triumphant procession in motion, than two of the new caterer's pages of state made their appearance, and with their services his mightiness would most willingly have

dispensed. The pages were a couple of yo
rascals who had borrowed from the ship's ba
a pair of old hair-powder boxes, filled
ship's flour; and ever and anon, at a flo
of the cleaver and marrow-bone music,
shook in their new caterer's face the po
puffs of swansdown, till their contents n
smothered him; and acting, as this did,
mouth already parched with drinking, it
have been annoying in the extreme.

The agony of this new honour was the
thing that seemed to have brought back
doctor to some state of sobriety; for, pu
out both hands in a most supplicating
forbearing manner, he exclaimed,—

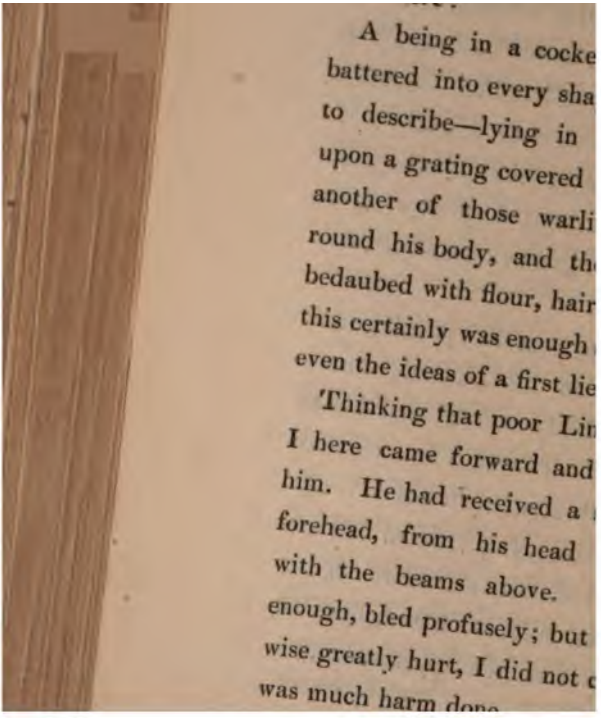
"Gentlemen, gentlemen, your kindne
too great!—Gentlemen, your attention is
powering!—your kindness overpowers me,
tlemen, I say."

This delicate appeal was received with
of laughter, and cries of "Long live C
Andrew!" together with such a renewed p
of the flour as rendered his articulatio
indistinct to be distinguishable.

In proportion as the march and fun proceeded, so did the worthy musicians try to make the harmony of the band be heard over the chorus of shouts and laughter; until at length the uproar got to such a pitch as to reach the ears of old Buffer himself, who came posting down in the utmost fury to seize at least some of the culprits, and execute summary vengeance upon them.

No sooner, however, was his peculiar and dreaded voice heard in the distance, than a piece of the most perfectly natural, and I may add, novel magic was witnessed. In an instant the loud shout, and certainly most "rough music," came to a dead stop; down fell the doctor's carriage from the shoulders of its bearers, and a general rush was heard, like that of mice seeking cover on the appearance of a light.

No sooner did the first lieutenant get up by the side of Andrew, than he paused to consider what in the name of fortune it was that he beheld. Mazeppa himself—"bound, bleeding, naked on the plain"—never created more



A being in a cocke
battered into every sha
to describe—lying in
upon a grating covered
another of those warli
round his body, and th
bedaubed with flour, hair
this certainly was enough
even the ideas of a first lie

Thinking that poor Lin
I here came forward and
him. He had received a
forehead, from his head
with the beams above.
enough, bled profusely; but
wise greatly hurt, I did not
was much harm done

im. But, quartermaster, do you put those lags under charge of the corporal of the watch in the state they're now in, to show the captain; and if he doesn't flog the whole bunch of those youngsters who have dared to play their tricks on the King's stores, I know nothing about the matter."

With this the first lieutenant went off to his cabin, leaving behind him many a quaking heart amongst those who, from their hiding-places, had heard his ominous words. No sooner was he gone, than one began saying to the other—

"Well, all I know is, *I* didn't take the flags off the poop."

"Nor," said another, "did *I* put them on the grating."

"Nor," quoth a third, "was it *I* who powdered them;" and so on; while, amid this general recrimination, we dressed Doctor Andrew Lindsay's wound, and got his disconfited caterership to bed, whence I fancied it would be long ere he wished to come forth for a second taste of the sweets of office and of power!

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Northstar.* I wish you joy of your prom
*Demure.* What to?
*Northstar.* The West Indies.

The day which succeeded the cu
just recorded, passed away without
tion of vengeance from the first l
but on the next morning one of th
masters met me returning from my

and I began very much to regret that,
vish to be useful to Lindsay, I had fur-
the first lieutenant with the knowledge
being in possession of most of the cir-
ances connected with the chairing of the

eaching the presence of my superior, all
s and calculations were, however, most
ly frustrated, by his congratulating me
appointment to one of the finest frigates
service—the Epaminondas, then lying
head—to which also, with me, was to
: Doctor Andrew Lindsay as supernu-

to who your future captain may be, I
now," added he; "her late commander
ared to be superseded; and some man
tter interest, I hear, gets his berth. The
only came to an anchor at Spithead
orning. However, she is ordered
the West Indies. So you're in luck,
man, for there's plenty of prize-money to
le there; and, before long, either yellow

Jack will have you, or you'll have your promotion."

With that he put into my hand, to carry to the clerk, the letter on service directing my appointment, and, turning to the gunner, proceeded with the more important matter of ordering so many empty powder-barrels to be got ready for returning into store, whenever the boy should come alongside.

"Well," thought I, "it does remind me of the old story—what's sport to you is death to me!—Ordered off to the West Indies—agreeable climate—plenty of prize-money—death and promotion—admirable adjuncts. But there's no help for it;" and with this last piece of incontrovertible logic, which has served to gild so many a bitter pill, I descended to the clerk.

"Ah!" said Mr. Scatchaway, "so we get rid of you next, do we? Let me see—you won't be victualled on board here to-day; no—that's clear. I suppose, nevertheless, you'd like to have a dinner somewhere?—if so, you'd better

make your number on board the Epaminondas by eleven o'clock. How many bells is it now? Struck four. Then, doctor, you've just an hour to muster your traps together and start; and if you happen to have any things ashore at the wash, you may just as well have them brought aboard the frigate as the guardship. Brown, have you finished copying out that order for the court-martial on Monday?"

"What a place of feeling and sympathy is a guardship!" thought I; "and can I regret leaving such a floating iceberg of the humanities, even in the greatest hurry, or for any climate, however heated?"

In half an hour my chest was packed and lashed, and myself, bag and baggage, and that of Andrew Lindsay, were, according to the accustomed phrase, snugly stowed alongside in the boat that was about to take me to the Epaminondas, having previously shaken hands with those very few with whom I had contracted any sort of friend-

ship during my brief stay on board the Royal Billy.

Resolutely turning my back on the three-decker, as if to class her disagreeables with the rest of my past life, I fixed my attention on the noble frigate, whence only any hope of the future could spring up, if, indeed, for me it was to spring at all.

On arriving near the Epaminondas, I found the ship surrounded with boats on one side, while a clear space was left, and the red man-ropes were reeved, on the other.

"Upon my conscience, sir, if they don't know that we're coming!" said Andrew.

"Stuff, man," replied I, "don't have any more of your first night's vanities! You're not in the orlop of the Royal Billy now; and pray cease to imagine that doctors' mates are of any such consequence. Some one of far greater moment than the pair of us knocked into one is expected here—either coming or going. The only honours paid to us are when broken heads are plentiful. If the plague now was raging

on board the Epaminondas, or the half of her crew dead, and the rest dying of yellow fever, then you might see red ropes, and specially-dressed sideboys awarded to the race of rhubarb—but not otherwise."

"Tut, man! d'ye think so meanly of the naval service as to imagine them insensible to the merits of science? You're surely not going among that crowd of boats, when you have the clear space on the other side?"

"Indeed I am;"—for as we were pulling with wind and tide in our favour, the ship lay head towards us, and we could distinctly see what was going on along either side.

"Well, Mr. O'Donnel," said Andrew, "were the tiller-ropes in my hand, I think I should uphold the dignity of our profession, let alone that of a Scotch gentleman, on going to a new ship."

"Oh, since you wish to steer, do so by all means, and please yourself."

And accordingly I let him, who, from frequent boating in Leith Roads, could steer very

but had no sooner manifested his i
aspiring to the red ropes, than the s
manner most disagreeable to Andr
*propre*, roughly warned us off, and,
him in the uniform of a civilian, ord
pull up under the stern.

This at once put to flight the
having been expected, and, sadly n
pride, he said not another word till
the decks of the frigate; except
before he left the boat, he took off
hat, and shaking his head mournful
quantity of flour that still remained
culated, "Eh, sirs!" and gave a
depth of whose bass seemed to soun
very toes.

As the scene which the coming an

memory, so, in attempting to describe it, I will not begin with the bad compliment to its singularity, of bringing it in at the end of a chapter—a chapter in which I at last fairly set out, upon the untiring, even if unpromising, wanderings of LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.



## CHAPTE

"Look ye, sir; being ab
'I'm a veteran,' is nothing
have not gentility, ay, and n

As I approached the
Epaminondas, I screwed
counter the prying gaze o
who, as my reader has alr
rally on the alert to inspect
Scarcely, however,

s about to change captains, and as I got on ard, her late commander had just come on k, previous to descending into his boat. Various articles, which but a few hours since d formed part of the furniture of his cabin, re piled up abaft the capstan, ready to be nded over the side, and these at once bore stimony to the insinuation of Buffer, that the ptain's poverty might at present stand some- hat in the way of his preferment.

A sadly battered sextant-case, several old words that had much more glory than gilding bout them, and various other articles that told f long and hard service, were among the num- ber; while Diogenes himself would have been puzzled to point out one superfluous article of what might in any sense be termed luxury.

His whole wardrobe was contained in one tolerably-sized sea-chest, which had just been lowered into his late barge; and when I say that the carpet in his after-cabin, and one or two articles which he termed fixtures, were left below to be taken at a valuation by the next

comer, the whole of Captain Rustone
perty is accounted for.

The parting speech at the capstan h
delivered some two hours before I c
board; and while the officers were gath
the quarter-deck to do honours to the de
of a superior they esteemed, the rough
the seamen thronged the forecastle and
ways, to see the last of him; not a litt
gated at parting with one in whom the
see no fault; for, as the senior boatswain
said,

"The matter o' being short of the
nothingk! for if so be my Lords at t
miralty had only let him had this goo
for a cruise or two, we'd soon a set all
rights; and as for hinterest, I can't see,
part, what should give a man better hi
than long sarvice. But then, ye see, m
and I think different on that ere point!"

At this remark all the boatswain's
auditors cried "Ay, bo!" and having s
away a proper proportion of their tobacc
they proceeded to pass certain objurgat

on the eyes and limbs of his Majesty's
nmissioners, which, had they taken
ould have rendered several of them
crippled for life.

s time the last of Captain Rustone's
having been handed into the barge, he
ound to his officers, and shook hands
first lieutenant and the senior mid of
oungsters,—at once a kind and gentle-
ode of bidding adieu to each of these
rs. He then waved his hand to the
and stepped into his gig, when the
d his personals following behind, in
', as Sterne says, they rowed to the

ner, however, did the first lieutenant
he oars of the crew had fallen on the
an he gave a signal to the boatswain,
wain to his mate, his mate to the crew,
nother second the whole of these had
nto the fore and main rigging, while
n was filled by the middies; the lieu-
nd wardroom officers standing on the
ages and signal locker abaft.

"Now, my boys!" cried the boatswain, taking a prominent position, "I'll give you your time, and let's have three good hearty cheers for his honour! Put heart and soul into 'em. ONE—TWO—THREE—HURRAH! Again, ONE—TWO—THREE—HURRAH! Now, my boys, a clencher. ONE—TWO—THREE—HURRAH!"

As these spirit-stirring sounds bore over the water the last tribute of affection from his late ship's company, the captain rose in the stern-sheets of his boat, lifted his cocked-hat from his head, waved it gently, and then resumed his seat.

"A noble-hearted fellow, by ——!" exclaimed the first lieutenant, with emotion, as he turned away from the gangway where he had been standing—"I never parted from a superior with half so much regret before in my life; and now," muttering to himself, "I suppose we shall have in his room some spooney-hearted son of a sea-cook, with whom this fine frigate will be of no more value than a cockle-shell—the discipline be allowed to go to the

dogs—the good men desert, and the lazy blackguards be left behind unmanageable; and as soon as that's the case I'm off."

From this foreboding reverie the worthy premier was however roused, by seeing a small squadron of shore-boats, which had been waiting the departure of the late captain, now sheer up alongside.

"What the devil have we here, master-at-arms?"

"Don't know, sir," replied that functionary; "but the gentleman what they belongs to is coming up the side."

"O he is, is he?"

As the first lieutenant said this, a very gentlemanlike man, of two or three-and-thirty, came up the ship's side, and touching his hat to the first lieutenant, said,

"I'm come aboard, sir."

"Are you, sir?" returned Gibbon, the first lieutenant's name. "On my word, I don't know who or what you are."

"The captain's steward, sir."

"What, Captain Howard's?"



. good, w
tain Howard on board
" That's his boat, si
out towards Captain
Sallyport as Captain R
so I conclude their in
midway, in Captain's H
the Epaminondas, sir."
" O, indeed!" quoth
turning round towards
officers, and winking at
ance and choice language
" Then, if that's to be
get ready to receive him."
" By gosh! if that's th
the skipper be?" said a sing
quite aloud; " a common-
like myself —"

between the advent of the new and the departure of the old captain; so walking up to Mr. Gibbon, I delivered myself of the little I had to say, which was received with about as much *empressement* as if I and Lindsay had been a couple of barrels of tar, or a pair of midshipmen's chests come on board.

"Some difference between a captain and a doctor's mate!" thought I. However, to console me, I had obtained leave to go on shore till the next day, and being handed over to a past midshipman, we all repaired below, to see my chest and Lindsay's located, and to undergo the various necessary introductions—the first of which was to be to my future chief, the surgeon.

Down, therefore, we descended—the old story—through the lower deck, again to the cockpit—that congenial abode of darkness and disodour—for which last word be pleased, Mr. Reader, to observe that our native language will henceforth be much indebted to me, for it is one which I conceive has been long wanting. It could scarcely be expected that so polished



itself; and pray
even utter, much
odour, I must co
of the senses, and
disorder, it is ou
potic pleasure so t

To resume: I fo
actly a lantern dir
and a burning ca
revealed an officer,
from the cow's horn,
in his fingers, ove
plentifully, while
they belonged was
bottles.

"Where the devil
put the tincture of

turning, I recognised as the employer of that touching apostrophe, "by gosh!"

"O there you are, Owen; just mix me the prescription written on that slate, and send it to my cabin."

"I will, sir."

"I hope, doctor," interposed our guide, "that *you're* not going to be unwell?"

"Somewhat too much of that, as you may imagine, when a doctor can condescend to take his own *stuff*—'perilous stuff' it is too by gosh! Whom have we here?"

"Your new mate, Dr. Caustic, Mr. O'Donnel, and a supernumerary, Dr. Andrew Lindsay!"

"Glad to see you, gentlemen; but pray come on deck, for this is so little a place for a Christian, that none but the builder should try to live here longer than possible;" and accordingly we returned to the quarter-deck.

The first thing that now met my sight was a man bearing a pair of very handsomely made boots, most resplendently shining—boots, in fact, that might have driven Mr. Warren mad,

unless he had supplied the blacking.
quickly made way for these to pass, th
succeeded by a second pair—a third—
—a fifth.

"Holloa! what's all that?" cried
lieutenant.

"Captain's boots, sir," replied Mr. S
and still pair after pair filed down the
way, to the number of twenty.

"What next?" cried the lieutenant,
nishment.

"Captain's swords, sir," replied Mr. S
and up were handed something more
round dozen of the good steels, all
done up in good cloth list cases; rapi
and thrusts, sabres, broad swords,
down even to a regulation-hanger.

"Odds-heart alive," cried Gibbon,
are swords enough for the whole ship."

"Captain Howard's rather a sword
He generally has a sample of every cou

"Has he?—does he wear his boots
the same fashion?"

"O dear no, sir!" replied Mr.

most graciously; "Captain Howard's remarkably abstemious in his boots—never employs more than four pair a day, sir; or five at the outside."

"D—d abstemious," muttered the first lieutenant; "and so you'd think, if you had to clean them, no doubt!"

"O, sir!" quoth the steward, with infinite dignity, "Captain Howard's always accompanied by a domestic who has no other duty."

This pleased the first lieutenant no more than before; so, bestowing a few expletives on the "domestic's" eyes, he walked to the gangway, where lay the boat squadron before mentioned.

"Here, doctor—come here," cried Gibbon to the surgeon; who, with all the other officers in the ship, were gathered on the quarter-deck, and, with no very great discipline, criticising all the properties and arrangements of their new and fashionable captain: for, attached as they had been to Rustone, they viewed his removal with excited, and therefore prejudiced feelings; and would not have accepted the worthiest successor without some indulgence of a civil growl.



...ant, as the surg

The surgeon shr

out the palms of

feelings, first in a

another of Italian;

neither, addressed

"I say there, you

are those two boat-l

"Captain Howar

"And whose are t

"Captain Howard

"And whose is that

poultry?"

"All Captain Howa

"What!—and those

"Yes, sir; they are

"D——n! and have

"*Bene! bene!*" cried the doctor, clapping his hands, and laughing heartily at Gibbon's look of vexation and surprise, as, swearing at the unfortunate butcher for turning a king's frigate into a Noah's ark, he vowed there wouldn't be room for half of 'em.

"Tut, tut, man!" said the surgeon; "you've no idea into how small a space all these things will go, when once their owner's table's spread. Did ye never read the dream of Pharaoh and the kine? We are the lean kine, and yon are the fat. Tak them in, man! tak them a' in—I begin to suspect that Captain Howard, though he be the son of a peer, will prove a very respectable young man, after all."

"Ay, ay! that's all very well for you idlers," quoth the first lieutenant, getting very warm; "but if our decks are to be lumbered up with cattle, how the devil are we to work the guns in case of falling in with an enemy; or where *shall we be* in a gale of wind? Will you stow them all in the cockpit, I should like to know?"



"Ay, ay, that's
we haven't gone thr
Who are you, sir, v
tles?"

"Captain Howard's

"And you?"

"Captain Howard's

"Well," said the lie
"here's enough of 'em
devil sort of fellow *he'll*

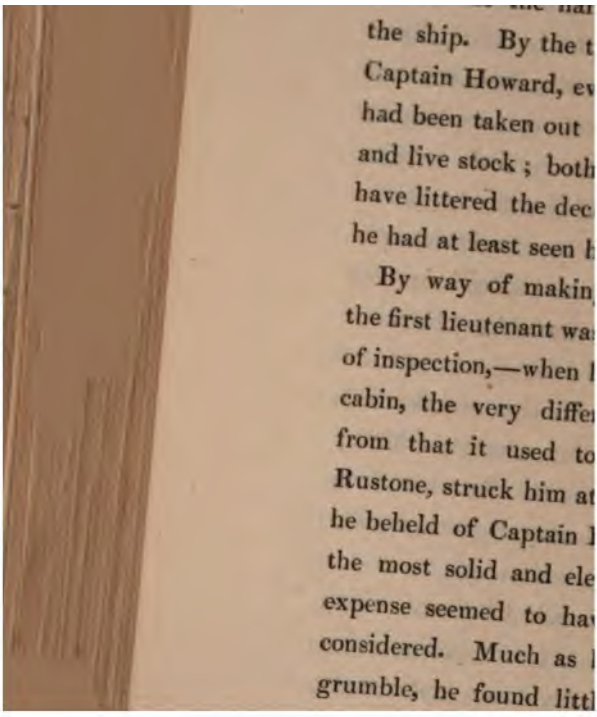
"Prove, sir!" said (
proved himself already
young man to quarrel wi
to have as good a cook a
ready to aver that he i
tains and best seamen
man of most excell-

had been alike attracted round the scene that had been enacting. The contrast between the superfluities of Captain Howard, and the Spartan-like sufficiency of Captain Rustone, had struck every beholder; and the seamen, as usual, were full of their jokes upon the subject.

Meanwhile, the policy of the new captain—be he what he might—was strikingly exemplified in his having ordered everything belonging to him to be alongside his new ship at the same moment; for, in an incredibly short space of time, the old carpet was removed; and the deck beneath it being quite clean, the new Turkey ones were laid down, cut to the exact size wanted, and four men set busy at work, sowing on a border wherever necessary.

On this, Captain Howard's furniture, which was very costly, was moved—everything set in its right position—and the cabin made ready for its tenant so soon as he should come aboard.

A few minutes now brought this about; the officers from the deck of the Epaminondas having seen his boat pull up alongside that of Captain Rustone, and the two officers shake

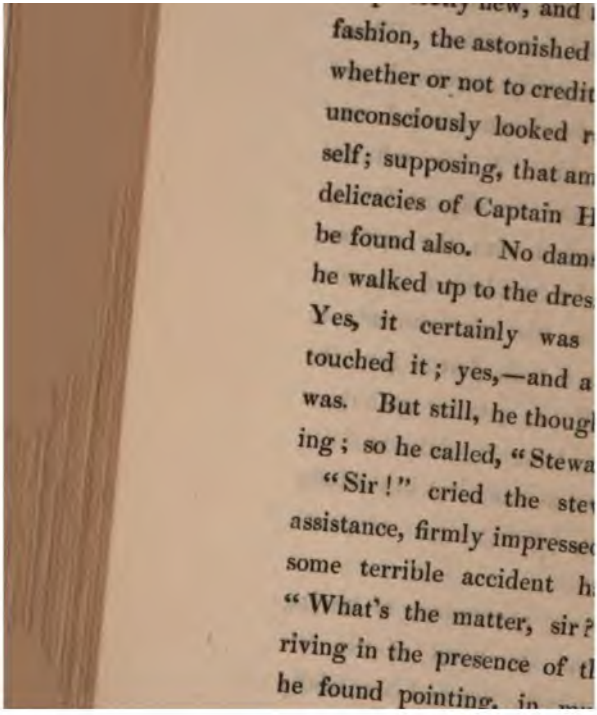


the ship. By the t
Captain Howard, ev
had been taken out
and live stock; both
have littered the dec
he had at least seen h

By way of makin
the first lieutenant wa
of inspection,—when
cabin, the very diffe
from that it used to
Rustone, struck him at
he beheld of Captain
the most solid and ele
expense seemed to ha
considered. Much as
grumble, he found litt

arrangements of the place completed. Neither did he, to his great delight, observe that the cabin was at all unfitted for action. There stood the ship's guns equally unmoved and unlumbered; and the furniture around was evidently made for a ship. A few minutes sufficed to arrange it, and equally as few to remove it. Being satisfied with the appearance of the forecabin, he now looked into that abaft; when, what was his astonishment, to behold suspended from a nail, driven into the bulkhead that shut off the quarter gallery, a lady's silk petticoat and bonnet; while carefully before these was drawn a small but beautifully carved rosewood table, bearing a pair of primrose-coloured kid gloves.

These last bore every appearance of having just been drawn from the hand of the fair wearer, the form of which, full and beautifully rounded, was still distinctly visible in them; while the dress above, from being fastened in the back, displayed with equal truth the slight and elegant symmetry of the fair unknown's waist.



"Does he bring a lady then on board with him, among the rest of his live stock?"

"No, sir."

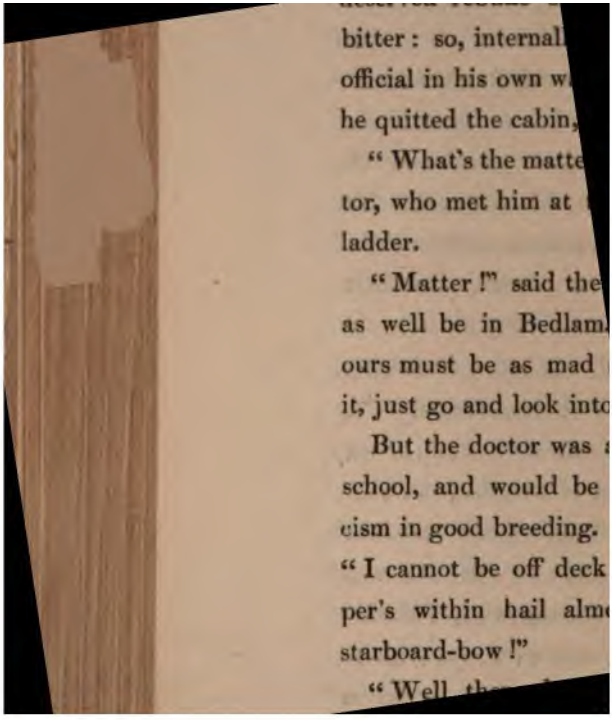
"Then, what the deuce is this for?"

"O, sir; Captain Howard never goes to sea without those little habiliments."

"D—n your habiliments, Mr. Steward. Do learn to speak more like a seaman, and less like a tailor. Do you mean to tell me you don't know what they're for?"

"No, sir, I don't. It's enough for me that Captain Howard chooses to have them. I'm only accustomed to obey orders, and not to ask impertinent questions about what doesn't concern me; nor, indeed, Mr. Gibbon, to hear myself sworn at either: for, as I neither am on the ship's books, nor yet intend to be, I should feel obliged to you, sir, not to subject me to that part of naval discipline, if such it can be called."

For a moment or two the lieutenant looked as if he could have slain the steward on the spot. Conscience told him that curiosity had got the better of good breeding, in asking so

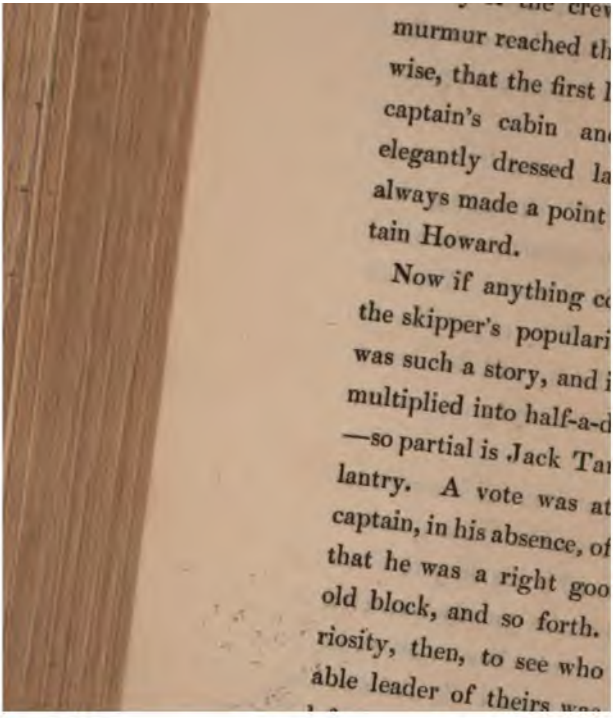


bitter: so, internal
official in his own w
he quitted the cabin,
"What's the matte
tor, who met him at
ladder.
"Matter!" said the
as well be in Bedlam
ours must be as mad
it, just go and look into
But the doctor was
school, and would be
cism in good breeding.
"I cannot be off deck
per's within hail alm
starboard-bow!"
"Well, th

"Why, actually I found the whole of a woman's toggery hanging up in his after-cabin; and his steward—who, by-the-bye, is a cursedly impudent thief—told me his master can't go to sea without them."

"By gosh!" exclaimed the doctor, "the very Paris of Troy! Ay, ay!" shrugging his shoulders, "I see it in the distance—the vista of the future—that palpable obscure. We shall have Helen herself on board by nightfall. O yes! clearly, clearly, Helen will be here! Whether will she have blue eyes or brown, think you?"

And away went the doctor to tell his news to the second and third lieutenants. The quartermaster of the watch found it his duty to listen to the doctor, who was a man greatly respected throughout the ship—for, somehow or other, he seemed to have them all under his thumb—while the quartermaster, unable long to contain so important a fact, hurried off to the taffrail, and told the story to the signal-man and six of the middies. The signal-man made his way



# THE

# AVAL SURGEON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CAVENDISH," "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN,"

"PAUL PERIWINKLE," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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1841.



LONDON
PRINTED

# THE NAVAL SURGEON.

## CHAPTER I.

"There beat no braver heart than thine, young gallant Howard."

CHILDE HAROLD.

As the captain's gig approached, they beheld, in the person of their new captain, a young man of three-and-twenty, with fair light hair, and a laughing, good-natured sort of face, tall and well made in figure, and somewhat coxcombical in his dress.

"A good-looking chap, anyhow," exclaimed some of the younger men.

"He won't do! he won't do!" cried two or three of the old veterans.

"Why not?" demanded a mizen-topman.

"He's too much of my mammy about him," said the captain of the forecastle.

"He'll never be fond enough of the cat to keep such blackguards as you in order," interrupted the boatswain's mate; "and then the good men 'll have to do all the work of the ship."

While this important point was in full debate, the boatswain gave a second pipe, and Captain Howard, mounting up the side, motioned to his hat with the point of his scabbard, and stood upon the quarter-deck of the Epaminondas—a goodly fellow, something not far short of six feet high.

"Mr. Gibbon of the Epaminondas, I presume," said he, advancing to the first lieutenant, and speaking in a frank open voice, that at once confirmed every prepossession in his favour.

Gibbon bowed in assent, and his superior, waving his hand towards himself, went on to say:

"Captain Howard comes on board, that his commission may be read for your ship. Turn the hands up to divisions, and while t hey're mustering, you can show me round the decks."

This was delivered with the quickness of a man who knew there was something *in* his head as well as under it; and before Gibbon could reply, Captain Howard had descended to the main deck; all, therefore, that the first lieutenant could do, was to give the necessary orders for the muster by divisions, and follow him.

"Good ship—fine order, Mr. Gibbon—does you credit," quoth the captain, striding along. "Long four-and-twenties, I see—as fine a frigate gun as any in the service—gun after my own heart—aha! my jolly fellows," slapping one of them familiarly on the breech, "we'll see soon if



"... least of speaki
nondases good sh
"Excellent, sir.
"Glad of it—ca
out it—will keep th
officer Captain Rus
at such hands—pit
he didn't fall in
man"
"Ah, sir, if he ha
happy day for us all."
"Come yet, Mr. Gi
this is enough of you
great credit, sir—clean-
in a man-of-war. Now
good, good, very good—

you might like to take at a valuation; but your steward has laid down a new one, and rolled the other up here. There were a few fixtures that he left at a valuation also."

"Very good. Steward!"

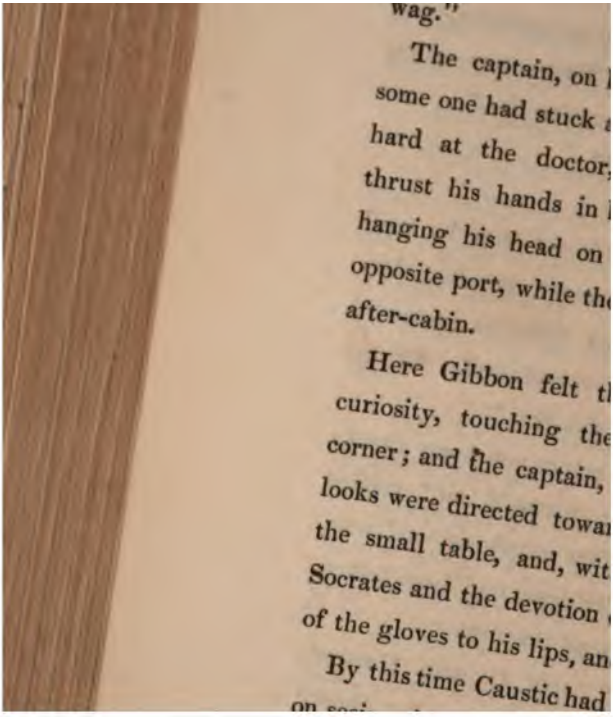
"Sir!"

"Let Captain Rustone's servants be paid their own price for whatever articles their master left behind, and let them be presented to the doctor, with my compliments, for the use of my people in the sick-bay."

"The doctor begs to return you many thanks for all you can't use yourself, sir," replied Caustic, with his peculiar emphasis, and who, as is the custom at divisions, had been following his two seniors round the ship.

"What, doctor!" said Captain Howard, turning round and smiling, "are you there? I hear you're a wag in your way, sir—a wag in your way."

"No, Captain Howard, not so," returned



wag."

The captain, on
some one had stuck
hard at the doctor,
thrust his hands in
hanging his head on
opposite port, while th
after-cabin.

Here Gibbon felt t
curiosity, touching the
corner; and the captain,
looks were directed towa
the small table, and, wit
Socrates and the devotion
of the gloves to his lips, an

By this time Caustic had

crime of laughing at his captain, was fain, a great big schoolboy, to thrust his thumb s mouth, and bite it most severely. After :mplating the dress very soberly for a few ıtes, Captain Howard at last condescended ırn round and remark—

Mr. Gibbon, I am rather Catholic in my ns, and always make a point of taking me to sea these reminiscences of my lar angel; so that morning and evening I pay my orisons to the shrine of the ly Mary."

O it's Mary is it, and not Helen!" whis- d Caustic to Gibbon; then aloud, "Talk- of Catholics, Captain Howard, there is no d so Catholic as that of love—the whole ld are included among its communicants, le its saints are numberless as sands upon shore."

'Doctor," said the young captain, "you ourse most eloquent music upon the subject

—most feelingly—a very Cupid! a very Cu
I wonder that I never saw the likeness be
Cupid, I'm very sorry that any of your vot
should be sick, but please to make me
report."

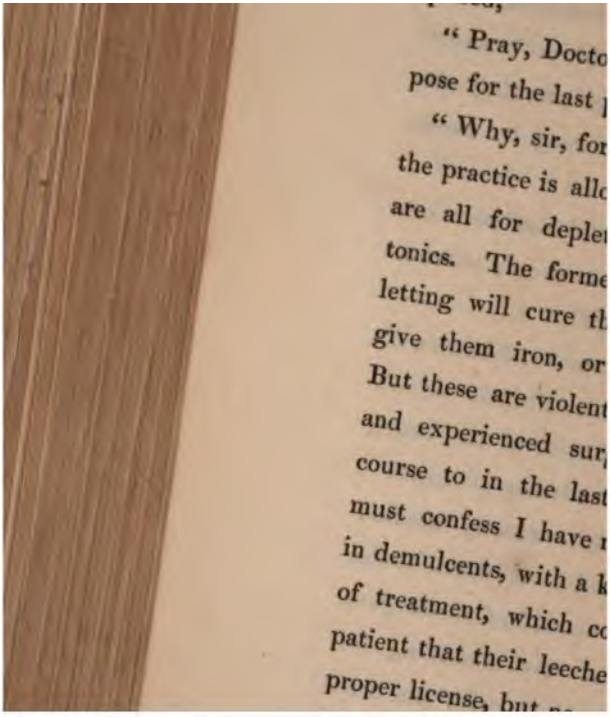
Now if there was one name more
another which Caustic would have dislik
was that one on which the captain had s
bled. In the first place, extreme nearsight
almost rendered him blind, of which he w
tetchy as not to wear even an eyeglass;—
in his dress he displayed all the carelessne
a man of genius; his face was most hor
seamed with the smallpox; his gait wa
eccentric as his character; and he prete
an utter insensibility to the charms of
To call him, therefore, by the name of C
sensitively alive as he was to this misno
was about as ticklish a joke as could be
upon him, and he felt it accordingly.
a moment he looked at his merry captai

if he could have said daggers, and he was never known to be at a loss for these when inclined to use them. Apparently, however, he changed his intention, and drawing out his sick-list book and pencil-case, he coolly replied,

"Certainly, sir, though there has been one addition since it was last written out, which I will, with your leave, append."

Accordingly he wrote down at the bottom of the list, "The Honourable Francis J. D. C. Howard; diagnosis, affection of the heart, weakness of the head, wandering of speech." Having written this, which scarcely another surgeon in the navy would have dared to do, much less have carried through, Caustic gave it to his superior, and then thrusting his hands in his pockets, watched, with his head hanging on one side, the result on his commander's features.

Not the slightest movement, however, betrayed his emotion, if any there were; and



" Pray, Docto
pose for the last
" Why, sir, for
the practice is allo
are all for deple
tonics. The forme
letting will cure th
give them iron, or
But these are violent
and experienced sur
course to in the last
must confess I have
in demulcents, with a k
of treatment, which co
patient that their leeche
proper license, but

perform; while I fear that there has obtained in this ship a disease, which, if existing, I am determined to eradicate before it becomes epidemic."

"What is that, Captain Howard?"

"The system of practical joking upon matters of service. What think you, doctor, is the best medicine for that?"

And he looked at his surgeon with the severity of one who thinks he has his foe at his mercy. But he had miscalculated the strength of his antagonist, who, looking him back glance for glance, put his sick-list book under his arm, and replied—

"Sir, I will tell you of an incomparable medicine for that mania—one that was never known to fail of curing the most inveterate cases: a good example, Captain Howard—a good example, sir, is beyond every other medicine in the world! With your leave, sir, I'll deposit the sick-list below."

And having thus delivered himself, he slouched



book in his cabin, a
quarter-deck.

## CHAPTER II.

Then you think
He will not be judged harshly?
MARINO FALIERO.

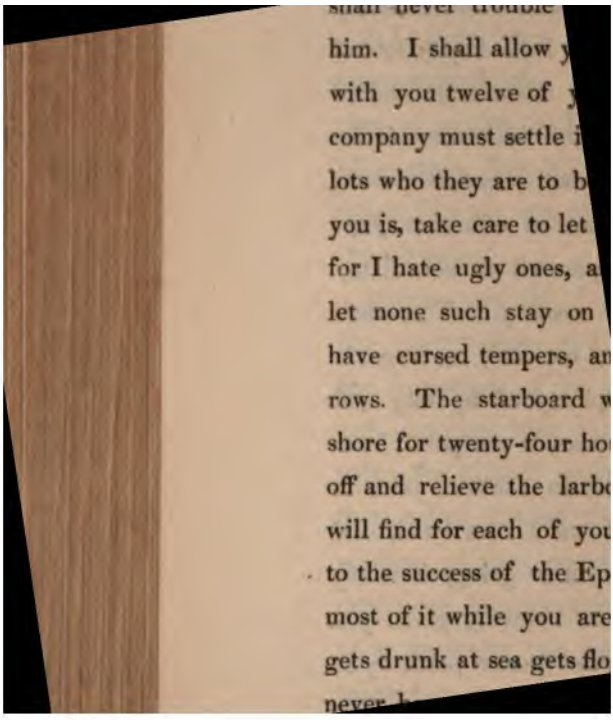
ɔes Cupid always shoot his arrows so ɔly?" said the captain, as soon as the or had left the cabin.

Why, sir," replied the first lieutenant, ng, for he had witnessed the late colloquy dread, "he is at all times a very queer sub- and his temper sometimes gets the better of liscretion; but, to compensate for that weak- , he is one of the kindest messmates I ever

"I only hope I sh
more subordinate. I h
man of genius, and am
allowances; but he mu
tether like any one else.
the divisions."

Having said this, Capt
the quarter-deck, and ra
the inspection of his me
ard, desiring him to pl
cabin, for himself and off
then called around the
reading of his commissi
concluded, he addressed t
as is generally the custo
pointed to a new comm

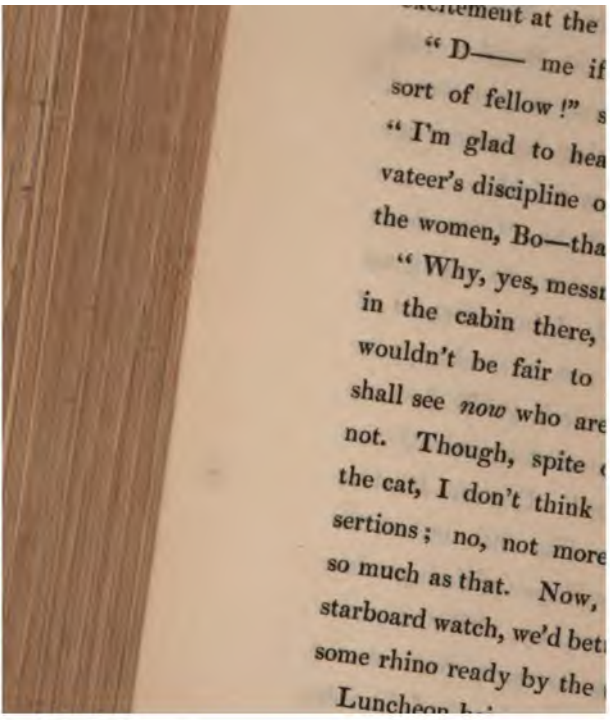
"Now, my men," quoth the captain, with that cheerful voice and manner which rarely failed to distinguish him, "I am happy to tell you my belief that I have taken command of one of the noblest frigates and finest crews in the service, and I consider myself very fortunate in having succeeded so gallant an officer as your late captain. I rely on you all to second my efforts in serving your country. You shall have every indulgence, not only as regards liberty on shore, but plenty of fighting and lots of prize-money. There is one point, however, on which I wish to caution you; in matters of discipline I am a taut hand, and when once the cat is set a going, it rarely stops short of four dozen. Having given you this fair warning, you had better profit by it. In five days the ship sails under sealed orders. Before that, I shall give to each watch four-and-twenty hours' leave: if there is any skulking blackguard among you, he'd better take that opportunity to cut and run from this ship


shall never trouble
him. I shall allow y
with you twelve of y
company must settle i
lots who they are to b
you is, take care to let
for I hate ugly ones, a
let none such stay on
have cursed tempers, an
rows. The starboard w
shore for twenty-four ho
off and relieve the larbo
will find for each of you
to the success of the Ep
most of it while you are
gets drunk at sea gets flo
never h

that Captain Howard requested the pleasure of his officers' company at luncheon. We now all hurried into his cabin, where we found a very handsome collation; and as soon as he observed that nothing more was wanting, he waved his hand to his servants, and they retired.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "you have heard what I have told my men: to sum it up again to you in a few words, I hope that all of you will do your duties, and be as happy as you can. On the quarter-deck you'll find me a rigid officer; in every other situation I sincerely hope a warm friend. Captain Rustone does me the favour to dine with me at the George to-day, and I hope you will all give me the pleasure of your company, while the junior lieutenants and the master must draw lots for remaining on board to take charge of the ship. Now let us fall too; first of all, Dr. Caustic, the pleasure of a glass of wine."

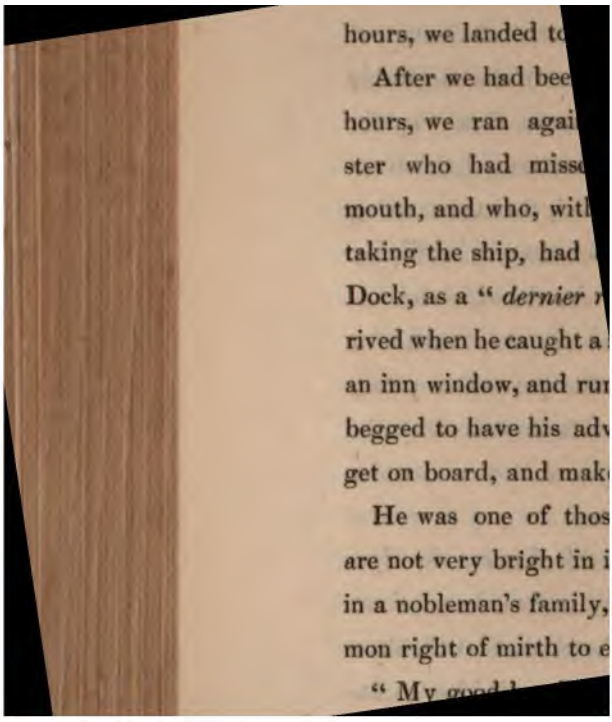
While things were thus proceeding in the


ement at the
" D—— me if
sort of fellow !" s
" I'm glad to hea
vateer's discipline o
the women, Bo—tha
" Why, yes, messr
in the cabin there,
wouldn't be fair to
shall see *now* who are
not. Though, spite
the cat, I don't think
sertions; no, not more
so much as that. Now,
starboard watch, we'd bet
some rhino ready by the
Luncheon

the well-covered mahogany of the hospitable Captain Howard.

To all of us this unexpected character of our new captain was a source of inconceivable delight; but by no one more than Captain Rustone himself was the pleasure of the evening enjoyed. He felt, indeed, that the meeting was one got up expressly for himself, to display to his late officers the esteem in which he was held by his successor, and was the result of a most amiable desire on the part of a young man of very great interest, to smooth away the bitterness of being superseded for a senior who had none.

On the fifth day from this dinner, the Epaminondas weighed anchor, and made sail down Channel. By the time, however, that she drew near the Eddystone lighthouse, it blew so exceedingly hard, that Captain Howard, who said that he had no taste for bad weather, bore up and ran into Plymouth Sound. Here the surgeon very kindly volunteered to get leave


hours, we landed t

After we had bee
hours, we ran agai
ster who had miss
mouth, and who, wit
taking the ship, had
Dock, as a " *dernier*
rived when he caught a
an inn window, and ru
begged to have his ad
get on board, and mak

He was one of thos
are not very bright in i
in a nobleman's family,
mon right of mirth to e

" My

"So am I," blubbered the boy; "that's why I came to you, sir. If you could have taken me off with you——"

"Why," said Caustic, "I can't exactly do that; but I think I can help the lame dog over the style for you in some sort of a way."

"I wish, sir, you would; I should be so much obliged to you."

"Well, then, I will, and this is what you must do. Mr. Gibbon, the first lieutenant, is a freemason, and I will give you the freemason's signs; by your repeating them to him he'll imagine you a mason as well as himself, and the storm will blow over."

"O, thank you—thank you, sir."

"Wait and listen. Go you on board."

"Yes, sir."

"And tell the first lieutenant that you've come down from Portsmouth. Then he'll immediately begin to row you. Well, directly you see that, you put your left thumb up to the point of your nose, and then extend all your



"Yes, sir."

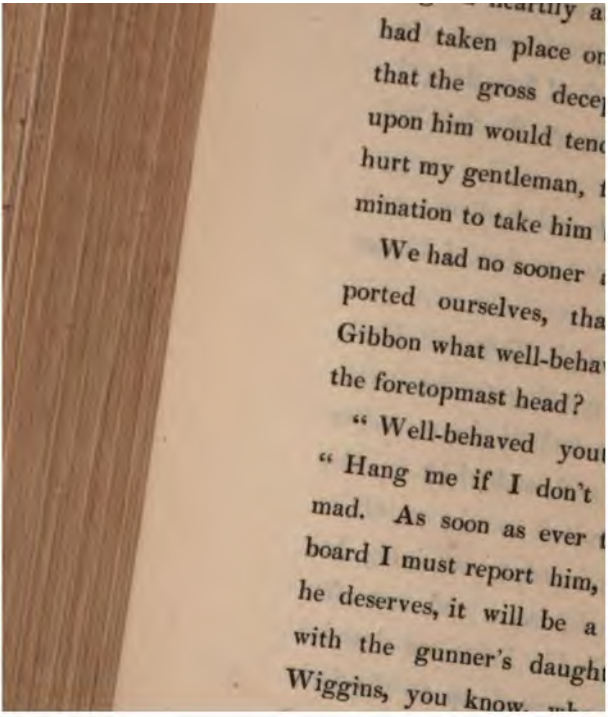
"Well, that's
manual. If you s
does not stop at th
cognise you in a l
keep your left hand
to the little finger of
right hand; stretchin
as before, wag the w
gently—so. On which
and shake you by the
lad, show you below,
why then, my boy, I
wrong—that's all. All
through this fearlessly,

been communicated to you in strict confidence, as the freemason's signs are great secrets; consequently you must not think of breathing the matter to a single soul, except the first lieutenant."

The lad was all gratitude and obedience; and Caustic, with a face as grave as that of Justice Midas, stalked away.

After sauntering through Plymouth Dock for some hours, and purchasing the few necessaries we required, we walked down to the port admiral's hard, and embarked in the ward-room boat that waited to take us off to the ship. The Epaminondas was lying between the island and the main, and soon after our rounding the Devil's Point we descried some unhappy wight, posted up at the fore-topmast-head, to enjoy the fine prospect and fresh air.

A little nearer approach convinced the surgeon and myself that this favoured individual was our friend the freemasonry middy. Caustic



lous grimaces at me, before every soul upon
ck; and when, utterly confounded, I asked
m what he meant, he redoubled his fooleries.
pon my soul I don't know what the captain
ill do with him. I ordered him off at once to
he masthead; but there the young ass stood,
ith the whole eight fingers and a couple of
humbs stuck out from the end of his nose—
oking as gravely during the business as if he
as merely taking the altitude of the sun, and
ery soul within sight cracking their sides
prevent laughter. 'Pon my honour, I
so put out, I hardly knew whether to
k myself awake or dreaming. However,
d the business, my gentleman was quickly
ed up to the foretop, and then he thought
go to the masthead of his own accord.
would you have me do with him, eh?"
hy, call him down, Gibbon, from the mast-
nd ask him to dine with us in the ward-
nd as for his grimaces—I was the cause of
He met me in Dock, and asking me to

him that you were a
ecuting those antics
I told him were freem
I said, freely forgiv
passage. To you, it
Hebrew; but this,
translation."

"And a devilish
Doctor Caustic!" retu
very angrily; "and, u
at all thank you for th
you have brought into
cipline of the ship in ge
in particular."

"Tut, sir! tut!—y
premises!—grounds wh
ceive and

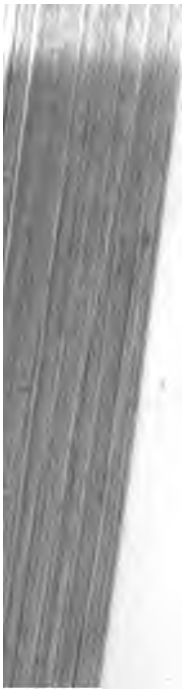
"And so, doctor, you may; and if by any of your cross logic you can prove that this tomfoolery with young Wiggins was a part of your duty, I will say no more about it."

"Well, then, you may hold your peace, and call the lad down at once. The health of the officers and crew of this ship should at all times be my first care."

"Granted."

"Good; and insanity and folly being, in my opinion, diseases most closely allied—or, indeed, I may even go so far as to say that the latter being but a mild form of the other—why, I conceived it my duty to consider young Wiggins in the light of a patient, and, by administering such a dose as suited my discretion, have gone a great way to cure the youth of one of folly's first symptoms—credulity. That's my practice, Mr. Gibbon; and if you like to discuss it with Captain Howard—welcome!"

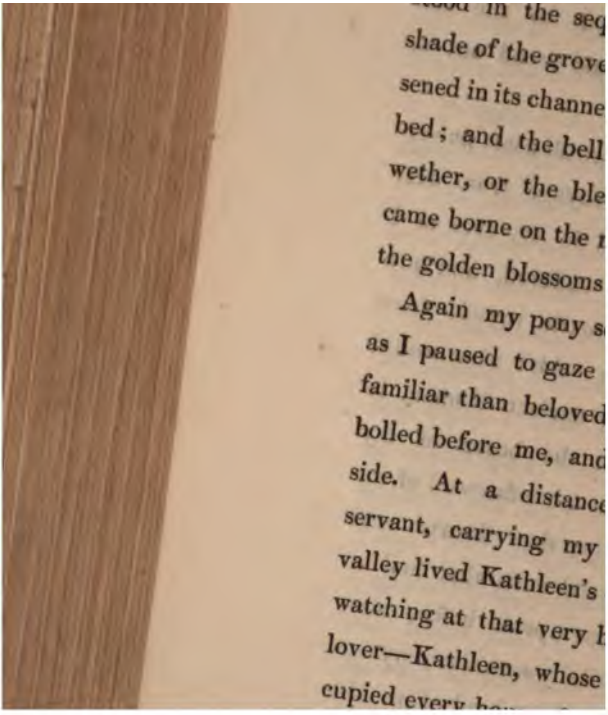
The doctor's hands were in his pockets, and himself on his road below, before Gibbon could



one view of *du*
it's the best I sh
if Wiggins's is t
doctor's is the sev
The lad was tl
lecture, and we al
room in harmony.
My hammock w
the steerage, and r
that night, I heard
of our probable dest
Shimmy was likely t
I was very much puz
Captain Shimmy coul
day learnt that it w
Howard by the men,

himself made his appearance; and dinner being over, the ship was unmoored for the last time from English ground, and stood out to weather Penlee.

The sight of the rugged Cornish coast powerfully reminded me of my voyage from dear Ireland; and the tears stood in my eyes as I remembered all I had there suffered, and how I was thus compelled to exile myself from everything most dear to me. Ah! what would I not have given, like the ancient Roman, to have thrown myself upon the bosom of my mother earth, and taken one more farewell of the soil that had witnessed my sires flourish and decay! Once more the old walls that had so long been my happy home uprose before me—the blue hills that I had daily seen since my earliest infancy hung like the faint land of promise and of hope around me, and the aspect and the voices, and the warm, warm welcome of those I loved, grew present to my eye, and sounded with a mournful melody in my ear. The sun shone



—of all who belonged to me—the death of brother, and the worse than death of one had been the source of life to me!

nd could it be that the beloved scene, so n witnessed, had now become but a resting-e for memory—an assemblage of mere shapes ir? No, no; all that was beautiful in Nature still there—the scene as perfect as ever—l only was the sport of time and sorrow—and round was now as bright and happy as if loud had ever come between the sun and me. nd what was I?—a wanderer—without a e—almost without hope—or, if not that—only hope, my only aim in life, was in some ny wanderings to stumble on the wretched in Donaghue; to have torn from whose m the secret of Kathleen's death, and to possessed the power to punish its diabo-perpetrators, I would have willingly tra-ed the world barefooted! Alas, at the it was a poor consolation to bear me on-l in my pilgrimage, but I had no other,



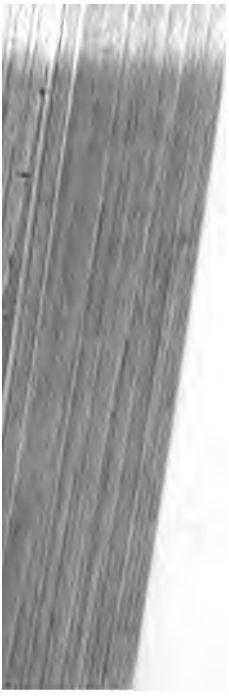
the parent that gi
only child.

## CHAPTER III.

Full lightly fell his yoke upon our necks,
A yoke of love far more than servitude.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

On the third day after we had taken our departure from the land, the sealed despatches were opened, and, as we anticipated, our destination found to be the West Indies, where our captain was ordered to put himself under the command of Sir Alexander Cochrane, then assembling a force at Barbadoes for the reduction of Martinique, one of the most valuable and desirable of the Carribbee islands in possession of the French.



received wit

and while a fe

never been in th

to wish that our

tained the more h

ranean, we did not

reflecting that in

better chance of pr

life was a short, it

one.

This stirring intel

nicated to the officer

where three officers f

three more from the m

asked to demolish the

poultry, &c., which had

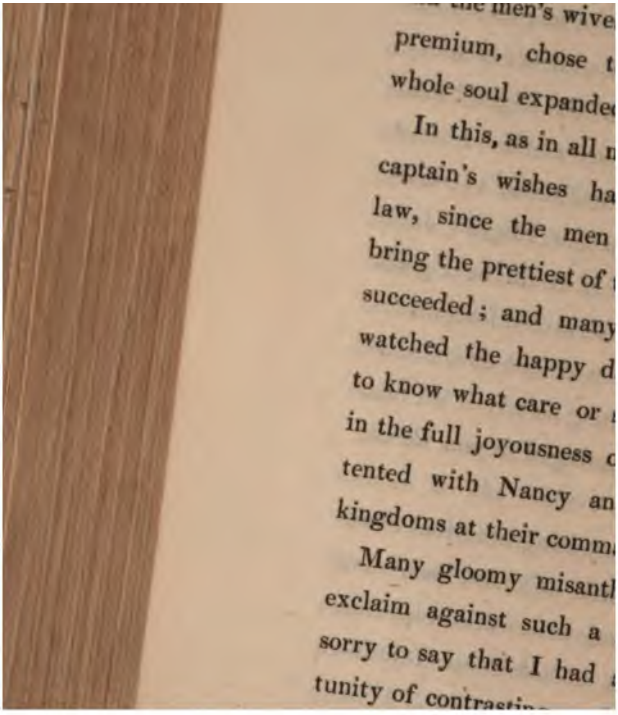
mind of

"With so fine a frigate," said he, "that were indeed a shame on fortune, or on us; so let the men know, Mr. Gibbon, that whoever is lucky enough to discover an enemy's frigate shall have twenty dollars from my clerk. I must say I should like to take a French two-and-thirty into Barbadoes, with the English Jack floating over the tricolor; it would be a good earnest of the Epaminondas' future fortune."

"I hope we may, sir," said the first lieutenant; "I should like nothing better, or the men either, who will be much obliged to you for the dollars at any rate."

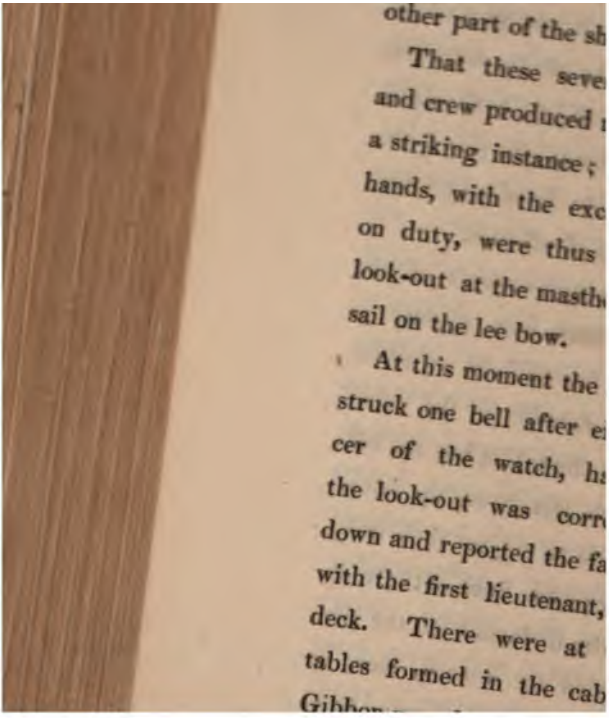
The dinner passed away as agreeably as those which had preceded it, and we found that, however fortune might prosper us with captures, she had at least given us the most desirable evidence of her favour in our captain.

At quarters, the weather looking rather suspicious, a couple of reefs were taken in the topsails; and the captain's offer, being made known to the men, was received with the utmost joy.


men's wive
premium, chose t
whole soul expande
In this, as in all
captain's wishes ha
law, since the men
bring the prettiest of
succeeded; and many
watched the happy d
to know what care or
in the full joyousness
tented with Nancy an
kingdoms at their comm
Many gloomy misantl
exclaim against such a
sorry to say that I had
tunity of contrasti

termed, were made conducive to avoiding the punishment of the cat; for it was part of the duty of the boatswain's mate of the watch to see that no man was allowed to join in the dance whose name was on the black list; and this alone proved in most cases to be a very severe check upon the minor class of offences.

While these were the amusements of the crew, the captain and officers were nightly in the habit of enjoying a few rubbers at whist, from eight till eleven o'clock in the cabin. All were allowed to join the tables but the officers of the middle watch, lest sitting up out of order should tempt them to neglect their duty, and go to sleep on their posts. Such of the mids, also, as had got into the disfavour of the first lieutenant, were excluded for a week, more or less, at his pleasure. The stakes were fixed at sixpence, and the captain always put his winnings into a box, whose funds bought any additional comfort or little luxuries for the sick. We were also under a strict promise of



other part of the sh

That these seve
and crew produced
a striking instance;
hands, with the exc
on duty, were thus
look-out at the masth
sail on the lee bow.

At this moment the
struck one bell after e
cer of the watch, h
the look-out was corr
down and reported the fa
with the first lieutenant,
deck. There were at
tables formed in the cab
Gibbon

escry the strange sail. Captain Howard and
e master both went to the masthead, and
oth pronounced her to be something of larger
ize even than ourselves; and soon after our bear-
ng up to run down and inspect her, they gave
s also the intelligence that we sailed nearly
wo feet for her one. Still, as we drew nearer,
he report that the stranger was of superior
orce gained ground; and first the party at one
hist table broke up, and then the other. The
iddle, also, had disappeared from the fore-
astle, the women had retired below, and the
ight-glasses quickly proved to us that we were
pproaching a seventy-four, whose poop was
ow first visible from the deck.

"Let the drum beat to quarters," said the
aptain; and in three minutes both idlers and
he watch below were roused from their
ammocks, and each man in his place.

"We must use some caution in approaching
his fellow," continued our superior. "I wish
e had discovered him some four hours since:



use nig
some accidental
one's giving to
broadside as ev
Crapeau : and in
so disproportioned
hail, though that'
signal lanterns rea
for a few minutes."

As soon as the ca
directed the first lie
he should hoist for
hands were busy ex
to leeward, in expec
sign of anything of
given. Away the h

deep," nor by the exhibition of lantern, rocket, blue light, or aught beside, to notice the approach of the English frigate.

"Perhaps the loom of the night deceives us, Mr. Gibbon," said the captain, looking up at the lights which hung from our peak, while the spanker was brailed up to make them more distinctly visible. "We may be further from him than we imagine, and so he be unable to see our lanterns."

"No, I don't think that possible, sir."

"Nor I either; yet I'll try him a little longer before I pronounce him an enemy. Meanwhile we have the weather-gage, and so will keep it. Directly you think we're within a long shot, heave-to on his quarter."

"Ay, ay, sir. Maintop there! Master!"

"Sir!"

"Report when you consider us to be within long-shot of the stranger's guns."

"Very well, sir."

Three, four, five, eight minutes elapsed, and



...ioned forl

some five points

"Lower the si

Mr. Gibbon," a

them up to the

leeward. As our t

will then have no e

"Ay, ay, sir."

The signals were

from abaft, and hc

were the halyards

deep voice of the ma

from the maintop,—

"Quarter-deck ther

"Holloa!"

"Within long-shot n

"H ..."

ish a ship of the line; a rushing sound
d immediately succeeding, and a shot
shing onward from the crest of one
ve to the summit of another, and finally
itself beneath a pile of foam not five
yards to leeward of the quarter-deck.
sullen boom of the distant gun now
avily upon the ear, and spoke, in the
of the night, of the weight of the
's metal; seeming a meet voice for one
ried with her such an air of mystery
id.

very friendly reply that, to a private
pon my word!" said Captain Howard
irst lieutenant, who had returned to

il down the lanterns forward—and
. That must be a Frenchman car-
ut supplies to some of the distressed

ink it is very likely, sir."

en if so, my good fellow, we don't part



...o decks i
...ide alongside of
case, I hope yet
of some brother
mounted. Do yo
chance of carrying
him aboard?"

"I should be ver
sir, were I you.
aside the great disp
is two to one against
if a Frenchman, he's
of a regiment on boa
on, the roll of that sh
We should lose nearly
board; another third

being very deeply laden—we'll be content to hang upon his quarters, and knock away as much as we can of his gilding and gingerbread work."

"I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to do much, even at that, sir; for the wind's freshening; and as it is, we can't fight our main-deck guns to leeward—the only side which will be available to us. As for the forecastle twelves, he won't care much for those; and a carronade range will be too near to venture: for, if we lose a spar, and he hauls up enough to get a broadside at us, there ought not to be much left of the Epaminondas."

"*But her name*—add, Mr. Gibbon, if you please," said the captain, with a marked emphasis; then continuing the discussion. "I know we must be careful; still, something can be done; and"——

At this moment, forth burst another flash from the side of the seventy-four; a second and a third followed; and, while the shot



deck, and disp
quarters.

"There, she s
Upon my word,
through the nigh
me as to the natio
If she really be F
better officer than
she British? My b
idea of the last; so,
anger, try her with
peak again."

"Perhaps the hoist
have puzzled them."

Once more up went t

the lights kept aloft, while he now set to work to return the fire, which, like a great unfriendly bully, the strange seventy-four bellowed forth from time to time, as a fine opportunity might present itself to those at her guns.

Whoever they might be—whether French or English—they were excellent marksmen, since almost every shot that was thrown came in a line with the Epaminondas' waist; though, from the increasing distance, they fell more and more short of the mark for which they were intended.

For twenty minutes the frigate continued in her station, hove-to; while the seventy-four, never having interrupted her course, was now nearly two miles further distant.

"If that isn't the oddest fellow I ever saw," quoth the captain, "I know nothing about the matter. I do not see how he can be considered anything but a Frenchman; and if so, he appears to have a very distinct notion that we come from the other side of the Channel. Yet one would think he might venture on some en-



ins teeth, and tr
Devilish cold fel
What do you say
you reconcile his
This was the d
bon; two long w
he could make not
enemy, and theref
shaking an answer
if it doesn't show a
mark of a prudent c
"Well, Mr. Gibb
trial enough, and as
disparity of force," c

ot believe that she is a British man-
she would endeavour to bring us to
as we are to windward of her! If
the other hand, the ship of another
deserves all she may get by firing at
a sea as this must, from its exces-
:ause the steadiest seventy-four to
ower-deck ports shut; ours on the
can, however, with good manage-
:ept open and serviceable: and the
it, if one of the finest frigates in
ge's service may not prove an awk-
mer under such circumstances. If
:d of, therefore, you shall see that I'm
ned for temerity; and I'll take care
brings the other extreme against me.
:n, let two of the main-deck guns be
ıe forecastle, if it be practicable in
er for a seaman's skill to manage it.
d, and give orders to dismount the
, to make room, and let them be ex-

changed for the twenty-four pounders. What with two twenty-fours on this deck, and two in the bridle-ports on the main, we shall have a nice little battery of four guns to tickle up our friends there, and that without showing much mark for him in return."

"Your plan is excellent, sir," said Mr. Gibbon, laughing; "but shifting guns in such weather as this is not very easy."

"True! but to accommodate a Frenchman, you know, Gibbon, one can go a little out of the way; they are so devilishly polite, we should otherwise lose our character. While you are busy doing the agreeable there then, I'll edge down upon his quarter. For the next three hours we shall have a capital sort of glimmer for our operations; and though the weather is so cloudy we can't see the moon, we shall have the benefit of her reflection till then, to all the extent we want it."

In conformity with these orders, the first

ant went below upon the main-deck, and, considerable trouble, and the lapse of quarters of an hour, reported that every- was ready for the Frenchman's amuse-

ow, then, do you take up your post on ain-deck. As soon as I give the first o fire, you may consider that we are near h to effect my purpose. Collect the eight arksmen from among the ship's company, stribute two to each of our four guns: you ntend those below, and I'll look out above. our guns be fired just as we rise on the of the wave; for it is better to fire too han too low. If the former, we stand a e of knocking away that big bully's spars; y the latter, only emulate that mad block- Xerxes, in attempting to punish the water. men, remember, are to aim at the enemy's r-coat; for if we can disable him, there done for. I, on the other hand, will or his foremast — you for your promo-



soul."

"Master!"

"Sir!"

"Take you
what I want to
on the quarter
shot. Keep the
and, if possible,
be equally safe fi
for any temporar
windows. Take
ters as you can n
do your best. I l
as far as manœuvri
think there's too m
attempt tacking

ancy he has put his helm up for that
se, put you ours down to go about. I
think, hard as it blows, there's much
e of our missing stays—is there?"
've worked the Epaminondas in worse
er, sir," replied the master.
hen, please Heaven, we'll try her in this.
then, courage to the back bone, and a
coolness, and we'll see what those sullen
s to leeward are made of."
ring the time that these several orders
being given, there reigned upon the
er-deck a silence so perfect that every
was distinctly heard and treasured up by
amen, who now, for the first time, had an
tunity of witnessing the conduct of their
in on going into action. It is here that
ude untutored sailor becomes the keen
ffective critic, and, with the whole energies
art and soul alive, devotes both to trying
far his superior is worthy by courage and
to lead him on. This point once ascer-



confidence
knows neither
ensue, nor quest
to be attained.
were indeed elat
which a seeming
down upon his c
the support affo
abilities of his offic
a peril that the b
most honourably de
As the strong s
down in one determi
rolling over and o
lows of the ocean, a
ful sound and almost

us mass of spray. But the greater
d, the more soul-subduing the roar of
ents; as volume after volume of water
against her side, the more sternly
in their daring bosoms did the spirit
ilors confide in her strength. As the
the tempest surged away to leeward
oom and horror of a stormy night on
Atlantic, it bore to their huge anta-
t one whisper of doubt or hesitation,
ear.

the quickness peculiar to seamen,
n and boy in the ship knew that his
was both daring and cool, and with
wledge they were content to venture
. How the issue of the night might
knew not. The fortunes of war most
had seen and experienced, and none
ow better how fickle were these. The
away of a single spar by one un-
hot might bring them within the

deadly grasp of their gigantic foe, to perish like a wasp crushed by a bear; but there would then at least be consolation in having died in more than discharging their duty; and if they lived to tell the tale, who would not feel a prouder man for being in that frigate which, single-handed, bore down to the attack of a seventy-four?

As to making a prize of the huge thing before them, that, they knew, without some singular interference of good fortune in their behalf, could never be effected, although such an event would indeed have been a matter of rejoicing: but even the glory of the attack was enough to repay them for all. As these thoughts crowded on the minds of the seamen, they looked with indifference alike at the terrors of the strife or the tempest, and resolved from the depths of their hearts to do their duty. Many were seen shaking hands over their guns with one

other; congratulating themselves that they were then, with all the excitement and enthusiasm of true valour, going into action, while one captain of a quarter-deck carronade was heard saying to another, "Hang me, Bob Allen, but Shimmy's the boy for them after all!"



## CH

"Now, gallant S
No maiden's arm

SINCE the captain h
to the master, the la
quarter-deck and ta
hammock nettings, ab
he could give his direc

hey curled after the quarter of that glorious raft, was dashed oftentimes in his face; but he, like the men at the quarters below him, had his whole heart and his thoughts on his duty, and noticed neither the one nor the other; unless by an occasional glance at the close-reefed topsails above, to see how they bore the immense strain upon them, or by casting his eye on the raging billows, to watch if they were likely to impede the use of the ship's guns.

As for the captain, he stood at the weather gangway, with his night telescope in one hand, and the other holding on by an iron stanchion, as calm and collected as if running into St. Helen's with a top-gallant-sail breeze.

"Master, we're now within long-shot once more, are we not?"

"Near upon it, sir."

"Very good: then we'll try our distance. On the main-deck there! Mr. Gibbon!"

"Sir!"



– Sir!"

"Take you

ple of night g

fore topmast st

tell me how ou

"Ay, ay, sir.

In two minut

Bang went the f

on the main-dec

seen before the

cannon in a gale o

the dark and tro

opponents, if the sh

the avenger was bel

"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Master, edge down a little nearer. Fire gain on the main-deck as soon as you have ken aim. Now look out, Mr. Montagu."

Bang went the second gun.

"Where did that shot fall?"

"Abeam of the enemy, sir."

"Bravo! Main-deck there!"

"Sir!"

"You have your range—keep that, and now re away steadily. Master, this is the distance ou're to keep as nearly as possible: and now or a little target practice myself!"

As the captain said this, he advanced to the orecastle, and taking aim with one of the twenty- our pounders, while the senior mate, who was n excellent marksman, took charge of the ther, the ship was hove-to, and a messenger espatched to Gibbon to ascertain the exact levation of the last shot fired. The first eutenant having written this down on a card, he captain gave his guns the slightest addi-

tion of range, and marking their opportunity when the ship rose well on the water, both the little batteries commenced firing.

"There you hit him, sir, there you hit him, I'm sure," cried Montagu from the forestay-sail-netting, as the first fire opened from the forecastle. I catch sight of your shot tripping up in his wake, but I can't detect them going wide of the mark on either side."

Bravo! then, bravo! since that's the case, he shall have plenty of it. Well done, Gibbon, on the main-deck there! Don't spare his rudder-coat. Come, my boys, load quickly. No time's to be lost when the game's not only in sight and in cover, but cocking his tail up at you into the bargain. Now are you ready again? A little higher—so—put in the coign. Now then wait for the next rise—there, fire once more, that's for his silence—come, quick, sponge and load—this is very fine fun, Gibbon; let us make the most of it while we have it all to ourselves."

"Enemy's firing, sir," sang out the master.

"Whew! so he is!" replied Captain Howard, as the pale flash of the more distant gun lit up the heavens in return to his own. Another and another followed, but they all came tripping far away on the weather-bow of the Epaminondas. . . . .

"Go it, Johnny, go it! Master, keep us in this angle, and we can't sustain much harm from our fat friend to leeward. How do the shots fall, Mr. Montagu?"

"Can't be better, sir."

"That's right—speak to them, my boys, as they come along: tell them to keep to the right, for here there's no thoroughfare, and trespassers shall have the rigour of the law! Well done below on the main-deck—your shots are telling; don't spare them!"

Nor did they. Stimulated by this cheering intelligence, as well as the enthusiastic share which their young commander took in the fray, both officers and men exerted themselves

to the utmost. Shot after shot whistled from the bows of the gallant frigate, as, keeping up the exact position where the courage and skill of her officers kept her harmless, she was thus, and thus alone, enabled to sustain the unequal fight.

The seventy-four, however, which had so long behaved to them as if trying to exhibit the most marked contempt for their strength, now seemed to feel that she had no despicable enemy with whom to cope; and after a few more rounds had been fired from the Epaminondas, the master interrupted his captain's cheering with the cry, "Enemy's opened his fire from the cabin windows."

"So much the better," replied the captain, "that'll air the curtains for them. Ha! faith but that's as far to leeward as the other was to windward. He'll soon get sick of wasting such excellent ammunition in that way;" and the captain laughed as he looked at the shot that now fell on our lee-beam, while

between the two lines of fire the Epaminondas unscathed held on her course.

"That's right, you varmint," cried the men to one another, "make a lane for your betters."

"Lose no time on the main-deck, consistent with taking a good aim," resumed the captain. "Holloa! what's coming now? Egad, if it isn't a shell thrown from her poop; that'll fall a long way short, or I'm a Dutchman—a Frenchman's trick all over. There it goes, 'in the vast bosom of the ocean buried,' as Shakspeare hath it;" and down indeed did sink, with a degree of beauty never to be forgotten, that beautiful bow of fire traced by the burning missile, which, thrown by too small a mortar, was quenched in the dark world of waters like a spark from an anvil.

"Load away, my lads, load quickly; we must soon knock down some of his spars! A seventy-four makes a capital target when his



are all the enemy's
" Yes, sir, but I
must be wounded."
" So think I," r
you and I, Mr. I
round shot and
Aim a little higher
and say when you're
The mate and his
down and took a ste
" Ready," cried th
" Ready," repeate
" Now then we r
the ship mounted the
Scarcely had the
leeward

"Hurrah!" cried the captain.

"Enemy's about to wear," roared out the master.

"Bear down in his wake," cried the captain, taking the command with a sudden and stern degree of animation. "Starboard your helm! Hands by the lee braces and fore and main clue garnets; ease off—let fall—haul on board the four and main tacks—main-deck quarters below there! stand by the larboard broadside: elevate your guns well, and prepare to rake the enemy's stern."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Gibbon.

"Be cool and steady, my men, and don't throw away one shot: stand by the larboard broadside on the quarter-deck."

In less time than it has taken to write these orders, they were given and executed. The frigate, put almost before the wind, darted like a young tiger to attack the howdahed elephant; while, as her close-reefed courses fell and were hauled on board, with a sound like that of distant

thunder, the mainsail was blown clean from its bolt-ropes, without leaving behind it a rag the size of a pocket handkerchief, and floated away on the raging blast to leeward, first like a small white cloud, and then a mere dark patch, until in another second it had disappeared.

At this awful moment not a sound was heard on board but the roaring of the wind and the surging of the seas, as, lashed into the wildest foam, they hissed and bubbled round that noble vessel's armed side, and she flying over them like a water-bird that strikes its prey. The captain was the first to break the silence.

"I thought as much," said he, looking at the vacant bolt-ropes of the mainsail, "but it was necessary—she felt it, master!" and he laid his hand on the shoulder of his faithful inferior.

"I expect the fore-course to follow it every minute, sir."

"So do I; but let it hold on for three more,

and I can show that fellow a manœuvre he doesn't see every day."

The master said nothing in reply. Old seaman as he was, even he had been taken by surprise; but too good an officer to drop a word that might check his captain, he could only look on with apprehension for the fate of a ship that long services had rendered dearer to him than life.

"Bravo foresail! bravo! Hold on but a few seconds more, good canvass! Stand ready with the larboard broadside," cried the captain, as the Epaminondas, leaping from wave to wave with a velocity that made her timbers tremble, ran down directly under the stern of her huge opponent.

"There, she opens on us at last!" said Howard, as two flashes burst from the seventy-four's cabin window; but the gunners had had no time to depress their guns sufficiently, and while one shot had uselessly cut off the cross-

jack yardarm, the other, equally innoxious, passed between the fore and main topsails.

At this moment, so critical to the safety of the combatants, the moon temporarily broke through the bank of clouds that had enveloped her, and concentrated all her rays upon the stern of the seventy-four. The foaming sea, in one spot like a blaze of light, with its silvery froth and the black blue of the surrounding Atlantic—the noble ship driving before the gale in her process of wearing—the dark, lowering heavens beyond—the fleetly rushing frigate, and the glorious contrast in the sky of light and shadow, made up a scene of unsurpassable sublimity, while the tempest and the battle formed a chorus worthy of its originality.

With a quickness that partook of inspiration, the captain sprang over to the larboard waist-grating, and, calling to his men below, pointed to the seventy-four.

"Fortune favours the brave, my men! Be

steady in your aim, and cool—watch the frigate's rise—fire !"

Swift at the word, the lambent flame of death flashed round from stem to stern of the Epaminondas. Forth hurtled the many messengers of death, and as they swept along into the stern of the devoted line-of-battle ship, the roaring of the gale could not drown either the dreadful whistle with which they were propelled, or the shriek of agony with which the broadside was received.

Scarcely was the thunder of the first gun given than the captain's voice was heard—"Ready about—man the foreclue garnets—hands by the foresheet. Clue up. Down with the helm, master. Helm's a lee! Stand by the weather-main-topsail-brace and bowline! Main topsail haul! How's the enemy, master? Does she come to on the other tack?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Then her rudder is damaged, and she won't steer. Ready with the fore-topsail brace—haul

avaul. Now, then, once more for the enemy. Edge down on her larboard quarter, master—'tis a jewel of a ship!—stand by to give the enemy the starboard broadside—ready on the main-deck?"

"All ready, sir!"

"Be cool and steady, my men—fire!"

Once more the frigate's deadly storm was sent over the water, and ere her captain could see through the volumes of smoke that rolled away, the master's quick eye detected the result.

"Enemy's mizen-mast gone by the board, sir!—Enemy trying to haul off on his old tack!—Enemy's mizen-mast gone overboard!" And then, surely enough, did Howard now perceive rolling on the merciless ocean the wreck of his huge adversary, for it could scarcely be called less.

"Hurrah! then, my lads," cried the captain in an ecstasy; "give him three cheers at any rate; fair exchange is no robbery any day in

the week; and then once more about, and let him have the other broadside; we shall never have a time like this again."

Suiting the word to the action, with as little loss of time as possible, the crew of the frigate gave three hearty cheers, while the master put the helm down, to come about once more. So close were the ships at this moment, that the officers of the seventy-four were plainly distinguishable on the poop, clearing away the wreck of the mizen-mast; which was no sooner done than a perfect swarm of soldiers appeared, and commenced firing with small arms.

"I could have sworn, Gibbon, that she had troops aboard," said the captain coolly to the first lieutenant, who now returned to the quarter-deck. "I see now why she was so unwilling to be brought to action. She must be taking out reinforcements, supplies, and despatches, and so is ordered to avoid all engagements. I suppose friend Bony thinks by that means she'll steal through our seas unseen."

"Mighty few, by my soul, sir, do that."

"True! but then again, it's the only plan of effecting it; for supposing that a frigate can but knock a single spar away from a seventy-four, still that may cause the wounded bird to be picked up elsewhere. The firing has brought the wind down a little, Gibbon; but never did I see a ship work so well as this of ours. What's that gone there — foretop-gallant mast?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, we can spare that. Send some hands aloft to clear away the wreck; we may want to shake out a reef presently; but I hope the wind won't go down much more. That's right — round with her, master. I don't think those fellows on the main-deck of our big friend seem to do much harm; and since his rudder appears so disabled as to be unfit for use, he must run before the wind now, whether he likes it or not. For the future, therefore, we'll be content with yawing in his wake, and giving him

first one broadside and then the other, till he cries out, 'Enough.'"

"That'll be the quickest plan, sir, certainly; and I don't think there's much fear of his getting his rudder free."

"No, no; that seems pretty well jammed a clench. Could the truth be known, I dare wear it's nearly cut in two about the rudder-et. Indeed, if that had not been the case, e would have rounded to, long before this, id given us his broadside. O yes—here we ve him fair again;—ready, my men, with the rboard broadside—take your time—fire!"

Away rattled the frigate's double-shotted ns at the word, and away flew the splinters om the seventy-four's stern, where still at in-rvals three of the main-deck guns kept play-g on the frigate, though, as the reader has en, without much injury even to the sails.

"Now then for the yawing, master," cried e captain, when the broadside was fired. Sail-trimmers to the braces. What cursed

bad shots those fellows must be, not to have cut us up more in our rigging, master."

The word could hardly have passed the captain's lips, when down went the line-of-battle-ship's gun-room ports—forth flashed the flame, as if from the very bowels of the sea—and the low bass growl of a thirty-two pounder found its way up to windward, and told the frigate that a heavier metal was now to be employed against her.

Within a second after this, the master cried out, "Hulled us at last!"

"Where?" demanded the captain.

"One shot has nearly cut in two every boat upon the booms, and the other, I think, has gone in upon the main-deck. We must have a care now, sir."

"Ay, ay, master, many I hope; but we've not done quite enough yet. Two thirty-two pounders are no great things to silence a frigate's broadside. Only please fortune to favour my sticks, and see how I'll stick to fortune!"

The men who caught this repartee of the captain answered it with a cheer, and the frigate yawing again, another broadside was rattled into the stern timbers of the seventy-four.

"If that fellow hasn't his gun-room ports closed in a twinkling," said the captain, "his lower-deck will want no washing, to a certainty. There goes a wave that'll poop him—on it goes—there it rolls! Have they got their ports down yet, master?"

"No, sir; but they're running their guns out."

"So much the better! There, he has it! Right into his lower-deck. His pumps will soon be wanting part of his crew; those guns won't be dry enough for firing for some time, I'm sure. Quick, then, master!—Run down in her wake. Right after her! Give us a yaw upon her larboard quarter, and then we'll slap a broadside in at pistol-shot distance. Main-deck there! ready with your starboard

and give her grape a
make the round shot l

Obedient to the wor
and easy-working friga
and, speeding along te
was soon close under th

" Ready on the mai
tain ; " take your aim
water—fire ! Well do
quickly, and be steady ;
as you can. This is the
us here. Nothing can t
arm men, and they're sea

This idea tickled the
monly ; they laughed an
loaded, and called out
make hay while the sun
their skins

made a slight mistake. Their position was not quite so unassailable as he imagined, for a few minutes afterwards the brilliant arch of light that once more rose from the seventy-four's poop, showed she had not forgotten her bomb-shells. Whether the result of accident or skill, I know not, but this projectile displayed on the part of the enemy an infinitely better aim than any which had preceded it, for lighting in the middle of the boats it passed through to the lower-deck, and there exploded, wounding only two men, and more injuring the booms than aught beside, except the boats, which were sadly shattered.

"Fire-men, from the forecastle quarters," cried the first lieutenant; "and a few buckets of water to put out this yarn,"—some of which, from its contact with the contents of the shell, showed a disposition to smoulder. This was, however, instantly arrested.

"Fair play's a jewel, Mr. Master," said the



and [illegible]

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"There, Gibbon,

Surely it's the gun-r

"No, sir, it's

"By the lord Harry, but you're right!" ied the captain, looking at their foe as if he ubted the evidence of his senses. "She *is* on e; and what's more, if they can't get it under, ey must strike. Think of that, my brave llows!" and he laid a hand on the shoulders each of his officers as they stood on either le of him.

The action said, as plain as words could eak it, "and you are first among the gallant n I have to thank for enabling me to it!"

They too interpreted the feeling aright, ugh neither attempted to reply to it by a rd; while their captain, with all the generous thusiasm of youth, grasping a hand of each, claimed, "I would not give up this glorious ght—no—not for the highest peerage of the lm!"

Then, after a pause, as he stood anxiously ing at the seventy-four, the exulting gaze of quest melted rapidly away into that of the

deepest melancholy, as he added, "That fire gains on them rapidly; let them but once hoist their colours and haul them down again, and we'll do the best we can to save their crew; and so, to bring this about the more readily, let us redouble our efforts; and first of all bring aft to the gangway the two long twenty-four-pounders that we used in the chase—they are lost where they are."

Away sprang the first lieutenant and his men, to execute the order; and away went the captain below, to cheer his crew on to their utmost. As if his merely quitting the deck was the signal for the enemy to gain some advantage, another shell fell into the main-chains; and the enemy, to all appearance, growing perfectly desperate, opened from their wardroom cabin a fire of at least five pieces. These were speedily detected to be thirty-two pounders hoisted up from the deck below. Regardless, seemingly, of their own ship, if they could only destroy their little but determined

assailant, they had fired right through their quarter-galleries; and so the angle in which the Epaminondas had hitherto had some kind of security, was now, from the comparative number of the guns, as unprotected as if she had been quite upon the seventy-four's beam.

The effect of this unexpected fire had indeed been most severe. The main topmast was shot away a couple of feet above the cap; and four men killed, and nine wounded, were picked up from her decks, and sent below to the cockpit. Among the first of these was the gallant master; a shot struck him in the hollow of the back, and he had only time to stagger up to the captain as he came up to the quarter-deck, seize his hand—articulate "the ship"—and then expire. This was indeed a great calamity to the noble Howard. He looked down affectionately at the corpse of his late honoured shipmate, now lying an almost undistinguishable mass of blood at his feet; and then at the stern of the seventy-four. But he was not a

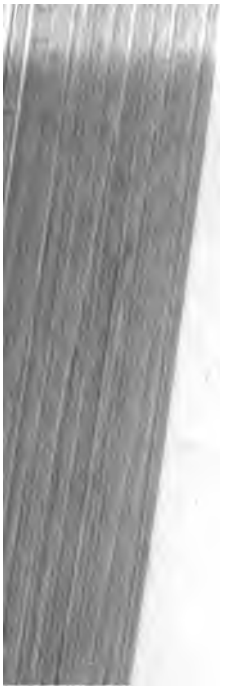


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these, a dull red

ts forked tongue of flame, into the dark heavens, ıbove the masts and poop of the line-of-battle ship; and though it was as repeatedly subdued, t seemed to rise the stronger from this its forced return to the source from whence it sprang.

"We have done for him, Gibbon," said the captain: "unless she strikes, she is a lost ship! My men have nobly done their duty by me, and it is now my turn to do mine by them. I will never throw away a hair of their heads that I can help; and valour is idle without prudence. So, quarter-master, port your helm —sail-trimmers, to the larboard-braces. We'll haul off, now Gibbon, and see the end of the play in peace, while you shift your shattered main topmast."

The seventy-four, seeing the frigate haul to the wind on the larboard tack, the same as that on which they first beheld her, now redoubled their fire, but they did little or no harm; and in about ten minutes their shot bowled harm-



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fellows, who, lying
with loss of blood
enduring, still felt
sailors revive at

beginning of the action, had received orders to spare nothing for the use of the surgeon; and now, all the most choice wines in the world were passing freely to those whose condition allowed the use of them. To one, Captain Howard gave some to drink; to another he handed water; a third he helped to place more easily on the chest or grating which supported him; and for all, his sympathy was as strongly shown as if they had been so many children or brothers.

There it was that victory exhibited the vulnerable side, and glory in the midst of its brightness discovered the depth of its shadows. On many a mind, burning with the torture of that hour, came the dear dreams of home and affection,—the wife—the little ones—the unprotected sister—the decrepit parents; and constantly to the lips would rise the doubly embittered question of, "What brought me here?"

Stretched along the steerage of the lower-deck, were lying some twenty human beings; most of them stripped to their waists, as



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l more gave way to the outrageous fierceness temper for which such an hour affords too a palliation.

\ little further forward, were laid in a me-holy heap—the dead! those who had been once released from all further pain. Alas! very beings who gave birth to them might e taken them for any object under heaven t wore a ruddy hue—a bundle of flags, or nsoned rags—a mass of meat in the shambles a victualling-yard—either, or all of these, y more resembled than human beings—the ad remains of man—the lord of the creation—yet unconsumed victims offered up at the ar of national pride and wholesale error!

It was only as the eye, assisted by the dim re of the fighting-lanterns, caught sight, here a bloody mutilated hand thrust out from the olting heap, and there, a bleached and long ined foot, which dazzled the sight with the r whiteness of its long exhausted veins; with ery now and then a ghastly face smeared with



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* This was written five

Such is the prayer philanthropy suggests. To this, how does knowledge of the world reply? That such a time will arrive, when Sesostris comes back from Egypt with the golden age in his pocket—when dungeons and gaols become coal-stores—where charcoal is prepared only for cleaning teeth—sulphur for making matches—and saltpetre has ceased to be a production of either nature or art. Then, when the disuse of gunpowder becomes as much a matter of history as its invention, and the secret of its manufacture as impenetrable as that of the Tyrian dye—then, when this happy age arrives, the use of the word glory will be consecrated to such as Alfred, in England; Wallace, in Scotland; and Washington, in America;—but not before.

## CHAPTER V.

"Fire on the main-deck,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below."

THE PIRATE.

THE wounded officers and seamen having now been attended to with as little delay as possible, the remains of the late main-topmast sent down upon deck, the new one hastily got up in its place, and the ship as much put to rights as the circumstances rendered possible, the Epaminondas was ready once more to stand towards the enemy. By this time, the fire on board the seventy-four, which still, apparently, was confined to the fore-part of the vessel, raged most fiercely. The long struggle which had

ken place as to whether its existence, or that those it threatened, should be extinguished, emed, as far as could be discovered by us, to ave terminated, certainly, not in favour of our ponents.

The wind, which had rapidly abated, was ill sweeping in strong gusts along the agitated a. The moon had long since set; and the ight had waned to that doubtful point of its mpire, when the first faint blush of light glimnering in the east looked like the hectic tinge hat overspreads the cheek of beauty, while yet its resistless destroyer is at a distance. Another half-hour, and day would break. Alas! with what bitter eagerness was the early beam of morning watched and prayed for on board that huge vessel! and yet, what would it have brought them but despair?

With their spars all wounded, and their rudder so damaged as to defy every attempt to restore its use, all their superior strength was idle against a foe that would not come



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er stern completely destroyed—her ropes towing overboard in every direction—the wreck of her fallen mizen-mast not yet cleared away from her quarter—her rudder wholly beyond command, and with only a few spars, and no sails to direct her course, still drove on before the gale, the very picture of ruin and desolation—the very reverse of all that associates itself in the mind with the mention of a man-of-war.

How different was the state of the English frigate! With the exception of the marks left in her broad white band by the enemy's cannon, and the smoke of her own guns, it would have been difficult to see that she was not just out of port, with her main-topgallant mast sent down upon deck for repairs. Every rope was taut in its place, with as much exactitude as if she had been sailing into Spithead; every sail damaged in the late encounter had been replaced; and now, with tompions out, and double-shotted guns that waited but the match, she stood down towards the enemy under close-

reefed topsails, jib, and driver, as imperturbably as a philosopher may be supposed to approach a man in a passion.

"Gibbon!" said the captain, who was seated on the weather-hammock-netting, conning the ship himself.

"Sir!"

"Come here."

The first lieutenant, who had been standing at the lee-gangway watching the burning seventy-four, approached his superior.

"I think we begin to draw within long-shot again," said the latter, looking at the enemy; "and, considering that that big fellow is in so helpless a condition, it would be a cruel show of strength that has now been so severely proved, if we were to give him any more iron. What say you? May we venture to run within arm's length of him, and trust to his good sense in striking, and allowing us to save his crew?"

On hearing this, the first lieutenant looked at

e enemy, then at his captain, and then at the emy again. After a pause of some minutes replied,

" That would certainly be acting the gene- us part, though we ought to be generous to r own men first, sir. That pretty open-work rn of his is mounted at present, you will member, with five thirty-four pounders, that ocked up thirteen of our men at one fire. 's a confounded awkward shot for a frigate to eal with, and if he wished to strike without ring, he could do it at once."

" Very well, then, take a good elevation, and pen on him without delay."

With a quickness that followed this order n a manner perfectly ridiculous, a fire certainly as opened, almost at the moment the captain as uttering the words, though not by the rigate. The already luminous and fast in- reasing blaze to leeward was for a second put to comparative shade, by the vivid flash that, ke the wand of Aaron, swallowed up its rival;

while the dotted streaks of foam, advancing like lines of lightning on the frigate, followed by the heavy boom of artillery, struggling up against the wind, announced the re-commencement of the seventy-four's hostilities. Flash for flash was, however, given back, and while the enemy's projectiles dropped harmlessly round the sides of the Epaminondas, the lighter metal of the latter was inadequate even so far to approach her foe. Her men, however, determined to show that they were more masters of the art than their opponent, rattled broadside after broadside to leeward, giving them at least two for their one: while there was their obdurate enemy drifting away, for it could scarcely be called sailing, a perfect pyre of curling flame and smoke forward, and the cannon blazing from her stern in all the impotent wrath of disappointed and irrepressible fury.

By the glasses, which were now busily employed in watching the foe, her foremast, which had long been in flames, was seen sud-

to roll over her bows, a perfect mass
e, which spread at length up the rig-
of her mainmast; this, too, was added
e devouring element, and for the brief
which ensued till its fall, she resem-
ome terrible pyramid of combustion float-
the sea.

the spars, however, began to consume,
streams of flame floated away upon the
like ribbons of fine silk. No intermission
use of her impotent artillery took place:
ly and outrageously as ever flash after
issued from the stern, and spake the
rate resolution of some proud heart, to
destruction rather than surrender.

This is idle, Mr. Gibbon," said the
in, after some minutes harmless waste
owder on both sides—" cease firing; if
prefer to go to the bottom rather than to
adoes, all I can wish them is a pleasant
ge, with a climate not quite so hot.
s! I suppose that the idea of a seventy-

four striking to a frigate is insupportable to the 'great nation;' as if they could have avoided the accident of being caught in half a gale of wind, with a heavy sea running, they in a ship evidently overloaded, and, from its size, not so good a sea-boat as a frigate. However, we'll fling away no more ammunition on a killed bird. Though I'm sorry for the crew, yet I must say, whoever that fellow is in command, his pluck would have done no discredit to an Englishman; and if that isn't paying a man a modest compliment, I don't know what is."

"He's fought his ship to the last, certainly, Captain Howard; we must say that; but I could wish that he had shown some colours: we could not have failed to distinguish them *now*, if any had been hoisted."

"Never mind, Gibbon, though he's shown no colours, he's hung out plenty of lights. What do we care about his colours? there's red, yellow, and black in abundance, if none

ther. All we wish to know is, that they're not English."

"Well, sir, I'm rather staggered at the way that ship's fought to the last. There are not many men in the French navy who would have done so. I've taken Jean at all hazards, from close quarters, cross cutlasses, and cutting out, to long shots and red-hot-ball battery work; but I never found, if you gave him a decent reason for striking his flag, that Jean would be over rash in refusing to do so. I declare, if I thought that any unlucky mistake had led us to fire upon our fellow-countrymen, in the way we've been working those poor fellows to leeward, I should never know a happy hour again, sir."

"Then make your heart quite light on that score: I should not be less distressed than yourself; but I would stake my life upon the cast, that yonder is no part of the British navy. In the first place, we never fit two-deckers with bombs."

"No, sir, but such a thing might have happened for any particular service, or at the express wish of her captain."

"Well—it's just possible; but then, look at the slovenly state in which she allowed the wreck of her spars and rigging to hang about her and tow overboard, without attempting to clear it away while we were refitting."

"Then consider, on the other hand, sir, that she was on fire."

"But even that would not, in our navy, have been allowed to absorb all attention."

"Faith, sir, I don't know: I've seen terrific confusion in our navy consequent on that very cause."

"Well, even granting that, I do not think she was handled like an English ship when we first gained upon her. There was a degree of indifference, almost unwillingness, to engage, which could only have arisen from some unusual orders to her captain, and which, you know as well as I, are never given in our navy, or

given are never obeyed. Now are you satisfied, Mr. Gibbon?"

"I hope so, sir," replied Gibbon, in a tone of deep earnestness, which did not by any means imply the fact; and shaking his head with a sad seriousness of manner, he took a glass and went up to the fore top-mast head, to scrutinise the burning vessel more minutely.

The conversation which had just passed, and the doubts which Gibbon seemed to entertain, had not less surprised than distressed the captain. For some minutes after the former had left him and gone aloft with the spy-glass, he continued to eye the seventy-four with still more intense interest, if possible, than before. Still the fatal element that consumed her gained ground with every moment of time that passed—every fresh gust of the gale that hurried over her.

Her mainmast, which had long been tottering, unable any more to withstand the heavy



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Still, however, fr
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if to show resistance
indeed a melancholy a

unhappy man, who strove when further strife was useless, except for the extinction of life; and who, not content with having already done his utmost, still continued to struggle for a shadow, which, if obtained, would be utterly valueless.

Heart-sick, and half repentant of his victory, poor Howard turned away, and walked forward.

"Fore topmast-head there! what do you make out on board the enemy?"

"A number of her people, sir, crowded together on her poop, and, I think, *fighting*."

"Look again!"

"Yes, sir, they are: one party are struggling to hoist the colours, and the other to prevent them. The former seem to have got possession of the halyards—no—they have lost it—now they have got it again, and up goes the bunting."

"See, see, then—what are the colours?"



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now within a few feet
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"Let me have the glass," said Captain Howard, who now stood beside Gibbon. After a long and anxious survey, he looked at his brother officer's face, as if to see what was passing in his mind, and remained silent.

"What if that should have been a British ship, Captain Howard, and the men have mutinied and got possession? This would account for a great deal that now puzzles us. And so, rather than show a flag and be taken, they choose to go down, and take every living creature to perdition."

"In God's name I hope not," said Howard; and as the supposition was mentioned, the perspiration started on his forehead, at reflecting how dreadful must have been the havoc! and he resumed his gaze with the glass once more.

"As I live, Gibbon, they're jumping overboard."

"Then depend on it, sir, the fire has reached the magazine at last."



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her crew."

ain, so as to place the ship about a quarter a mile ahead of the seventy-four, while I main aloft here to watch what happens xt."

On receiving these orders, the lieutenant ickly descended to the deck. The close-reefed resail was set on the frigate as she fell off fore the wind, and, with the beautiful motion a seabird just rising from the waves, she emed to skim along its surface with all the htness which we frequently observe in those inged denizens of the deep, while, with their t still trailing in the water, they leave a ght line of foam upon its surface.

Meanwhile, in profound grief and sorrow, noble-hearted Howard was watching the ning wreck while he passed it on his lee- m; a gun every now and then discharg- itself from forward, as the fire heated to the point of explosion, accompanied by more regular discharge of a few shot ich her inveterate crew aimed from their



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the crevices of dam-gates, temporarily extinguished every few minutes by the deluge of spray which dashed over the wreck, only to reappear with greater fury.

On the lower-deck the same appearance was exhibited, but in a less degree; for being more exposed to the water, not only from without, but also from the scuppers within, this circumstance had greatly tended to prolong the struggle which her determined crew had made, against the numerous enemies that beset them —fire, water, air, and fellow-men.

Still the first would not release its hold, and, as if determined in this fair field of fight to prove its superiority over all its brother combatants, it fastened with unremitting fierceness upon all that was assailable within; while, by necessity, it left the seemingly fair exterior to the demolition of the tempest. With fast flying minutes, the captain now beheld numbers of the crew, in the utter bewilderment of fear, casting themselves into the wild foam of

waters, choosing rather to trust their lives to the support of some floating piece of timber, and the chance of the frigate picking them up, than to remain longer on that floating and guideless mass of carnage, conflagration, and dismay.

But, alas! like too many of those choices which are forced upon us by our evil destinies in moments when misfortune leaves not reason the power to discriminate, they only left that which was a frightful fate, for one, if possible, more hideous: since whatever might be the horrors of being blown up, surely they could not be so aggravated or prolonged as those which would await sufferers floating in such a sea on a mere straw, suffering the worst pangs of drowning by constant submersion in the water, and yet doomed, before the quiet of a grave should bless them, to know every alternation of hope and despair that can rack and rend the human heart.

## CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis he! Well met in any hour,
Lost Leila's love! Accursed! ——"

THE GIAOUR.

the course of twenty minutes from the ving of the last order to the first lieutenant, e Epaminondas had run over a space of nething more than four miles, and, hauling her foresail, hove to under her three topsails, ne five or six hundred yards ahead of the enty-four.

Although the effort was as idle as anything ld well be, the captain hailed her, both in ench and English, to know if she had struck. t with such a gale of wind blowing in his

teeth, the chances were a thousand to one that a single word ever reached the ears for which it was intended. Another disadvantage of our position was, that the whole smoke of the burning line-of-battle ship came rolling down upon us in dense black volumes, and quite obscured the view we had formerly possessed of her proceedings. The burning sparks, which occasionally fell in showers, were all blown towards us; but they had not the power to harm: for, long before they had travelled so far, they had fallen into the water and been extinguished for ever—sad emblems of the gallant ship of which they were particles.

Finding, however, that in case the seventy-four's magazine had not been effectually flooded, and that she herself should unexpectedly blow up, the frigate might not then be equally safe, way was once more got upon the Epaminondas, and a better position for observation taken up on the larboard bow of the wreck.

Still no sign of her surrender could be dis-

wered. Her people yet continued to throw emselves overboard from the quarters and e after-ports, in groups of ten and twenty t a time—men and women: while there were e, unable to assist, or even to lie in our resent position, without the enemy attempting, impotent rage, to hit us with the after-guns the main-deck, which, however, could not e trained so far forward as to strike even our ern.

Never was seen human being more distressed witnessing anguish that he could not lleviate, than Captain Howard. At last a emale, with two infants clinging to her breasts, as seen to leap overboard into the pitiless ea, while several more were crowded on the eck from whence she sprang.

"By heaven! Gibbon, I can bear this no nger! We must try to do something for ose poor helpless creatures; at any rate *they* ave nothing to do with the butcheries of ar, except to suffer from them. Lower one



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the senior lieute
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It was, I must

the soul's secret springs," yet I had not the least idea of anything so awfully terrible as he tossing on those tremendous billows. The first impression was one of unmitigated dread and horror, that came upon the heart with a convulsive energy, and I bitterly reproached my temerity in seeking such a situation.

The frigate, receding from our view with surprising quickness, seemed shrunk into a pitiful sea-boat on the crests of those gigantic waves; swallowed up between which every few minutes, the mind at once resigned all hope of ever treading her deck again in safety. Ere long, however, becoming more accustomed to the threatening dangers, and perceiving that we still survived, the mind awoke to what were in reality the surrounding beauties of our position.

Lulled in a sudden calm whenever our boat descended into the vast hollows of the seas, the gale still roared fitfully and strong upon their crazy summits; nor could I have ima-

gined, until now crossing over it in a boat, the distance which intervened between the Epaminondas and the seventy-four. As we drew near the latter, the lieutenant remarked,

"They will hardly fire upon us, I suppose, however angry the good folks may be aboard. Though what use we are to prove, I know not—I can see no one to pick up."

"Please your honour," quoth the coxswain, "they're jumping overboard faster than ever now; and there's one fellow, at any rate, who's just made a dive of it, whom I think I see clinging to a piece of the wreck. Look, sir, there, as it is lifted on the top of the wave, and comes in against that streak of light where the day is just beginning to break."

"Where?"

"Just there, sir, on our quarter. Wait a moment—it's sunk down again into the trough of the sea: it'll rise presently—there, sir—there—it's coming up again; now don't you see his head, sir?"

"Yes, I do—give way, my lads; if we pull straight on as we're going, you and the coxswain, Mr. O'Donnel, will be able to get the poor fellow on board," addressing me. "Be nimble, remember; and when once you get hold, don't let him go again."

"No, sir," said I; but it was no easy matter in that tremendous sea to guide the boat hither and thither, and that without upsetting her. Every few seconds, amid the howling of the wind, a long deep startling cry of agony would reach us from some of the unhappy wretches who had committed themselves to the mercies of the ocean. Of these, we could just catch a fearful glance, as they lay wildly struggling for a few brief seconds on the summit of the wave; we then beheld them sucked rapidly down into the intermediate abyss: and when the next swollen tumulus of waters came, not a trace of anything but idle foam was visible upon it.

As a solitary exception, the swimmer, for

whom we were now pulling still maintained his hold upon a floating piece of mast, assisted in his determined resistance against death by the remains of the top, which, sheltered in a great degree from the violence of the water, enabled him to bear up till we approached. Even now, however, the act of saving him was one of no slight danger, when a single collision with the floating timber might send us all to the bottom. The coxswain, therefore, and myself prepared to take him on board, while the lieutenant steering, brought the wreck upon the larboard quarter of the boat.

After two or three efforts, we approached so near, that the coxswain extending his arm to the floating seaman, the latter grasped it, relinquished his hold upon the mast, and endeavoured to get alongside. The boat was at this moment on the summit of the wave.

"Quick! quick!" cried the coxswain, holding on the gunwale of the boat with one hand, while the other was outstretched to save the

ranger. "Quick! before the sea parts us!" r the boat was beginning to go down on one de of the wave, and the man on the other; nd it would else be necessary, in order to his fety, to drag him through the whole immense tervening mass of water.

Whether the fellow understood the cry, ould not be known, nor can I undertake to ay, since my attention was more powerfully rested by the danger of the coxswain himelf, who sang out,

"Hold me on, sir, or he'll drag me overoard—hold me on, Mr. O'Donnel."

At this moment, the strange seaman's face ras just visible to me; I caught his eye in a noment, and my whole attention was fixed on hat, while I laid my hand on the coxswain's ollar to secure his safety. While thus lookng on, in the eager hope of seeing him drag he strange seaman safe on board—breathless—peechless—in the emotion his appearance had xcited in my bosom, a light, clear and vivid



several co
within m
villain, Do
"Hold—
of frenzy, "i
fix his balefu
with a smile
of death he co
in life—he l
billows closed
down into the
without the po
So great w
sudden showing
knew not what
might have bee

This, in some measure, recalled me to myself. The flaming wreck against which we had long combated, had at length blown up; nor were we able to save even one of the many hundreds of beings who so lately reposed in it safety and in hope.

In vain I urged the lieutenant, with the most impassioned appeals that the excitement of the moment suggested, to turn back and renew the search for Donaghue. He insisted that my asking for anything of the sort was mere raving, and that not only he, but every other soul so lately on board that large vessel, must some moments since have ceased to exist. He did, it is true, attempt to question me as to who the object of my search might be, and if of any importance.

What mattered such idle curiosity to me? To myself, his existence was of the most vital importance; but at such a moment could I discuss such a secret with a mere stranger and official? The thing was impossible; so, in the

first moments of excited disappointment and despair, I threw myself down in the bottom of the boat, almost praying that before we reached the ship I too might be added to the victims of that dreadful night.

## CHAPTER VII.

"How soon a word at random spoken,
May wound or soothe a heart that's broken!"

ı some minutes after regaining the deck of frigate, I felt so agitated that I knew not ıt to do. The sudden apparition of the ested face I had so unexpectedly beheld, ıld not, I truly believe, have more affected , had I actually seen it rise from the grave. addition to all the circumstances of horror ich accompanied its presentment, were the ousand terrible associations that were in-



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No—I give up the attempt; no words can ) justice to the struggle thus awakened with- ı me. In a frenzy of despair, rage, and grief, stood almost senseless on the quarter-deck if the frigate, which I know not how I had regained; now accusing myself for not having grasped the wretch beyond the power of es- cape—I, who never had the opportunity of grasping him at all—now cursing the folly of the coxswain—the obstinacy of the lieutenant, who would not turn back to seek him. Again hope painted to me the possibility of his still surviving on the floating mast, and being picked up when the gale moderated, either by ourselves or some other passer by; and lastly, despair urged me to believe in the inevita- bility of his death, and the utter loss of the only clue by which I could ever hope to un- ravel my lost Kathleen's assassination.

Then, with a feeling amounting to impiety, I asked of Heaven how I had been so criminal, or so unhappy, as to call down upon her and upon



upon our ill-fat

In the midst
the captain sent
head of which h
soon as it was as
the seventy-four
impossible. Wh
looked at me st
perceiving the agi
kindly extended h
down beside him
head.

"What is this w
told me, Mr. O'Dou
pause. "It seems,

atastrophe we have all witnessed; and as, from our being acquainted with one of her crew, he chances are that he was a fellow-countryman, this supposition does not afford me any xtra consolation, but, on the contrary, impels ne to ask, who and what he might have been, nd what you knew of him!"

With any one else, these questions would ave worn the character of prying impertience, and I should have resented them accordingly; but Captain Howard's manly maire was, I knew, the last to harbour such otives; and though to speak of the past to e in no way interested in it was to me the treme of agony, I determined to make the fort.

"Believe me, Captain Howard, I feel deep—"

But here the agony of those remembrances hich came fast and thick upon me choked l further utterance. I could say no more—

and rising from his side, I walked up and down his cabin in a silent paroxysm of grief.

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. O'Donnel, at making me a confidant– I will be a faithful depository of any secret you may confide."

"I believe it, sir," said I, as soon as I was sufficiently master of myself to speak. "The man I recognised was neither friend nor acquaintance, but a wretched villain, who, there is every reason to believe, was the murderer of one of my dearest friends."

"Where?"

"In Ireland, sir."

"Was he an Irishman, then?"

"He was—and disappeared with his daughter at the same time that his victim was carried by armed ruffians from her home, as it was supposed, at the instigation of a relative. This is all, Captain Howard, on which you can at all speculate. The particulars involve much private and family misery for me, which,

hould you wish to know, I may at some uture period be able to communicate. How he villain could have been on board that hip, I know not; nor could anything be more disastrous to me than his getting away: for I feel as fully convinced that the act of his death, if he is dead, was voluntary, as that I stand before you. I did all I could to urge Lieutenant Atkins, after the seventy-four blew up, to turn back and see if he was not still clinging to the wreck of her mast; for a more desperate and determined ruffian does not exist; but Mr. Atkins scouted the idea."

"Well, Mr. O'Donnel, you must admit it was not very probable. However, as day has now dawned, we will remain as near the spot as possible, to see if he can be discovered with the stronger light of the morning. I am deeply sorry the scoundrel has escaped us, since his capture would have cleared up any family sorrow under which you may be unfortunate enough to labour. But I suppose that

a consciousness of his guilt made him prefer drowning, to death by the executioner. I do not ask for any further revelation of the private history connected with this matter, since you feel it to be at present so painful. Should you ever decide otherwise, I can only say, I shall be most happy not merely to give it a patient hearing, but to receive your confidence with pleasure, and to lend you every assistance in my power."

As the captain said this, he extended his hand, which I took, and, thanking him for his sympathy, withdrew. Although, as Captain Howard had promised, the frigate remained on the spot till nearly nine o'clock A. M., not a vestige of the wreck of the late line-of-battle-ship could be discovered. In fact, nothing is more difficult than for a ship at sea to remain continuously on one particular circle of water, without landmark of any sort or kind to guide her; and even had we been so fortunate as to succeed in this endeavour, still more arduous

uld have been the effort, in such a sea as subsiding wind still left, to discover a comatively small object like the mast of our troyed foe.

The intervening time, therefore, having been voted to refitting the ship, the Epaminondas ten o'clock resumed her course for Barbaes, the land of which island was in a few ys announced from the mast-head. I had course, from the reports of my more exrienced messmates, expected to behold a scene much beauty, and for once my expectaons were more than realised.

The day was one of the finest I think I ever nessed; and in that clear climate, the effect oduced by the intense blue of the cloudy sky flected in the clear waters of the bay—the nds sloping down to meet the sea, and crowned ith the feathery foliage of the palm, the cocoaut, and other children of the tropics—produced an effect the most enchanting that could e conceived. It was not quite seven in the



surrounded, as
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the least degree
speedily furled
when I looked d
borne by the b
could much more
voyaging in some
serving his majest
too often, is not w
the yellow-fever is
The day before t
the masthead, I ha
had just

he fathomless depths below. While in ight of my reverie, I felt some one touch the shoulder, and turning round, beheld in Howard.

:h his usual good-nature he asked me my thoughts might be; and I frankly red, that they had been busy with the lid scene before me, and had thence wan- to the contrast of that awful night of our ıgagement. Finally, one subject of con- ion leading to another, he questioned me whether I had yet been able to resolve on ting him with the whole story relating to ghue. Seeing no absolute good that could to any of the parties for whom I was in- ed, in my further silence, but, on the other the probability, by disclosure, of acquiring erful friend in the prosecution of that in- which I had determined never to relin- , I replied, that I had no objection to unicate to him every particular, but that

he must be prepared for a long, as well as a sad story.

"If that be the case, then," he replied, "you shall tell it me at breakfast, which will soon be ready."

On hearing the whole details of that melancholy narrative with which the reader is already acquainted, my friendly superior expressed much surprise, grief, and indignation; nor could he, after mature deliberation, come to any conclusion different from my own, as to the guilty actors in the crime. He asked, if I had ever since heard from my father: to which I answered, and truly, that so far from such being the case, I was in utter ignorance as to his present residence, or even whether he still lived. My only correspondent in that beloved country from whence my own sorrows and the crimes of others had driven me into a cruel banishment, was the eldest of Kathleen's brothers; and as I had never mentioned my father's name in any

tter to him, so, in the few which he had writ-
n to me, a similar silence had been observed.

"I do not wonder at that," said Captain How-
rd. "Stranger as I am, I cannot but shudder
t the tale; and my only wonder is, at the strength
ith which Heaven kindly endows the human
ind, to undergo sorrow and suffering which
e should otherwise deem to be beyond man's
ndurance. Of one thing I only entreat you to
e assured,—my utmost sympathy, as well as
y warmest friendship and assistance, in any
y you can point out. Though, should you
morrow be able to gain the right clue to all
at now seems so mysterious, what would it
ail you? Suppose the facts should be—and
cannot see how they should be otherwise—
hat we imagine to be the case—can you pro-
ed to do justice on this unhappy lady's be-
rayers, even though they are steeped in her
lood to the very lips?—impossible!"

"It is, sir; but you forget that this one im-
ortant point will be gained,—I shall learn, if

jured; and if we are
terrible but just convic
the course I have taken.
will then be at an end."

"True; and if you
will amply repay all the
end may cost you to ob
be by the destruction of
recur to the first point w
into this painful history,
everything that is strange
this man's appearance o
four?"

"It cannot be account
of those unconnected, i
that arrest and perplex o

"It is indeed; neither do I see that, from this isolated fact, we can draw an inference that she belonged to any one country rather than another."

"No, sir; certainly not."

"So that, with all our painful research, we stand just where we were. All that we can do is to look for some corroborative testimony, in one way or other: though, whether this will turn up, depends not upon us. But, at any rate, whether you are in my ship or not when such comes to hand, never forget that in me you have one most warmly interested both in the truth and you."

The day after this conversation, as I have already said, we arrived at Barbadoes. Sir Alexander Cochrane had left the island, with his squadron, some days before; and two sloops, with commanders in them, were the only men-of-war then lying there. The Epaminondas consequently becoming the senior ship, there was no one to whom it became necessary for



proceed to Mart
sary repairs woul
the quarter-deck,
surgeon, expresse
the sick and woun
could spare me, re
Caustic, who n
sort of impedimer
harmless gratificat
hearty assent, and b
ferred to the shor
had, in proportion,
proved fatal; so w
thankful.
With the same ge
the happiness of all

same indulgence was extended; and a happier ship's crew it is scarcely possible to conceive.

We had also an opportunity of judging this, by the powerful proof of contrast; since the two sloops were commanded by men who seemed to vie with each other in making their vessels come as near floating prisons as possible. It is true, neither of them had ever distinguished himself in the service; but at sea, the cat-o'-nine tails was constantly going, yet the work of the ship was most ill performed: while in harbour, men were constantly drunk, deserting, and jumping overboard, to such an extent, that calculation was made proving that the two vessels were feeding the sharks at an average of three men a week.

The news of our rencontre with the mysterious seventy-four was soon bruited about, and exaggerated as usual, till one day I happened to be asked when the inhabitants might expect the arrival of that line-of-battle ship which we had captured and put a prize-crew on board.

The dinners and parties made for us followed one another in daily succession; and had we felt inclined, I am sure we might have had fourteen set dinners in the week; while, to my feeling, even the hospitality of old Ireland was nearly eclipsed by that of the Barbadians.

The first evening of our arrival, however, gave rise to an adventure in which I was implicated without either wish or intention; and as it threatened, at one time, to prove most serious in its results, I will merely relate how it occurred. One of the principal inhabitants of the island happening to give a large dinner-party on the day of our coming, at once called on Captain Howard, and expressed the happiness it would give him and his friends to see at his table the chief and gallant juniors of the Epaminondas. The captain, to whom nothing of this sort came amiss, frankly gave his assent, and, at the jovial hour, took with him as bright and large a staff, as he said while he mustered us, as any man need go into action with.

We formed a perfect constellation of blue and gold; and having brought ourselves to an anchor, we soon opened fire.

Nothing could be more delightful than the dinner, unless it was the dance that succeeded it; and no one of the party seemed more to enjoy either than did the gallant, the accomplished Captain Howard. One there was, however, who seemed perfectly to sympathize with the exultation of the gallant captain; and who, dance after dance, testified this sympathy in the most undoubted manner.

This lady was the fascinating wife of the gallant Major F ——, who now, for the last three hours, had been sedulously pursuing his game of whist, to all appearance perfectly indifferent whether his wife flirted or danced, or danced and flirted, or simply danced without flirting, or flirted without dancing. As long as it did not prevent his making his point, it seemed all one and the same to him.

Now the said Mrs. F—— was, what every

very luxuriantly form
bust and throat, of b
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play; she had also a
hair, and a pair of
the use of which s
understand. But still
of harm in dancing wi
ingly, Captain Howard
the morning; he then
which were at a frien
ther officers returned t

This sort of thing w
we were only to rema
every one of these all
gagements. Nothing

ards of the wounded with me; and we ad one of the maintop men under our hands, who had been severely hurt near the shoulder.

"Please your honour," said the man, "I want to know if I mayn't be allowed a little more physic?"

"A little more what, sir?" demanded Caustic.

"A little more physic, sir."

"By gosh, Mr. O'Donnel, I've been at sea ome twenty years, and never had such a request as that made to me before. What puts hat in your head, my man?"

"Why, your honour, the physic here is of a etter sort than we get aboard, so I should like o have a full dose of it before we start to sea; or, as the captain's a right sort of officer, no loubt some of us will be losing the number of ur messes before we come back again."

"What medicine are you taking?"

"Half-a-pint of that stuff twice a day, sir." inting to a cooling kind of fever-draught, e lemonade.



...more than I ordered

"Yes, sir," said
others asked me, y
gone, for a larger do
matter, I gave it."

"Oh, very well!
more."

The next made t
next again. In short

"Cursed odd!" sai
ward; "never heard
playing us some trick,
to them, however, and
an hour after they get

Scarcely had he dep
tain Howard.

"How are the sick g
"Ol

a smile of some meaning, he closed the door. "Now, Mr. O'Donnel, what I have to say to you is in confidence. Caustic is a good fellow —an excellent fellow—and a very clever surgeon—a man for whom I have an infinitude of respect; but you are aware he is so exceedingly eccentric, that I hardly know how to answer for him in every position. But listen to me. There is a lady in Barbadoes who has a child very ill. She has employed, she tells me, all the medical men in the place, who seem unable to do it much good; and, as the child's illness is said to arise from scrofula, she has taken a violent fancy for a naval medical man. Now, I want you to go and see the child."

"But, sir," said I, "you do the poor little sufferer a cruel injustice in sending me instead of Dr. Caustic, whose abilities are fifty times, and whose experience is a thousandfold, greater than mine. Excepting one or two cases in the hospitals, I know the disease only from books. Caustic has treated it hundreds of times."

"Yes, yes, but I can't send Caustic. In the first place, the lady is a fidgety mamma; and Caustic, with his odd abrupt ways, might frighten her."

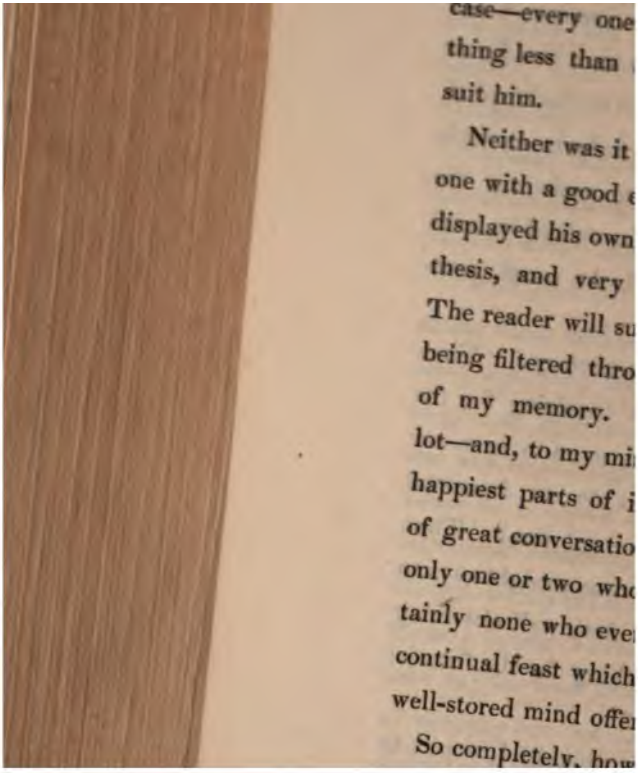
"O dear no, sir; you mistake him; I never met so humane and gentle a creature with his patients in my life."

"Well, even if it be so, I can't ask him, because all the other medical men are attending, and the army-men, too; and even if he would consent to give an opinion, it would end in some row one way or another. Whereas, you'll go to the house as a friend of mine; the child will be introduced casually, and you'll just say something to satisfy the mother; for, after all, the matter may be one of nervousness merely. But don't take any fee from her, which I took the liberty of desiring her not to offer, lest, you know, it should by accident come to Caustic's ears, and make an unpleasantness between you. You, however, must not be the loser; so there's my note of introduction, and this," giving me ten guineas, "will find the medicine."

The money I at once declined; but the captain insisted in that captain-like manner which says, it must be so; and I, thanking him for an excellent patient, bowed him out of the hospital, and promised to wait on the lady in a couple of hours. Having assisted to make up the medicines for the sick, Caustic walked in, with his head hanging on one side as usual, muttering to himself,

"'I do remember an apothecary.' Then changing his note, he began inquiring for the sick, thus, 'Sir, is there any news to save our souls withal? None gone to an immortal death? How say ye now—not one? Then in my soul 'tis well! So let us straightways to our charge, and there, our duty well absolving us of future care, care nothing for the future! Worthy mate, come on!'"

So, so, my good friend, thought I, you're as well pleased, I see, as if the money had gone to your pocket instead of mine: for, whenever the doctor was in the full tide of his


case—every one
thing less than
suit him.

Neither was it
one with a good
displayed his own
thesis, and very
The reader will su
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lot—and, to my mi
happiest parts of i
of great conversatio
only one or two wh
tainly none who eve
continual feast which
well-stored mind offe
So completely, how

had the flag on board for a few days, on ing to Jamaica; and the admiral and Cap- in Howard were walking the quarter-deck. oing up to his superior, and touching his hat, austic thus made his report,—

"'Sir, there is no addition to the sick,
Who now are getting convalescent fast;
They're thriving, sir, as well as sick can thrive.
But we want lime-juice and Peruvian bark,
And all our wine is very nearly gone.
Some other drugs, too, damaged by the damp,
Were better changed when next we are in port.
There is my list: the same, sir, as the last,
With the exception of another name,
John Huggins—a mere trifle—burnt his thumb.'"

"Oh most lame and impotent conclusion!" quoth the captain, as he took the list-book.

Knowing that to actors of musical tempera- ment this disposition to numbers is often una- voidable, I said to Caustic as we walked along: "Did you never play a part on a stage, ir?"

He looked askance at me for a moment, and then, as if talking to himself, broke out—

"'Ay, what a question now the boy does ask!
I've played on many a stage,—and who has not,
That travels far, or is of woman born?
There is the grand Shaksperian stage of life—
The stage for doctors' mates from Aberdeen,
And ev'ry stage of ev'ry sad disease
On which we leeches book sick folks for home.
One, sir, we play on daily; that which floats,
Built for deep tragedy, and many a farce;
Where all its actors strut on the king's boards:
Nations look on to see the spectacle.
Blood, wounds, and death, are stern realities,
Nor any stroke of acting shammed but justice!
One only stage eschew,—the last, my friend,—
That where Jack Ketch plays a chief character,
And you support him in it to the drop—no more—
But shout the rabble, and the actor dies!

[*Exeunt omnes—curtain falls.*

But to return:—Caustic laid his hand on my shoulder, and proceeded:—

truce to this mummery!—here are
ts: jolly dogs! to fall in love with
ıre complaint—very indeed. There
ıme cause for it. What, my men, are
l to your liking?"
sir," replied he who had asked for an

is that your bottle? if so, my good
me taste and see that the loblolly
nade it properly. I've ordered you
: sugar in it."
ıen, sir, he's put it in, sure enough! I
was very nice—but I'm ashamed to
honour this to taste—I've been drink-
the bottle."
leuce you have! and a cup standing
dirty fellow! Is there any other
ıo has lemonade, that has not been
ut of the bottle?"
of them had taken that inclination.
r soul, gentlemen, you're a dirty set of
ls," quoth Caustic, shamming anger.



of duty."

As the man co
showed a degree o
unable to account
the medicine to his

"Very nice," sai
tone—"very;" and
table, went on to
out the ward. As
was finished, he turn
room, and locked the
patients, said,

"Tell me, you che
tigated fools! where
that your medicine is

"Spirit, sir!" falte

"Heart alive, sir!

With many threats and in a great rage in reality, the doctor went out, and telling me to follow him, locked the door; then whispering me not to allow any one to come within hail, left me sentry over the criminals, while he hurried off to the dispensary.

Scarcely had his footsteps died away when I heard a hubbub within the ward, and then one of the patients jumped out of bed and hobbled to the door, having tried which in vain, he bawled out in a sort of under tone,

"Nurse! nurse!"

On hearing this I slipped stealthily away down the passage, and then shuffling my feet as I walked back like an old woman, I imitated a shrill pipe, and whispered at the key-hole,

"What d'ye want?"

"Why, open the door, you old hag."

"Hag yourself, you old blackguard," quoth

"How can me a go to open the door, you le, when the doctor has been and tooked ray the key? What d'ye want, I say?"

"Want, you old catamaran!" said the patient, "why scud below and tell the loblolly boy not to split against himself, for neither old Jalap Jaws, nor his bottle-washer," (that was me,) "have been able to get a word out of us."

"Haven't they," said I, in my own voice, opening the door directly in the old seaman's face. "Old Jalap Jaws and his bottle-washer are much obliged to you then for your information."

When the offender saw me before him, in close juxtaposition with his person, and became convinced of the ruse that had been played off against him, the poor fellow looked as if a straw would have knocked him down.

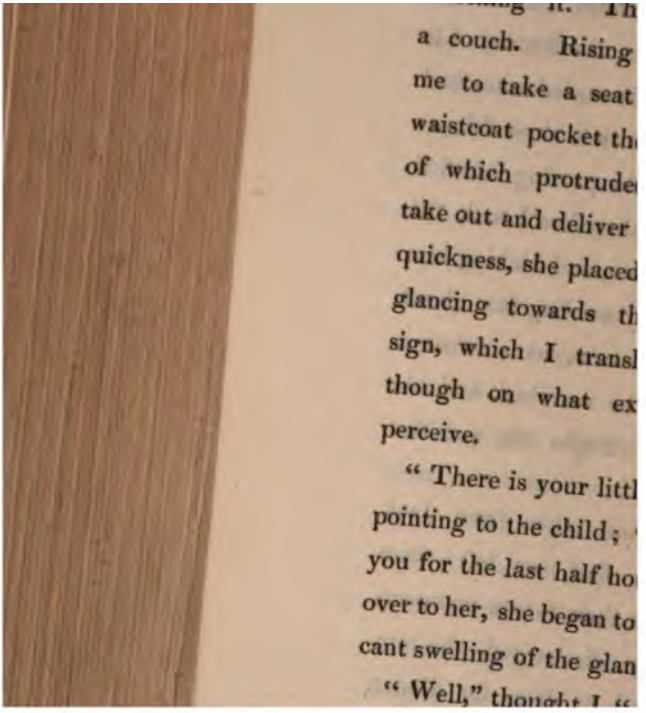
Uttering an exclamation of surprise, which I need not repeat, he limped away to his bed much faster than ever he got out of it. As soon as Caustic returned, I told him what had happened.

"One cannot have too much evidence before

nishment," said he; "but even this discovery of ours we might have done without. I knew that rascal in the dispensary was at the bottom of it all; so charging him, as if his confederates had confessed everything, I learnt that these fellows had subscribed to bribe him for putting rectified spirit into their medicine; therefore I took the liberty of knocking him down, and kicking him for falling, as well as finally sending him about his business. For the future, as soon as a patient comes in he must be searched, and his money taken from him. Begin the practice with these fellows at once.

Having gone round and taken from Jack every penny we could find, we left them considerably distressed at their future prospects of no grog. This duty discharged, the surgeon returned on board to dress for dinner, and I set out to call on Mrs. F——, who lived at some distance from the town.

Having been shown into the room where she was sitting, I found there also a young



a couch. Rising
me to take a seat
waistcoat pocket th
of which protrude
take out and deliver
quickness, she placed
glancing towards th
sign, which I transl
though on what ex
perceive.

" There is your littl
pointing to the child;
you for the last half ho
over to her, she began to
cant swelling of the glan
" Well," thought I, "

y light, I bent over the child's head to ex-
ine the part. The mother did the same, and
heard her whisper, "Is that note in your
cket for me?"

"Yes, madam," I replied, and was about to
ve it to her.

All trouble on this point was, however, saved
e; for scarcely had the words passed my lips
hen, with the familiarity of a sister, she slipped
r beautiful little fingers into my pocket
ew forth its tiny freight, and ere the old
dy could dream of what was passing, had
fely hidden the same within her bosom.

Now at this time I really was—don't laugh,
ader—a remarkably modest fellow; and I
it it to the whole of my professional frater-
ty, however cautious and reserved in these de-
ate matters,—from my most esteemed friend
ephus Handsaroma, downwards,—whether
was possible to have undergone this little
edom at the hands of a beautiful woman,
d yet have retained perfect equanimity?



...ess disp
sion of the f
"What's
off before the
if he doesn't
thing of *Ta*
loger."
"Madam,"
matter with yo
with your presen
that of a salt-wat
he will rapidly be
"Why, doctor,
finger on my sh
proved how well
Hercules would h
"

ink. I shall return in a few minutes ;" and went my lady.

'*Majora canamus*," thought I, and of rse I could not refuse to obey. Having itten some immaterial prescription, I turned nd and entered into conversation with the l lady, remarking to myself that she was a eering sight in the West Indies, where Euro- ans are accustomed to consider life as let out very short leases. Some wine and fruit now ide their appearance, and having found that r companion came from my own county in land, we forgot, among numerous inquiries d replies, how fast the first half hour had parted.

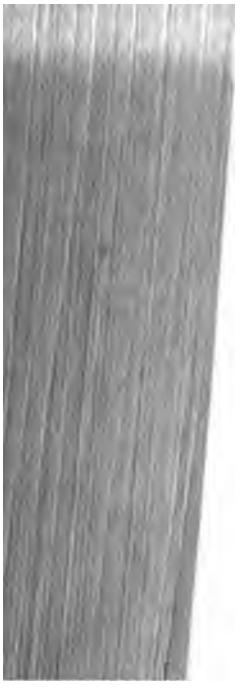
Mrs. F——, now returning, looked at my scription, and, retiring to a window, sum- ned me to her, to translate my barbarous tin. While I was so doing, she drew a still aller note than the one I had brought her, n the same place of refuge to which she conveyed Captain Howard's, and popping it



good morning
hour earlier n
"Well," th
premises, "yo
doubtless have
time." Drawin
ceived that it w
"This is a pret
done? There
matter with that
is with myself;
expects me to b
destine correspond
Truly I feel hono
selection of an age
As I said this

ired Self-interest. "And your promotion into
ie bargain," added Avarice. "But the cha-
acter of a gentleman should be kept sacred,"
ried Truth. "Ay," added Shame, "and pan-
ering to the vices of another is no part of
." "Then I will decline to take another
ne from him," said Courage. "And prepare
o leave his ship, if not the service," rejoined
oresight. "The service may go to the
evil," cried Anger, "and I'll go on board and
ell him I can see his patient no more. His
oney too must be returned, and that's not the
ast delicate part of it."

Having inquired for the captain at his lodg-
ngs, he had, as I anticipated, just set off for
he ship, and thither I followed him. On
eing me come up the side, he quitted the
ffrail near which he was standing talking to
e first lieutenant, and coming forward, held
it his hand, saying, "If you have seen your
atient, you have something for me."



avidity and a
ing to mind a
staggered my
down below ;
communing witl
was to be carrie
"Now," thou
Caustic, he woul
in the most del
most indelicate
But I am under
wholly a confiden
keep my word. I
ard would not
guessed that the
the last

Armed with the anger which this thought alled forth, I made a rush for the main-deck, burst upon my superior in its full fervour. s I drew near the sentry, however, Fancy presented him reading the beautiful Helen's tter, and the double rage into which he ould be hurried, on my disturbing him with ch an opposite picture.

"No—no!" said I, "there can be no harm giving the criminal at least some little reathing time. Meanwhile I will go down to the berth, and con over what I am to say.

Having descended the steerage, the first erson I encountered was my fellow assistant ading a book.

"What have you got there, Andrew?" said glad to change the current of my thoughts r a moment.

"What have I here, sir? Just the princi-les and practice of Christianity, written by a evout minister of your ain kirk. I cannot y I like many of his prelatical opinions, but

most of his observations are discreetly made as to the purity of our lives; and in a climate like this, where many a hale fellow is so suddenly cut off, as we may say, in the flower of his youth, it behoves us to take tent to our ways."

This remark was so gravely uttered, and came so apparently from the bottom of Andrew's heart, that it produced a deep effect upon me. I did not attempt a reply, but sitting down beside my brother assistant, considered in my own mind the possibility of my being an example of the melancholy truth of his words, or that, perhaps, even the kind-hearted but erring Howard himself might be so.

With bitter self-accusation should I then reflect that I had, even in the slightest degree, been accessory to that which I felt assured could have been little short of actual guilt, and was certainly far gone in moral impropriety.

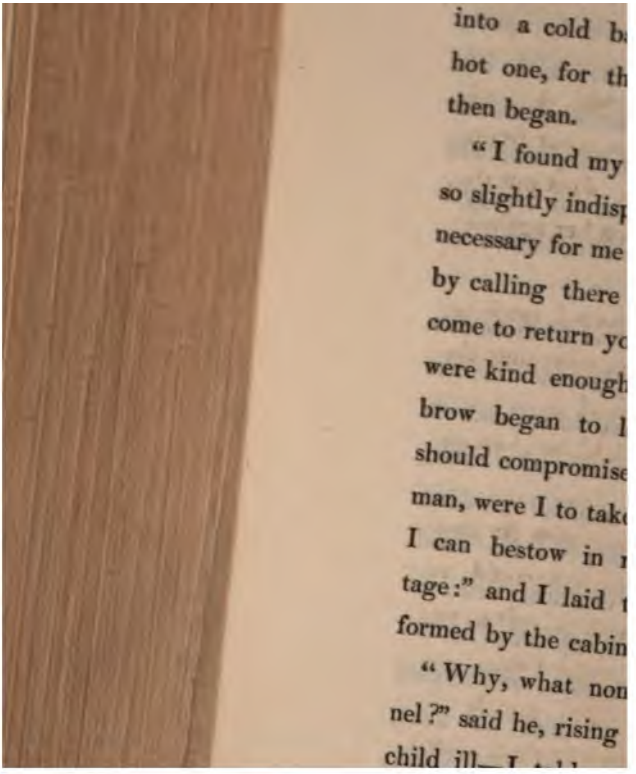
"Yes—I will profit by Lindsay's example—

not only decline to be any longer the
l of this madness, but see if I cannot,
loing, drop one or two words which will
n Captain Howard to a sense of his in-

He is a fine candid fellow, and will
ess appreciate the act, and the struggle
;h which I have been able to resolve on
ievement."

ng from my seat, I repaired to the main-
and sent in my compliments to the
n, with a request for an interview. It
anted. When I entered the after cabin,
s lying on a sofa, with a miniature before
and the still open note in his hand.
d as it were from one of those delicious
es which form part of the rapture of receiv-
ove-letter, his countenance, so well formed
press the emotions of such an hour,
ed rapidly, as he read in my look some-
infinitely less pleasant than the lines of
F——.

ring taken the chair to which he pointed,


into a cold b
hot one, for th
then began.
"I found my
so slightly indis
necessary for me
by calling there
come to return yo
were kind enough
brow began to l
should compromise
man, were I to tak
I can bestow in
tage:" and I laid
formed by the cabin
"Why, what non
nel?" said he, rising
child ill—

"Well, then, where are you so greatly dis-
pointed? She writes to me to say, that her
ind is quite set at ease by your assistance;
nd here, just as this is achieved, a pack
f silly scruples get possession of your brain,
nd turn everything topsy-turvy. Just put the
oney in your pocket, and call on her again as
ou promised."

"Captain Howard, I assure you I made no
romise of the sort; and as to accepting the
oney, that is out of the question."

"Do you *mean* that, sir?" said he, looking
e sternly in the face.

"I do, sir," I replied, as my eyes instinct-
ively sought the ground, though I could not
elp thinking at the time, that mine had
he least cause to be abashed of the two.

"Oh, sir, well—as you like," quoth the
aptain, with affected nonchalance; then, after a
econd's pause, "perhaps you will be good
ough to hand the filthy dirt to me?"

"Here it is, sir—ten guineas, I believe."



been all thr
in his right
into the sea
the cabin, an
"There is
sir," presently
rupting eithe
pensive pausi
tinued—"Ma
plaining youre
"Certainly,
met at your h
of the generos
towards all y
than the great
regret to be ob
ject; but havi

manner, I cannot but regard this
ndence between a single gentleman and
ed lady to be such as it is not con-
with the honour of any third party to
."

said this, Captain Howard paused in
:; two or three of the guineas yet re-
in his hand, and dashing them all out
window together, he advanced with a
tep to where I was standing; and
fierce and bitter sneer gathered on his
, he said—"Since you have taken upon
to read me a moral lecture, be good
to define, with your own strict ideas
iety, how a single gentleman and a
lady should correspond—supposing
that they felt a friendship, of which not
our pure self might be ashamed?"

man of honour need ask *that* question,
Howard," said I, as the blood rose
my veins, at what I felt to be unde-
treatment. Reflecting, however, that

some allowance should be made for one not always accustomed to hear the truth so plainly spoken, I added the word—*twice*. "No man of honour need ask that question twice! The only channel through which such a correspondence should pass, is that of the lady's husband; and perhaps, sir, you will allow me to add—"

"Nothing, sir!—not a word! You have already said more than sufficient. If your motives are sincere, I respect them; but you cannot imagine either that your conduct should be agreeable, or your farther presence necessary."

Captain Howard here made me a low bow, which, however, I did not return, but in a towering rage, walked below, and sat down in the steerage. After a few minutes, I said to myself, "This feeling of annoyance is absurd. What credit should I deserve in my own mind from following the dictates of a better feeling, if no sacrifice was thereby to be entailed? Captain Howard's conduct is just what I

o have expected; so I will no longer
to ruffle me. In one thing only I have
ong—I should have returned his bow.
an to the heart if you choose, but always
e a gentleman. *Mais n'importe!* I am
er man now, without his favour, than
ıe opposite circumstances I ever could
n with it. Yet, I must say, I wish I
liberty to narrate the whole of the cir-
ces to Caustic. I am sure he, at any rate,
ully support me in the views I have
Still more would honest Andrew there,
reading his theology, little dreaming
world that goes on around him, or
martyr, on a small scale, chance has
f his brother doctor's mate! How
ıe be startled at the proposing of
Mercury's office to him! I should
ɛe his face, as the kirk appeared on one
ım, and the daughter of Belial on the

se, sir, the surgeon wants to speak to

you on the main-deck," said one of the ship's boys, bringing down the message.

Going thither in full obedience, there I found Caustic pacing to and fro.

"Tut man alive! what have ye been doing with the captain?" said he, as I came up to him.

"Nothing very particular, sir, that I know of."

"Or that ye mean to tell of, rather, I suppose? Well, well! you're right to keep your own matters to yourself; only something has happened between ye, I'll affirm. He sent for me a few minutes since, to say that Andrew Lindsay—save the mark!—was to relieve you in charge of the sick ashore. The reason he gave was, that one might not be favoured beyond the other; but I saw by his look something has gone wrong, sir—clean wrong! What have ye been about? Waes me! young blood will be hot blood! You Irishmen are sad fellows! Have ye not been able to let that nurse crea-

re Jenny alone? I saw the captain looking ther sweet on her. Are there not black devils ough on the island, but you must be disturb- g the monarch of the forest with his game? s there no balm in Gilead, no physician n Israel, you vagabond? Well, well! all at's about it is this,—Hermish Mac Termish mortally savage, and I fear you've lost a riend: and so, young man, if the evil destinies f thy genius should cast up a vacancy for a urgeon, as my soul lives, he'll give it to An- rew—supple, senseless Andrew! the booing ound! What could make ye give him such n advantage over you, so fairly as you had he start?"

"Mr. Lindsay I believe to be a very good oung man, sir," said I, anxious to change the onversation.

"He be d——!" quoth Caustic, hastily,— nd then continuing,

"When you've lived in the world as long as I,
More skill, sir, will ye have in choosing such;



My loo
But we
Bear th
How a
Upon hi
Bids all

"Take hi
charge; and
your traps off
asked to dine
name we all of
whose red nose
not return on b
the ship. I sha
not!—he is a
Julius Cæsar, A

;" counting upon his fingers, "your *bed*, r *dinner*, and your *purse* ; these are the r and only stedfast friends that heaven has en to man !"

' What's that you say, doctor?" interrupted captain, coming out from his cabin behind

"Nothing, sir," returned Caustic, "but a le of what I may call natural philosophy, ich I was inculcating upon my young friend re."

"Ay, ay, then let me too be a sharer;" and king Caustic by the arm, he led him away to e quarter-deck: for, however great the "tan- um," that his mightiness, or, indeed, any ber officer in the ship might be in, the doc- r's exceeding good temper and humorous con- sation were sure to soothe it down.

On hearing the change of duty destined for n, Lindsay received it with a degree of equa- nity which made me think that Caustic— o had never shown a disposition to like his

countryman—had, in this instance, been guilty of an injustice.

The dinner at the house of the fat sugar-merchant with the red nose was, as Caustic had prophesied, a very good dinner, and certainly did, rather than otherwise, tend to restore my good-humour.

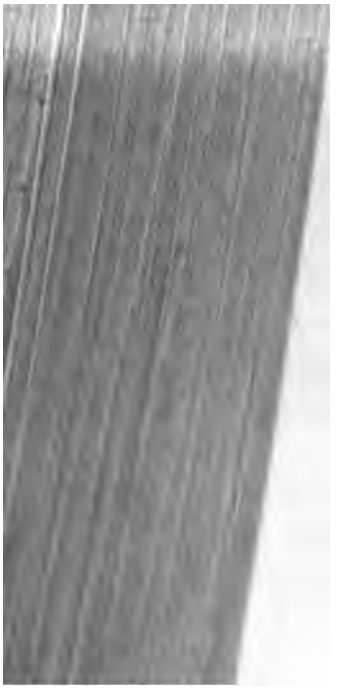
Captain Howard seemed surprised at seeing me there, but in no way manifested any remains of that anger which had so liberally and deliberately jerked ten guineas from his windows to feed the sharks, who, after all, would doubtless have thanked him much more for a couple of four-pound pieces of pork. As usual, the dinner was followed by an evening party and a dance, at which, for the first time, I missed my worthy captain.

On asking our host whither he had gone, I was told that some urgent duty required his temporary absence. I wondered what duty it could be, but said nothing. Twelve o'clock soon arrived, but the urgent duty had not yet

t free the honourable captain. All the belles f the island too were present—the same bloom- g faces that I had been accustomed to see and nce with night after night; and there, too, as the major with his whist; but where was is wife? where the engaging and lovely rs. F.——?

Nobody could give any account of her. One id she was coming—others, that she was not; d one wag told me she died that morning of llow Jack, and that he had taken her off to ep an appointment that evening with the land- ds. Having seen the lady myself out of ors a few hours before, I took the liberty of ling him, that none but fools kept appoint- nts with such folks, but that they were then iting for himself.

My waggish informant looked rather blank this reply, and I went up to the major, her sband. He played a very good game, and uld not have brooked any one speaking to n, to have said his house was on fire, or his



was, e
Seizing
he belie
"Sinc
"Oh!
ache!—a
the house.
Very lik
the appoint
for the matt
me far more
I considered
tain Howard
myself clear
were no eviden
if the honours

ge ones, we went on board; and immediately
er due attention had been paid to the few
k still remaining on board, Caustic sent me
ore to superintend the refitting up of our
dicine-chest. In pursuance of this duty, I
t Andrew Lindsay; and as soon as my ser-
e was concluded, I turned to depart.

"Can ye inform me, Mr. O'Donnel, which is
preceese road to the house of Mrs. Major
—?"

"Oh, oh, my boy!" thought I; "so you're put
n the scent, are you? One would have
ught the sensitive captain wouldn't have
st himself in the way of a second declina-
. But, *de gustibus non est disputandum.*
' was refractory — a sinner like myself—
d save the captain from the rebuking fangs
the serious Andrew, when once the leal
man opens in full cry."

Determined, however, to have some fun with
successor in the Caduceus line, I put on a
y long face, and said,—

"The way, Andrew, is so plain, that you cannot mistake it. Though 'tis a pity that a young man of your promise should fall a victim to that blood-thirsty major her husband! For the sake of science, my good fellow, and the mother that bore you, take care how you deliver to my lady the note you have in your pocket."

"Tut, sir! it's most ungenteel of you to have been prying into the contents of my coat," cried Andrew, as suddenly and angrily as possible.

"Lord, man! your pocket's as safe as need be—it wasn't there I saw the note."

"In the name of gudeness where then, sir?"

"In your face, Andrew, to be sure!"

If, as a magician, I had laid open to his view the most terrible secrets of nature, he could not have been more surprised, and laughing heartily at his detection, I went my way.

## CHAPTER VIII.

's ———'s pistol ready for your life,
nder still, a ——— for your wife."
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

ening which followed the scene with
indsay, as described in the last chap-
c himself spent the evening ashore,
ş slept at the house of his host, re-
board the next afternoon by two
is being the hour at which the
abin was open, to afford his officers
age of his library.
ıever saw any particular advantage in
ş" myself, was reading there; I was
when Caustic entered I gave him a

report of the sick list, and he took down a book, and seating himself near me, we enjoyed that dear privilege of friendly minds—now luxuriating in our "meadows of margin and rivulets of type," and now breaking off into a few delicious moments of conversation, as anything occurred to our vagrant fancies.

After a long pause, Caustic suddenly laid down his book upon its face—a thing he never did unless when deeply absorbed. After looking round the cabin for a few minutes in deep abstraction, he said solemnly,

"The tenant of this floating house is a fine young fellow!—a noble-hearted young fellow! But, sir, he is going to the devil!"

Having said this, he resumed his volume, and for ten minutes not another word was spoken.

"It often strikes me as astonishing," quoth Caustic, laying down his book a second time, and resuming the severed thread, "how great is frequently the influence obtained by

rthless women over men of high parts!—and er men of no description is a woman's in- ence so great as over sailors! O'Donnel, I ow you observe passing events; you have en the game of whist—shall I call it—that is ing on ashore?"

I made no reply, further than such as a ight motion of the head might be construed convey.

"Last night he dined with us, and absented imself soon after dinner; he did the same the ght before. She not to be seen either—said be ill; met that smooth-tongued knave, ndrew Lindsay, going up to her house; took s hat fairly off his head as usual, because he inks I am as fond of booing as himself, and t fell a note; picked it up for him of course; ought as much—*billet doux* from him to her— ppery Andrew the bearer of course. Well, any rate we sail the day after to-morrow— t much mischief can ensue 'twixt this and en! Major a most complacent body of a

husband—perfect Cato!—a breed upon the increase!—last mark of a luxurious decay!"

The doctor ceased, and looking down as intently on his book as if he had never spoken, I smiled at his coolness, and though I made no reply, I saw at once that no part of our supercargo's conduct had escaped his observation. I learnt also the truth of his estimation of Andrew Lindsay—the canting scoundrel!—who, with so much profession on his lips, and simplicity in his manner, had so little self-denial in his heart!

And here also was to me a marked proof of Caustic's grasp of mind. To all appearance, the book of womankind was the only one he never studied; yet I never heard him make a remark about them which did not show at once the depth of his experience, and his original way of using it.

Barely had the silence been resumed when the door opened, and in walked the object of our thoughts—Captain Howard. When he saw

ustic he was about to speak, but on recog-
sing me he simply waved his hand to both,
d passed on to the inner cabin. By mutual
ent we both of us at once put by our books,
ne, and retired: since, as the captain was
w so little aboard, we thought it wrong to
trude on his solitude during that brief
pace.

That night I again remained in the ship, but learnt next day that the same "*urgent busi-ess*" had withdrawn the captain, and still Mrs. ?—— was indisposed.

The next day at daylight we were to sail! eave ceased to the great extent it had before een given—other thoughts occupied us. Half f my brother-officers were, or fancied them-ves, deeply in love—almost skin deep—and not oul could spare an idea for our flirting captain. About nine o'clock in the evening Caustic s seized with a violent sickness, which at st looked so like cholera as to frighten us all verely. At ten, however, the symptoms had

abated, and Lindsay and myself were sitting in his cabin reading to him by his own desire, while he, lulled by opium, just hung upon the confines of the world of dreams, and the world of pains!

I was reading, but at a message from the first lieutenant, I gave the book up to my brother mate, and repaired to the quarter-deck.

"How is the surgeon now?" said the first lieutenant.

"Much better, sir."

"I'm glad of it. Let Mr. Lindsay sit up to attend him, if necessary; and do you go to bed, and stand by to get up to-morrow morning to go ashore with me on duty. Have ready also, to put into your pocket, a small case of instruments. And, sir, remember, I rely on your sense of duty as an officer, and your honour as a gentleman, that not a word of this conversation is mentioned."

I touched my hat in assent, and walked below. "This is a world," thought I, "where

e sees queer things!" and I, after this an-
uncement, am expected to sleep soundly,
d to take the whole advantage of the remain-
ꝛ six hours! To what a vastly fine piece of
chinery your true disciplinarian would re-
ce a man! What can be in the wind now?
urder of some sort, doubtless." However, the
st task was to get ready my part of the "cold
el;" which I did, as well as I could guess at
e duty before me, whether for the slaughter
a bullock or a kid; and that all arranged, I
rned in, quite comfortable in course, as Jack
ys.

"The persons of a hakim and an ambas-
dor are sacred," muttered I, dropping asleep;
they won't shoot me;" and after a thousand
eamy conjectures, mostly wrong, and two
three right ones, I fell fast locked in
mber.

The next morning, at a quarter to four
clock, I found myself rowing ashore with the
st lieutenant. We landed. The drowsy

boat's crew waited in the barge, and Gibbon and myself proceeded to the quarters of the captain.

"So it *has* come to this at last!" was my soliloquy. "How invariably certain lines will tend to given centres! A man placed in my position has nothing for it, but to form some of the most melancholy speculations to which the mind can give rise. Half an hour more, and I may see that man fall in the worst of causes, whom, a few days since, I beheld the admired hero of hundreds in what was comparatively the best.

In a few minutes Captain Howard and Lieutenant Gibbon joined me; the latter was looking sad and dejected, the former pale but cheerful, and yet most unlike the daring and skilful seaman I had seen on the carnage-stained lower-deck of the Epaminondas, during that awful night of our engagement. There was all the cool determination, and the same life; but *then* no pallor overspread the coun-

mance—no sinking of the heart, oppressed by bad cause.

We proceeded to the field—not one word was spoken during the whole way. When we gained the spot, which did, indeed, look beautiful in the imperfect light that precedes the sunburst of a tropical day, the captain suddenly turned round, and shook me warmly and silently by the hand. It was as much as to say—here our difference is for ever ended. I felt it as a melancholy omen, for I loved the man. I returned his clasp long and ardently, and the tears started into my eyes as I thought in how few minutes that grasp might be powerless in death. I tried to give utterance to the warm affection swelling at my heart, but I could not effect my purpose, and while yet making the effort, the opposite party appeared upon the ground.

I immediately retired. I saw the ground marked, and the principals placed, and then at once perceived that the captain's antagonist was

not, as I had naturally concluded, the major, whose figure was much stouter, and that of an older man. This puzzled me exceedingly—I knew not what to think of it—and while endeavouring to reconcile this change of persons, the pistols were delivered—the seconds drew aside—the word was given—the parties fired—and Captain Howard fell!

This I had anticipated. Every one made a rush towards him, and, in three moments after his fall, he was surrounded by four whom I could not help feeling were the accessaries to his fate.

"Doctor!" said he, looking in my face with perfect calmness and intrepidity, "I am a dying man! Colonel Macintosh," turning to his antagonist, "give me your hand."

The gentleman who was addressed was kneeling at his side, and pressed the captain's ashy hand between his, with a degree of remorse that went to the very soul of each of the bystanders. The only words that broke from him, however, were—

"My God! to have shot such a man for such a cause!"

The captain now cried out for water, and fainted. The water I had fortunately brought with me, but for some minutes I never expected to see my poor commander revive. He did, however, and I searched for his wound. This was on the right side, directly under the arm, which concealed it, while it served as a channel for the trickling blood. There was not much hemorrhage, but he complained, as poor Nelson had, of being shot through the back-bone, and spoke with extreme difficulty.

As near as we could understand what was said, Captain Howard affirmed the ball to have passed through him, and lodged in the left side. When, however, we attempted to remove his clothes and examine the wound, he uttered such agonising cries to be let lie quiet, and die in peace, that we had not the heart to attempt moving him on board. Gibbon, therefore, sat down upon the

ground, supporting his head and shoulders on his lap; his antagonist's second held some salts for him to smell, and the colonel remained kneeling by his side, grasping his hand, and watching his pale and handsome features in an agony of despair.

His cap had fallen off, and the first gentle risings of the morning air fluttered now and then among the long light locks that curled over his forehead; his eyes remained closed, and nothing but an occasional motion of the lips betrayed remaining life. Meanwhile I had cut away his clothes, and got to the wound. To all appearance, the ball must have passed directly through the cavity of the chest; but then, considering what vital organs it must in all probability have wounded, the wonder was that he should still survive.

The bleeding had nearly ceased. I looked at it for a moment, and considered over the matter. The pulse was already stronger, and

took into account his exclamation of
ıot through the back-bone, I could not
that the course of the bullet had been
ɔr its effects so deadly as I at first sup-
During the time of this examination,
:athless suspense with which my three
ts waited on my words, no description
ly depict.
putting my probe into the wound, its
s was immediately arrested by one of
i.
, we may hope!" I exclaimed. The
heard my words imperfectly, and look-
into the first lieutenant's face replied,
, Gibbon, I make a vacancy for you—no
eserves it more. Two weeks ago how
ıtly this would have told!"
others, hearing this, thought *they* had
ıe mistake—"My dear Captain Howard,
ıistake; I said there *was* hope."—He
at me for a moment and, smiling faintly
:ruggling to speak, muttered—



quickly, and we
and laudanum,
self immediatel
"Don't talk,
he had come rou
I am not wrong
of many a good
try and trace th
whenever you thi
the right track, c
My impression
lead had glanced o
the skin. So passi
back, a convulsive
told me I was righ
bral column, a larg
proclaimed

it the sight of his enemy would do him
ood than anything else, and finding it
) the surface, I took a scalpel, and, be-
: captain was aware of my intention, by
l opening released the captive.

feeling the knife, he cried out very an-
till I held up the result before him
id, "Here's the rascal, sir; he has
he old traverse, in at one side and out
)ther."

ain Howard looked at the extracted
tedfastly for a moment, gave a sigh that
to carry off a load of apprehension,
ile his lips involuntarily played into a
bestowed a certain *outré* but sailorlike
on upon the bullet's "eyes," which
e to clear up the cloudy countenances
him than could have done the most
ophic remarks of Socrates.

he laudanum acted on his spirits, he
ne to give him "another morning
and said that when I could report his

"shot-holes plugged," he was ready for weighing. This was joyful news for us all, but to no one more so than the colonel. He shook me by the hand again and again, as if I could have had any influence on the escape which he had made.

Having prepared a rude kind of hammock of our coats and handkerchiefs, the captain was carefully carried down to the boat, though not without sundry exclamations. The colonel saw him on board, and waited till the anchor was weighed and the ship had fairly gathered way in standing out to sea. Then, with many requests that he might hear quickly how his antagonist got on, he and his second left the ship; though, as Caustic afterwards said, it was paying a dear as well as a queer price for a man's love, to let him first shoot you through the body.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Take pains; be perfect—adieu."
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

LL as he still was, the good-hearted surgeon ft his bed as soon as he learnt that his captain as wounded, and came to hold a sort of con-ltation by his cot. Lindsay also entered a few inutes afterwards, but the captain no sooner w him than he said, "We won't trouble you, r, at present;" and Andrew, with a profound boo," withdrew. Caustic, though too unwell to and, no sooner heard the details and examined

the vertebræ, than he said, with one of his nonchalant sarcasms, which those who knew him can never forget—

"Tut, tut, Captain Howard, this back-bone of yours may do a deal of mischief yet, if you'll only keep quiet and let it alone. It's had a severe rap; I wouldn't advise you to take another exactly on the same spot; a little higher up or lower down, maybe, would prove more agreeable."

"Agreeable! you Caustic vagabond! If it were *your* back, you wouldn't be quite so pleasant on the subject."

"Why, yes, Captain Howard, we all cry 'oh' to the burden we don't bear; but we men of science are too wise to put ourselves in the way of these little pleasantries."

"Ay, ay! But now you have me on my back, I need expect no mercy. I tell you what I wish you would do, as you are nearly as bad as I am:—have your cot brought here and hung

p on the other side of the cabin. We should ake a capital sick mess."

To this Caustic readily assenting, the carenters put up a screen-berth opposite the aptain's, and Caustic, without more ado, was uietly installed co-tenant of the cabin.

This being arranged, the former insisted on ly reading Gil Blas to them ; while Caustic fforded a sort of running commentary, and nriched the same with some of his best stories ; ll Captain Howard laughed to such a degree at, fearful of the effect, I took the liberty f declaring them both my patients, shut the ook, and went on deck.

It was at this time about eleven o'clock. The vo brigs that had been lying at Barbadoes had iled with us for Martinique, and one of them ow made a signal that she wanted to commuicate. Having shortened sail till she came up, e commander put off in a boat, and informed aptain Howard that a death vacancy had just curred on board his vessel, from the murder

of her surgeon; that he had on board no assistant, and now therefore required the appointment to be filled up.

The murder had occurred thus: a quarter of an hour before the signal was made, the captain and the surgeon were walking the quarter-deck of the brig, when, just as they were turning round under the maintop, one of the seamen from above let fall a marlingspike of extra size and weight, being nearly a foot and a half long, by two inches and a half broad at its largest diameter. The sharp round point of this instrument having struck the surgeon's skull, pierced through and through it; and the poor fellow dropped dead upon the deck.

The seaman, on being secured, had immediately declared it to have been an accident; but the commander affirmed that this was impossible, since the weapon was a top marlingspike, never intended to be carried further aloft, and always hitherto secured by a strong laniard spliced through its eye. When found in the surgeon's

rain, however, the laniard was gone, and ıough one or two could not deny that it was ecurely fastened when the ship left Barbadoes, he culprit declared that he found it lying loose n the top, and took it up in his hand to the nasthead for the purpose of refastening it, vhen his foot tripping in a coil of rope, it lipped from his hold through lubber's hole, ınd glancing from one of the catharpin shrouds, nflicted the fatal blow.

The offender was immediately placed in irons, ınd the commander now applied for a surgeon, vhose first duty would be to assist in holding n inquest on the body of his predecessor. The aptain, having given directions to his clerk to vrepare an acting order till such time as the ommander-in-chief should confirm it, sent for ne. When I entered his cabin he had a paper ı his hand, which he put into mine, saying— This day, it seems, brings each of us his eserts. I wish you joy, O'Donnel. There is your future captain"—pointing to commander



His appeara
time, but hol
apparent warm
congratulation
desired me to l
together, that I
was indeed a sh
many shipmates
spected, and lotl
minutes I almost c
my promotion, an
much kindness an
A moment's re
me, that if ever I
tion at all, it must

## CHAPTER X.

"Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge of thine own cause."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

DIFFERENT men have different ideas of luck. For my part, I must confess I have often thought of it, talked of it, witnessed it, and wished for it; but as to experiencing the thing, I take upon me to say, that I am one of the most unlucky devils that ever Fortune played football with. Why now, it was only last night—but no matter. That story will keep till another time. I certainly do now and then console my-



Before I
the dear old
counsel me
the horrible
in one of th
West Indies!
I recollecte
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contented faces
plete contrast to
me. As my ey
pallid and anxiou
recollected his em
"As I live

cles descended on the guiltless head. Faith, but I'll take care how I'm found walking in your company, Captain E——. If I had in any way possessed the power, I would have given the world to have returned on board the frigate. But it was impossible; and so miserable did I feel at thinking of the exchange fortune had thrust upon me, that I felt almost inclined to tear in pieces the acting order I held in my hand, and throw it overboard.

On reaching the brig, which I shall call the Infernal, everything I saw tended to confirm my apprehensions—a dirty and slovenly ship—slavish, suspicious looking officers — midshipmen almost in rags—and sullen, unwilling men. "O Fortune!" muttered I, "hast thou not enough persecuted me, that thou shouldst bring me here?"

In the actualities of life, however, I sought refuge from my despair. I saw my little peculiars got on board, and bundled down without much ceremony into the cabin of the deceased.

Then came the inquest. This part was soon played. When you find an iron pike thrust through a man's skull, and penetrating beyond the base of the brain into the throat, it does not require the skill of a Guthrie to pronounce the same a very sufficient cause of death.

The verdict was murder of course—the captain wished it to be so—that was enough; and his will, I undertake to affirm, was much more consulted in the matter—ay, and much more proper too—than anything that could have been discovered in any of those silly laws of evidence with which idle lawyers clog their cob-webbed brains. Not that this, mark you, resulted from any want of mercy; for the jury did not take away the prisoner's life! Everybody knew he was as good as hung already, long before a single juror was empanelled.

The inquest finished, and the surgeon buried, the mess went to dinner. The sea was not very rough, nor did I consider myself in particularly bad health; but yet a most unaccount-

ble fit of sea-sickness took possession of me, nd I went on deck. There, as my particularly bad luck would have it, whom should I neet but the commander, and before I could avoid him, he seized me by the arm to walk the deck. To walk the deck forsooth! If that was not malice aforethought, I know nothing of the matter. But this isn't likely. I declare that every time we approached the fatal main-mast, I felt as if a cold frog were creeping up my back, or rather down it! After the econd turn, unable to stand it any longer, I protested I was so unwell that I must retire to ly cot.

Egad! thought I, the neck of these quarter-eck walks must be broken, or mine will be. 'his fellow will dispose of as many naval doctors in a single cruise, as come up in a whole eason in Leith smacks from Aberdeen!

That day I was asked to dine in the cabin, here I had the honour of meeting the captain's clerk, a miserable animal, whose soul

seemed to have been taken from the body of a spaniel to fill that of a slave. He neither smiled nor sighed, and scarcely breathed, and would as soon have thought of speaking without being spoken to, as of swallowing the carving knife.

That dinner fully revealed to me how truly I had estimated the position maintained between the commander and his inferiors, even if the hint and innuendo so freely bandied about among the gun-room officers had not before led me to suspect it. Of a more uncomfortable dinner, or one more wretchedly stinted, I never partook at a superior's table. The wine being of an order little superior to the viands, I felt it to be a great release when I heard a broad hint given for the "guests" to leave the cabin.

As is usually the case, quarters succeeded, and then the top-sails were reefed. Nothing could be more lubberly than the general style in which this was executed. The purser

ıd myself were talking near the taffrail: he as a canny northern, and bade me remark ɔe lazy manner in which the men attempted ɔ discharge their duty: asking me if I could econcile that with the character of a com- ander who was the most strict man in the ervice for insisting on the very letter of the aw, with respect to all who were under his rders.

"So," added Mr. Nipcheese, "take care ɔ bear this in mind; for it may be the eans of saving you much annoyance."

While we were yet talking, the second captain f the maintop, who, as a smart young man, was marked exception to the great majority of the hip's crew, happened, in his efforts to stimulate is men to get their sail reefed first, to lose his alance at the lee yardarm, and fell overboard.

He was a stout, strong swimmer, and, on re-appearing on the surface just under the counter, was as collected as a man could well be expected under such trying circumstances to

prove. The sea was pretty smooth, and the ship making little way; we had no difficulty, therefore, in seeing him slowly drop astern. With as little emotion as if it had been his tobacco-box, the captain ordered one of the quarter boats to be lowered. The men with equal deliberation set about obeying the order.

I, who had been accustomed to see a fellow-creature's life in such a case an object of the greatest solicitude, was straining my eyes with the strongest anxiety and fear, lest the lessening object should become too imperceptible for recovery. "If they don't make haste," said I, "he'll be lost."

"Na, na, ye're wrong, sir, nothing of the sort," quoth the purser, pulling out his tooth-pick; "for if the boats don't pick him up, the sharks will! Naething's ever lost! Na, na, don't be unhappy for that—not a morsel of him!"

For a moment I turned round and looked at the purser in astonishment. I began to consi-

ler whether this was a reality, or some frightful hallucination, which had falsely placed me amongst such a set of "old men of the sea." At this moment the boat shoved off, and I could just see the struggling seaman appearing every now and then on the water.

"There lies your man," said I, pointing in the seaman's direction, to the midshipman in the boat.

"Mr. M'Donnel, no one is allowed to stand on the signal-lockers," cried the captain.

"What then," thought I, "can it be a crime to render the saving of life more certain?"

However, I quitted the post I had taken for the sake of the more extended view, and walking forward to the forecastle, where I thought might be allowed a peep, had the satisfaction of seeing the poor fellow, thanks to his own courage and good limbs, picked up.

As I was quite sure how exhausted he must be, I walked to the gangway, and gave directions that he might be taken below. Though

as brown as a berry when he fell into the water, his countenance now wore the pale ashy hue of inanition. The top-sails had been reefed, the ship hove-to, and the watch long since called. The captain only waited on deck till he saw that the main-topman, Beckett, was safe on board. As he went down the ladder to his own cabin, I heard him say to his first lieutenant, "See that you put that man into the report." But these words, in general so ominous on board a man-of-war, fell unheeded on my ear, taken up as I was with seeing Beckett carefully handed below, and giving instructions that his hammock should be unstowed.

With the usual attentions the poor fellow was restored; he was put into the sick list for that night, as a mere matter of form, that he might not be disturbed to keep watch; and expressing himself quite well on the following morning, his name was discharged.

On reporting the sick list on the quarter-deck, I was told that morning and evening re-

orts were not sufficient for the commander of
small brig; but that, with the responsibility
f the health of so many men resting upon
is shoulders, he must require a third report of
he sick list at noon, the other two being de-
vered at the nine o'clock daily muster by
ivisions, and at six o'clock quarters.

Having made a low bow, and muttered to my-
lf, "What a precious humbug!" I was about
retire from the presence of the great man on
hom the responsibility weighed so heavily.

"But sir," said the commander, "I don't
e the name of Beckett in the list!"

"No, poor fellow! He, sir, has expressed
wish to return to his duty to-day; to which
consented, as he seemed nearly recovered."

"I will thank you, sir, not to *poor fellow*
y of my men. My crew, sir, stand in need
unsolicited compassion from no one."

I bowed again, though I could willingly have
nt the speaker to the lowest abyss of ——;
t no matter what. "Then, Mr. O'Donnel,"

continued he, "I am to understand you that Beckett is returned as fit to do his duty?"

"He is, sir."

"My good Mr. Hawkins," turning to the first lieutenant, who stood beside us on the quarter-deck, "let the gratings be rigged for punishment at six bells."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Mr. Hawkins; and the commander went below.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I demanded, turning to the first lieutenant.

"I can't say, Mr. O'Donnel," returned he sulkily; but I saw that he could say, but would not: so, heartily sick of the hour that had brought me my promotion amid such a set of fellows, I swore, like Falstaff, that I would scorn to "walk through Coventry with them," and proceeded below.

## CHAPTER XI.

"I would you
Had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy, and
That at my bidding you could so stand up."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THIS promises but unhappily for me," mut-ted I, the vivid contrast between the brig d the Epaminondas being brought before my e so strikingly at every step; "and here comes punishment, to crown it all, on the second day my coming aboard! I wonder who is to be e sufferer? At any rate not I."

For a moment a vague suspicion flashed across y mind, but it seemed so outrageous, so in-

famous, that it was at once discarded, as too gross for the most common sense person to entertain.

Going into my cabin, and getting ready my full uniform, which, from all I had heard of my new commander, I rightly guessed to be a thing he required, I took up a book, read on till five bells, half an hour before the appointed time, and exactly at eleven, when I heard the boatswain's cry of all hands, I walked to the quarter-deck, where the officers were already assembled.

There is something in punishment on board a ship of the British navy, which makes it by far the most solemn, heart-chilling spectacle of all which take place upon that sad theatre, or, as Caustic had so well termed it, "floating stage." The castigation is itself so severe, and so surely more or less diffuses its heavy spirit over the hearts of all concerned, spectators or sufferers, that going into action is mere holiday sport compared to it.

To the culprit this must evidently be the
e. The captain can or ought to feel scarcely
. The warmest sympathies of the men na-
ally make it a torturing exhibition to them;
what officer of any worth is able to help
ddering at its dread necessity? I never saw
e feelings more strongly manifested than in
present case. Still I was ignorant as to
was the ram caught in the thicket. Judge
of my immeasurable astonishment at hear-
the captain say—

"William Beckett."

"Here, sir," replied the young petty officer.

"Strip," said his superior.

For a moment the noble-hearted fellow's
grew like what it was when I saw him
led up the side on the preceding evening.
looked at his commander in perfect bewil-
ment—then at the surrounding circle of
ers on the quarter-deck—at the throng of
shipmates behind; and, as if this prepara-
inspection had been necessary to summon

his energies to say a word in defence, before his accusation was even made, he opened his lips to speak.

"Strip!" cried the commander, stamping on the deck.

With that word the poor fellow's spirit seemed cowed. He no longer attempted to hammer out a syllable, but, untying his neck-cloth, took off his jacket. The master-at-arms advanced to receive them from him, and helped to rid him of his checked shirt; and I thought, as I saw his symmetrical limbs burning in the hot sun, that a more nobly made fellow, or one more likely to do the king good service, I had never beheld.

"Seize him up!" said the commander.

The foxes of rope-yarn were produced, and in a few minutes he was lashed by the knees and elbows to the gratings. Every one was looking on in a state of surprise and amazement not very usual at punishments, while on the countenances of the crew I read the boiling but

ppressed wrath of men stung to the last pitch indignation by tyranny, and in that ripe ate of mutiny when the slightest accident will oduce the worst results.

The Epaminondas, meanwhile, was on our ather bow, and I could not help thinking, as y eye caught her well-set sails, how little her ad-hearted captain could imagine the scene ting, and so immediately within his neighbour-od.

There was now a dead pause for a few conds; the first lieutenant alone seemed in the ret, and indifferent to the scene. The captain ld in his hand the articles of war, seemingly a loss to know which it was that had been oken. At last he said—

"John Beckett, I am going to flog you."

"What for, sir? I've done nothing that I ow of, sir, except having the misfortune to ll overboard; and I hope your honour's not ing to flog me for that?"

"No, sir, not for falling overboard; but for itting the ship without leave."

When this sentence was pronounced, there was a distinct groan from among the men. The captain looked at them for a moment; but as no one stirred, or could be detected individually prominent in this insubordinate expression of their feelings, the commander read the general article of war, which authorises the punishment of offences not specifically named, and then called out,

"Boatswain's mate, do your duty."

As this order was given, I looked around me.

"Can it be possible," I said, "that this infamous oppression should be allowed, and not one of his junior officers attempt to remonstrate with such a brute?"

Not one showed the least disposition to interfere. Determined it should never be said that I was discouraged, I stepped out of the circle of my fellow pacers of the quarter-deck, while yet the boatswain's mate was taking off his jacket with as much slowness and reluctance as he

ctore the punishment of this man is car-
to effect, sir, permit me to remark that I
serving him at the very moment of his fall,
am sure that it was not only quite acci-
, but was solely the consequence of his
our to discharge his duties in the most
and expeditious manner."

o you find it, sir, in your instructions,"
l the commander, " to interfere in the
luty of the ship, or advise your superiors,
d, as to who requires punishment or

o, sir, I do not; but common huma-
—"

ll back, sir. Boatswain's mate, pro-

ventured to allow of his taking such a station at the gangway."

"Then, sir, the responsibility be upon your shoulders, for allowing a man out of the sick list before the proper time."

Another groan from the men here broke in upon my remonstrance, and the commander drawing a pistol from his pocket, levelled it at the head of the boatswain's mate, crying out,

"Proceed!"

"If," thought I, "my interference goes any further, and the men break out into some sudden act of mutiny, I may not only become implicated in it, but, instead of one man being unjustly flogged, many innocent lives will be sacrificed."

Whish!—through the air rang the first lash of the boatswain's mate. It fell with its blood-marked stain upon the guiltless back, and inflicted on the poor fellow's heart a degradation no future kindness could obliterate. I did not openly call on heaven for ever to curse and

blast the wretch who had thus abused his arbitrary power; but the aspirations of my bosom were not the less fervent for their want of utterance.

Without a sigh or murmur, Beckett received two dozen—each from the hand of a fresh mate; at the third, the boatswain himself, a tall, herculean fellow, was called upon to take his part, and at his first lash the head of the sufferer, which had hitherto remained fixed on the heavens, as if there imploring the mercy denied to him on earth, fell back listless on the right shoulder, as pale as death.

"Stop, sir!" cried I, almost choking with rage as the stroke was about to be repeated; "the man has fainted. May he be cast off now, sir?" turning to the commander.

"No," said the latter, "let him have some water where he stands."

"Water, sir," said I, "is not sufficient to support nature under such a violation of her

system. I feel compelled to order him some wine. If you refuse it, sir, the responsibility of what happens must rest with you."

Another groan arose from the men, but the commander, grasping his pistol, seemed not to hear it. The wine was brought—the man revived—the punishment was renewed! At the end of the third dozen the commander ordered him to be cast off.

"It is fortunate you have done so, sir," said I, "for very little more, and I would not have answered for his life."

"I wish I'd known that you were going to say that," replied the scoundrel, "I'd have given him another dozen. But you shall answer for your conduct this day, sir."

"Yes, sir," replied I, significantly, "we must both do that at some time or another, however distant the day may be."

"Consider yourself under arrest, sir."

"With pleasure, sir. It is the most valuable

eration I have received since entering the

."

ving the tyrannical wretch with these , I walked below, lost in wonder in my ind how the same service could produce uch opposite specimens as himself and in Howard. Nor was my disgust much the conduct of my brother juniors than ir superior. I felt that they must be ost abject beings under the sun, to s such infamous outrages without remon- e, or, finding this ineffectual, without at quitting the sphere of their perpetra-



"As I am a
sick or angry?

As far as re
cared nothing;
as during his c
do no more du
myself. My fa

he greatest attention, however, and the strongest upport that art or medicine could afford, he as got out of death's hungry claws that d itched to be at him, and promised to do ell.

On the evening of my arrest, the commander imself began to feel that, notwithstanding all is demon-like brutality, he was as much a ortal as the meanest of his men, and sent me message to say that he was very ill, and desired my attendance in the cabin. In reply, I ent to tell him that I was sorry I could do othing for him, as I was under arrest. Orders ow came by the first lieutenant to command my return to my duty; so putting my lancets into my pocket, I went to the commander's ot, firmly determined that as he had shown e the over-exercise of his power, he should in urn feel that of mine.

He complained of sickness and headach. The fact was, he had been drinking too freely,

and was now labouring under strong febrile symptoms.

"I hope, sir," said I, gravely shaking my head, "that you're not going to be my first yellow fever patient!"

The blood left his heated countenance as I pronounced these words, and his wrists trembled as he replied—

"God forbid!"

"Yes," thought I, "you call upon that awful name in your extremity, when you could not remember his divinest attribute of mercy in that of another."

"What would you recommend, doctor?" he inquired, in what was intended for a conciliatory tone.

"Extensive blood-letting, sir," I replied.

He looked at me for a moment, and then, as if some suspicion of my purpose came across him, he answered—

"I cannot submit to that, sir! Is there no other alternative?"

"O yes, sir, you can die quietly—at your sure, as it were!"

Here the sweat broke out upon his forehead, id attempting to assume his usual quarter-ck-air, he said—

"Remember, sir, the life of your captain in your hands, and you are responsible for !"

"In the sight of heaven I am, sir; but then he life of a captain of a ship is of no more alue than that of the captain of his main-op."

He winced as I struck him home, and then emanded if there was no medicine that would nswer the same purpose as bleeding?

"O yes, certainly, sir, if you choose to ke it."

"I will—let it be made up and sent to me mediately."

"Very good sir," said I, leaving the cabin to epare it.

Now as I saw that, beyond the febrile

results of drinking, there was not much the matter with him, I determined to practise in equity as well as medicine. With this view, I made for him a mixture of colchicum, digitalis, and tartrate of antimony, each dose containing a sixth of a grain of the last, forty minims of the wine of the first, and twenty drops of the tincture of the second—to be taken every five hours.

Thirty minutes after taking the first portion, violent retching came on, and that subsiding, a deadly nausea, which at once cured him of his fever it is true, but prostrated every energy of mind and body. The commander, thinking that this was merely the increase of his illness, took dose the third a little before the time, and then becoming instantly alive to the increase of his sufferings, sent for me and accused me of having given him poison.

"It is perfectly true, sir," was my reply, "that I have given you poison, and even more than that — I have given you three poisons,

h of them of the most deadly that we ow."

"You shall answer this, sir, with your e."

"I am quite prepared to do so."

"Heavens! then I'm a dead man."

"Not quite, sir," said I, very gravely; even yet you may recover—if you live long ough."

"And if I do, sir, by all I hold sacred I'll y you by a court-martial for poisoning me."

"With all my heart, sir; only be pleased to member that I proposed bleeding, and this me- cine was your own choice. And as for the tter of poisoning, perhaps in the whole phar- copœia you can scarcely find a dozen effective dicines which are *not* poisons."

"Go, sir, and get me some antidote."

"Thank you, sir; but, after what's passed, I st decline giving you any more medicines atever."

"You don't mean me, then, to lie in this te?"

"Yes, I do, sir; and if it only lasts long enough, I have no doubt you'll experience the benefit of it."

On hearing this, the captain grinned in idle rage. The first lieutenant was summoned, and I was once more put under arrest. Going below to my cabin, I enjoyed a hearty laugh, laid me down on my cot, and went off into a sound, refreshing sleep.

The captain took no more of my medicines, and by the following morning was so much better as to be quite alive to the important fact that he might yet recover—if he lived long enough!

## CHAPTER XIII.

'd's a knave! and I will aggravate his style."

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

id now arrived at Martinique, and there the admiral and his squadron deeply en- in military operations. The Epami- had come to an anchor some six hours us, and I was yet meditating how I was on board her, when two boats came along- e brig at one and the same moment. One m the flag-ship, and contained a brother lancet, who informed me that my pro- was counter-ordered, or, in other words, y acting order was not to be confirmed,

since he, being the admiral's *protégé*, had received the vacancy, and was sent to supersede me. The other boat was one from the Epaminondas, sent to carry me on board my old ship.

Never in this world was preferment more gladly resigned. With a celerity I had ever been unable to attain before, my chest was packed, my charge delivered over to my successor, my arrest terminated, and myself, despite my late detested commander, set free.

On arriving on board the frigate, I almost embraced Captain Howard and Caustic. It was like awakening from a frightful attack of nightmare. I could scarcely believe in the truth of my emancipation, while they could scarcely credit the account I gave of my late tortures.

They both, however, as some amends for the privation of my promotion, appointed me to the land brigade which the Epaminondas was ordered to contribute, towards the besieging forces. This was to me the most delightful

ws that, next to my late disrating, I could ıve heard.

The warm shake of the hand that old Caustic ave me, and his look of restored health, was o slight pleasure either; and while the comatant part of the new brigade were sharpening utlasses, oiling pistol locks, filling canteens, towing rations, and making every other prudent reparation for the cutting of throats, we civiians retired below to take measures for the ewing of them up again; and, by way of suporting ourselves for this trying part, ordered uncheon, and sat down to claret and chat.

When I told Caustic the way in which I ad worked the sick tyrant of a commander, e seemed mightily amused, and, in his own uiet way, observed—

"Sir, if that was not keeping up the power f the medical profession, I am much mistaken. hakspeare himself would have commended the enius that could so improve on his

'Apothecary culling of simples!'

'Sharp misery had worn him to the bone!' so says you, 'That if a man did want a poison now!' Egad, sir, 'twas a great improvement in toxology to let a man feel all the horrors of poisoning, without tasting the release of death!"

"Why, as for that, sir, he was like a greedy trustee; though the trust, he said, was a sore one, a release was the last thing he wanted."

"At any rate, sir, 'twas good practice—lowered the action of the heart, no doubt, almost as quickly as the lancet."

"Why, sir, it *would* no doubt—if he had *had one*—as it was, his pulse fell to fifty."

"And a very liberal pulse, too, to allow to such a blackguard! 'Tis almost a pity, sir, that there *is* a prejudice against poisoning such people altogether. A little *liquor arsenicalis* would in such a case have benefited the service and humanity very greatly."

"Oh, Dr. Caustic!—that's going a great length!"

"As I live, sir, it would—ay, and have acted r more quickly than a court-martial."

"Well, sir, that's a branch of practice I'd ither let alone."

"Tut, sir, I've seen many a nobler-hearted og get his quietus by it, and neither judge nor ury troubled. But when philosophy, Bismil-ah! gains ground among us, we shall take off uch fellows as coolly as we now do ragged tumps!"

"Oh Dr. Caustic!"

"Ay, sir, we shall—Inshallah! so would I be glad to do without a scruple—of anything but belladonna, ay, or opium, just as the case might be. *Then*, sir, will arise the splendid days of the profession! We shall be at once judges in equity, and practitioners in physic. The personal familiarities of Jack Ketch become matters of tradition—the pressyard of Newgate a distillery for laurel-water — and death's head and cross-bones the badge of a

new order! Egad, sir, if they'd only make me president of the new college, give me a council composed of the leading professors of poisoning, with a knighthood, K. D. H. C. B., and give me a *good pension*—for all my virtues are of so shining a cast, I can do nothing without *that*!—in such a case I would undertake to poison the new world, or clear off the United States, at a figure most incomparably low!—I think, on a nice calculation, somewhere about twenty a penny—no more than the old women charge for brandy-balls at Bartholomew Fair! There would be a saving! We should have no more going to war—none of this dirty, desultory, butcher-like slashing. The king would speak out plainly what he wanted, saying to his parliament, 'Go poison me the French.' And away we should trot! an army of doctors, and a fleet's load of ratsbane. Then, sir, after fertilizing France with the bodies of her children, with what pride should we not return to Eng-

nd, to be called the saviours of our country, nd so covered with medals, that each man of is would require to have a wheelbarrow trailed fter him in public, in order that they might e duly exhibited and displayed! O, sir, that ill be a proud and happy day—for those who ive to see it! The pleasure of a glass of wine. ong live Physic! Talking of the royal art, y the way, when we parted, you left me in e cot, and Captain Howard in the other. hat was a funny affair that duel, and a narrow scape he had!—soon as he's managed to get ver it. Did you know how it originated?"

"Not in the least, sir; but I suppose that, ke other secrets, it has transpired by this ime?"

"O, of course; the grand ingredient of a ecret, you're aware, is this—that everybody has he happiness to find out what it is not worth the hile of anybody to know. This, then, being a ecret in the strictest sense of the word, you

shall have the whole of it. My worthy assistant, Dr. Andrew, superseded you, it seems, at Barbadoes, to carry letters to Mrs. —, which he did daily till our departure. The lady's mother had found out her little platonicisms with Captain Howard, and threatened, if they did not cease, to acquaint the ace of clubs with them."

"What! her husband?"

"Exactly. This forced the lady to stay at home, and the captain to condole with the fair prisoner; while the only channel they could find for their correspondence—for the Platonic system is worth nothing, unless it's well carried out—was that of her child's new doctor. Well, sir, I suppose, in quality of a lay physician, Howard met this scientific lady every evening in her garden. But, unfortunately, she was not only a convert to Plato's system, but one of its teachers; and, previous to the appearance of so elegant a disciple as the gallant Captain

ward, she had taken to give Peripatetic lec-
es to Colonel D——. This officer, finding
t his instructress had cooled in the zeal she
ee displayed for the propagation of her fa-
urite tenets, he, with the acumen natural to a
ilosopher, set about investigating the cause.
e soon learnt, from various reports, enough
awaken his suspicions. He wrote one or
wo notes, but, getting no satisfactory answer,
epaired to that favourite bower where he had
o often passed an hour with his fair Platonica.
Here, as he had expected, he found Captain
Howard; and as, however fond of *Plato*, they
ad not yet learned to emulate *Cato*, so, in-
tead of cool argument and mild ratiocination,
hey proceeded to high words, and the result
as the duel which you witnessed."

"Then what said the husband?"

"Just what a man wholly ignorant of the
air should say—nothing!"

"Is it possible that he was the only being
o remained in the dark?"

"Ay, and a very proper place for him, O'Donnel."

"*Heu mihi!* Well, I'm glad that Captain Howard escaped so well out of the affair, and the next time he turns philosopher, I hope it will be for a philosophy of a less dangerous persuasion. I should have taken it equally kind of Fate though, had she spared me that pretty specimen of promotion."

A message from the first lieutenant here announced the departure of the boats which were to convey our land brigade to the shore. Caus-

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France?"

HENRY VI.

R arrival had been just in the very nick time. Hostilities had just commenced, gone no length that made us regret lost e. The expedition had of course directed lf against the town of Fort Royal, the capi- of the island.

Towards the taking of the vast and impreg- le works by which this was protected, it



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wser on its summit, we set to work with our
:kles.

Amid heavy rain, the deep mire of an un-
ıoned road, and the almost impassable steep-
ss which characterized it, the ardour of our
en carried us triumphantly over everything.
fter the long time which they had spent
ıped up in their wooden citadels, it seemed as
there was no one thing on earth which could
elight them more than their present arduous
ndertaking. No spur did they need; but
ith heart and hand, as frisky as young colts,
hey cheered each other on, bandied their jokes
om mouth to mouth, and held the island al-
ady captured. In a day or two we had got
p some respectable works; and desirous that
ır friends in the pigeon-holes, as Jack phrased
particular battery, should be aware that we
ated them with all respect, a day was named
: the shooting-match to come off.

The said match was to begin on our part
ne two or three hours before sunset; and



part nobly, and it was
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having given battle and
a most obstinate action
works which were com
fortress on the island:
Bourbon. Here, howev
lour of the besieged ga
to our career, and we c
take to the hammer an
make use of a more e
phrase, but the dignit
quires to be supported.

By this time the Fren
who was no other than

s brave defenders, and, cutting his stick, tired within Fort Bourbon. Here, as you ay have already imagined, he had stored up l the provender and victuals on which his nds could be laid; and thinking the strong- old itself might defy even English sailors, he id within himself, "Rot them! let them stay tside, and be carried off by the fever."

Previous, however, to his taking a step so portant to his country and himself, and deter- ining on it in language so elegant and refined, slight event occurred, of still more import- nce to my reader, and to me.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Early and late debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe."

SHAKSPEARE.

Our worthy captain, being taken with an

In this chivalric spirit he undertook to hold a outpost which had been taken from the emy, and which was the nearest advanced to eir lines. The night was dark and tempes- ous, and the rain fell in those tremendous rrents which can only be imagined by tra- llers in a tropical climate. The officers had ected a rude kind of shed in the rear of their ain of sentinels, and here, by the help of few embers, a bottle of grog, some rations, d many stories, we contrived to kill the best rt of the night.

Towards two o'clock in the morning the cap- in expressed an inclination to sit down and oze; but before he would allow himself this dulgence he departed on his round, to see that erything in his charge was secure. His niors of course rose to go with him, leaving e alone. This interval I conceived I should be ise in employing for the arrangements of y own nap. I had hardly, however, got my- lf as comfortably settled as our rude quarters



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myself down for sleep, as unthinkingly as if in the cockpit of the Epaminondas! While these thoughts chased themselves rapidly through my mind, the assiduous breathing of my secret foe rekindled the fading wood.

With gentle progress the dull red glow increased to a vivid glare: it went and came like lightning, in the deep shadows that surrounded us, and as each fitful gleam arose, it fell just on one feature of the stranger, and then on another. Now I thought he was a negro; now a French tirailleur—as first a scowling eye appeared, and then a bold prominent nose. Yet his uniform—no, it could not be uniform—I could make nothing from his appearance.

I looked round to see if the flitting light would reveal a weapon of defence; no, I could perceive none; neither, though I strove with all the excitement of the moment, could I remember where it was I had seen a heap of swords and pistols lying; while my perverse



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but in vain, to hold him back. In the mean time, the sound of my voice had induced our approaching party to hasten towards the bivouac. A midshipman was the first who presented himself at the doorway, and indeed on the very muzzle of the ruffian's pistol. I saw what was to follow, and dashed forward to beat up his right arm; but, ere I could effect my purpose, the whole contents of the charge had crashed through the poor lad's brain. His corpse, no longer an impeding obstacle, fell resistless to the ground, and away sprang the murderer over it, leaving the fragments of his clothing in my hands, and I following him.

In vain I now heard voices behind me, shouting aloud my name; in vain it flashed across me that I was plunging into the centre of the enemy's lines: I only saw before me the flying assassin of Kathleen, and considered not the impossibility of my overtaking one whose more practised foot had always eluded me, or the absurdity of an unarmed youth chasing a



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doubts; who was, moreover, a suspected murderer, in arms against his country, a traitor of the deepest dye in every way, and one of whom I now sought any intelligence they could give me.

This statement having been very civilly received, I was next forwarded to the colonel of the regiment to whom the picquet belonged; and having been allowed some rest, this officer received me during the poor apology for a breakfast, at which he seated himself at six o'clock. Like the subaltern at the picquet, whatever might be his feeling, his courtesy was unexceptionable, and having made me repeat my story, he expressed the great happiness he and his commander-in-chief would have in furthering my search to every extent in their power; and as for being a prisoner, that should be obviated by my being allowed parole.

On hearing these kind intentions so expressed, my gratitude of course knew no bounds, and, full of admiration at the gene-

rosity of my foe, I poured forth all my thanks The colonel heard me to an end, and then smiling, replied :—

"Of course, monsieur's good feelings will dictate a suitable politeness in reply, and put at the disposal of the governor any little information he may possess, as to the disposition, forces, and so on, of his brave countrymen."

"And is this, sir," said I, "the price at which your assistance and parole are to be granted to me?"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders in reply.

"Then allow me to tell you, colonel, that I will accept of no parole from you; and deep as my stake is in that traitor's discovery, his name, while I remain your prisoner, shall never pass my lips again upon such an understanding."

On hearing this, the colonel bowed, expressed his hopes that I should alter my decision, and saying his duties required his presence, left me alone.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"Here are our articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French."

SHAKSPEARE.

It was on the day after my capture that Villaret determined on abandoning Fort Edward, or République,—as it went by both or either of these designations. Convinced in his own mind that Fort Bourbon was impregnable, and that from its commanding Fort République, he could at any time drive out from the shelter of the latter whoever should venture to occupy it, he took the bold measure of spiking and dismantling its guns, and shutting himself

within Fort Dessaix,—as Bourbon had been re-christened after the battle of Marengo. Here, then, he resolved to trust that time and climate would provide sufficient allies to destroy his besiegers and set him free.

"Well, old boy," thought I, "you may have a very good idea of yourself; but you should have been a little more accustomed to British operations before you came to this conclusion. I do not feel the weight of my captivity to be very oppressive, under all the aspects of the case."

Soon after these self-consolatory conclusions, the governor, as if their strength was to be quickly tried, sent for me to his presence. In a more gentle way he repeated the proposal of his junior officer. Not an iota would I of course give in, and though I bitterly felt that my captivity had operated in a manner so contrary to that which I had expected—the tracking out of Donaghue—still, as a matter of course as well as feeling, the alternative was not even for a moment to be glanced at.

Very little time was now lost by my countrymen in proving to the French how complete was the blunder they had committed. One fine morning, as daylight broke, what should the garrison of Bourbon see, but the glorious old English ensign floating proudly from Fort République. Now was the time for Villaret to prove the correctness of his calculation; and to effect this no effort was spared. The French engineers gained an opportunity of displaying all their skill, which certainly nothing could surpass; for the most incessant shower of every kind of missile that could be hurled from guns and mortars, was thrown continuously for two days upon the devoted République; and if no other damage was done, we had ocular proof that its buildings at any rate were reduced to a heap of rubbish.

The masonry of the fortress itself, being of a far more solid description, resisted the iron of its late rulers to a much greater degree, and appeared to have received little material injury.

Further than this, we were unable to judge what loss the English had sustained; since, for the space I have mentioned, not a shot was returned to all the heavy firing of the French; and, with the exception of a few observers, no one was to be seen.

At last, another order of things occurred: my countrymen had evidently unspiked the cannon and mortars, and from that time sent forth a shower of shot and shells that rendered Bourbon too warm to be safe. It was now Villaret's turn to be surprised, and this feeling in his bosom was by no means allowed to sleep. A new battery was quickly opened within a good hard-hitting range, by the river Monsieur; and every little fort around, that the French had evacuated, was rapidly put into effective order, and made to pour forth its fire and fury on its old masters.

In all these works the navy were most conspicuous, and, not content with their general services, once more had recourse to their old

and dragged up the high hill of Tartan-
l the heaviest metal they possessed.
ng left at liberty to range the fort at will,
l occasionally to imagine that I could
ıise the figures of some of my old ship-
engaged in this work, more particularly
f Captain Howard; but this might have
nere fancy.
miral Villaret was now, too late, aware of
rong step he had taken. Already the
ıter among his men had been prodigious;
h this was far from having reached the
to which it would undoubtedly attain,
ı as the besiegers should see fit to open on
enemies all the works which they had
ıtinuously and industriouly constructed.
ly the barracks and the quarters of the
ıd officers were a mere pile of ruins, and
ly places of security were found in the
l and covered ways that traversed the fort
ious directions; and even these, where,
lamp and neglect, the masonry had become



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reak in the morning we were up to
what progress our brothers in arms had
since the night before, nor was it generally
midnight that we drank success to the
sh standard, and separated for our various

his life was not, however, without its immi-
dangers; and as frequent escapes brought
ool-hardiness, one of our number had his
knocked completely from his shoulders by
lling of a shell, another being mortally and
verely wounded by the bursting of others.
were we situated in Fort Bourbon, when
f truce arrived, summoning Villaret to
er. A more exciting and anxious mo-
suspense than this proved to our little
risoners, cannot well be imagined.
he most breathless anxiety, we waited
few minutes which sufficed to convey
e to the governor, and his answer in
uld it be favourable to us? O
ent that would open our prison-



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› bore the flag, we poor prisoners all
he had been admitted by the south-
llyport; and two sentries with loaded
tood by, that no one but the officer
should hold communication with him.
night not, however, have to complain
h treatment, one of the governor's
/ers was brought out by two mess-
ered with wine and refreshment: this
l on the wreck of one of the walls that
iortars had demolished; and the mess-
to show him that there was no lack
on. The officer whom I imagined to
arer of the flag was a young ensign.
wine, however, made its appearance,
his hand, as if giving precedence to
and, to my astonishment, forth stepped
Howard; our eyes met, and I im-
bowed. He seemed pleased to see
and well, and filling two glasses, gave
is junior officer; he then lifted the
htly in the air, and taking off his hat



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f shot, shell, stone, and mortar; on either side f him filed down his guard, and their imposing appearance bespoke what they were—eterans who had all borne the brunt of the ay.

When Villaret reached within twenty yards f Captain Howard, he gave the word, in a firm, unflinching tone, "Halt!" In an instant his men stood stiff as iron. He then advanced, with his staff following, for four or five paces. Having waved his hand to these, they too became stationary, forming a sort of lunette. Villaret now marched up to Captain Howard, who took three steps to meet him, and was about to raise his cocked-hat, when the governor, stretching out his arm, shook my old captain warmly by the hand; and, after saying that he felt the compliment paid to him by entrusting the flag of truce to so distinguished an officer, looked steadily around him on the affecting circle of his men. He then



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with the general, waved his hand to us, bowed to the circle of French officers, and turned to depart. So completely had his manner prepossessed his opponents, that they gave him another cheer as he left the fortress, and then mounting the horses held by his escort, he and his subaltern spurred off to their lines.



lim blue circle of the surrounding horizon? In ome quiet shady valley, perchance of the Pyrenees, were sisters, mothers, wives, children!—all, all of whom might have a stake, and a fearful one, in the issue of the forthcoming and redoubled contest! Nay, come nearer; even in the town of Fort Royal, whose roof-trees were yet within their sight, whose busy hum of life not yet entirely hushed to their hearing, how many good and anxious hearts were sharing their solicitudes, and weeping at the thoughts of their prospective woes!

To the dear renewal of these delights, a path, but a few minutes since, seemed fairly open, and now, at the fiat of one man, all had vanished! War, shrouded in his bloody banners, upreared his merciless form between them, and each must pass *sub jugum*, under the oke. Emotions such as these formed but tribute due to nature and to feeling, which he bravest heart there paid in the momenary pang that assailed it; and doubtless



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As the sublime strains of that soul-stirring music pealed over the ruined walls of the fort, it seemed to inspire them with the defiance which it breathed. Their looks no longer appeared to wander towards the homes that so many of them had seen for the last time, but sought the bustling lines of their foes with that iron determination, which, confident that the worst of the danger was yet to come, seemed sternly to say, Thou or I must die!

And so it was; the present interval was but the pause of gathering strength, the lull of a more deadly blast, and every soul of us now knew, that when the present ominous repose of battle should be disturbed, then either party would put forth the utmost force for their opponents' destruction; and well was such a spirit-stirring strain calculated to nerve them for the coming crisis.

Even I, non-combatant as I was, felt a deep and bitter regret that my place was not with David in "the front of the battle," and, listening to that



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## CHAPTER XVIII.

"I have loved her ever since I saw her,
"And still I see her beautiful.'

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

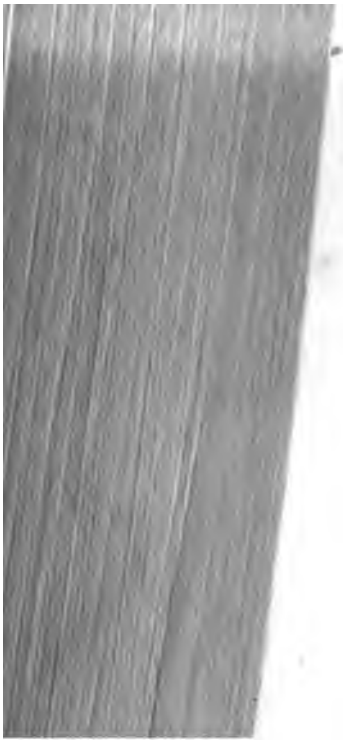
In the annals of most men there needs but the land-mark to designate in their memories those days whose fearful records have been written with violence and in blood. But when these unhappy accompaniments have fallen upon a festival which through the past we have been accustomed to consecrate to sanctity and repose, the contrast at once fixes in our



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Blood, smoke, and filth seemed to have set their marks on everything, while before the eye lay the striking spectacle of a whole fleet repairing damages: the masts of each vessel crowded with all hands of the crew in working-clothes, which the action of the evening had sadly soiled, sternly intent on fishing masts, knotting rigging, bending sails, and mending gear for sea. Nor was this all: beyond the line of our own fleet there lay the enemy, the picture of ruin. The day before, a hundred sail crowded the bay—now the wreck alone of twenty or thirty remained on its waters.

With feelings precisely similar do I look back at the scene I am now going to describe, and which I, at the present epoch of my story, witnessed in Fort Bourbon. After the decided refusal which we had all heard Villaret give to the proposed surrender, nothing was, of course, expected, but the most deadly opening of a concentrated fire from all the guns that could be brought to bear on us.



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the walls around it were knocked to atoms, and the roof of the building itself had become so insecure and battered as to be most dangerous for further occupation, and certainly not the least curious object in architecture that I ever beheld.

Far away, again, from this quarter was to be seen a spectacle equally singular and opposed. Four forges, in full operation, were devoted to heating piles of shot of every size to a red heat, the blacksmiths ranging around them, watching their gloomy charges, so that they might be ready for the work of devastation at any moment; quaffing new rum grog, and singing snatches of various French bacchanal songs, and others even less in keeping with the day and the fate that any moment might overtake them.

With regard to the last, danger and death had become so familiar, that their presence had ceased to alarm; and many a fine fellow did I see knocked over, and a hearty laugh raised at any ridiculous accompaniment of his fall

by the very men who, perhaps, ten minutes afterwards became subjects for the same sad and insane merriment. Even the women were not exceptions, either to the mockers or the mocked; for I have invariably observed, that in proportion as surrounding circumstances depart from a state of nature, so do the dispositions of human beings connected with them become subject to the violence, until a savage wildness and extravagance is engrafted upon their character, that brings them nearer to the level of demons than of mankind.

As I took my solitary walk among these groups, and contrasted the scene around me with that of the many quiet Sundays I had witnessed in my own once peaceful home—when my memory went to that happy time of childhood, before love, like some brilliant lightning, had blasted my path before me—when I thought of the bright sunshiny walk to the near Protestant church, across a moor whose loveliness nothing, in my eyes, could ever equal; bloom-

ing gold with the gorse blossom, and blushing purple and crimson with the heather-bell—when I thought how often we had met our neighbours repairing to their chapel, of a different creed, yet both in perfect tolerance—that too rarely cultivated virtue!—when I contrasted the distant chime, the bleating sheep, the rushing of the unseen brook, or the gentle sighing of the fragrant breeze, with the sights and sounds then around, — how my soul sank within me!

Strange fate! that had brought into the blood, the tumult, and the shock of war, one whose whole nature was devoted to quiet and retirement—which had for ever desolated the feelings of a bosom whose dearest inclinations and hourly yearnings were for the tranquil enjoyments of affection. Ah! in the wide and weary world, whom had I now to love? I felt more vividly than ever that the void which Kathleen's death had caused to me could never be refilled. Years had been unable to soothe



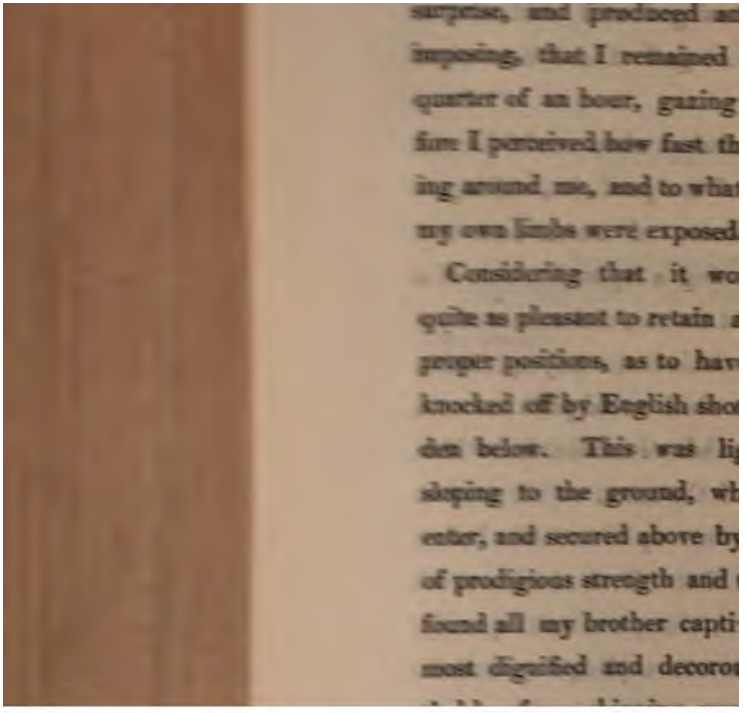
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## CHAPTER XIX.

"Often have I struck
se that I never saw, and struck them dead."

SHAKSPEARE.

'EN has so happily formed our natures
ıried balances of extreme emotions, that
mple fact of any severe burst of grief is
ılf a sufficient warranty that a calmer and
er state of mind is approaching. I thought
kind friends Caustic and Captain Howard,
egan to picture to myself how they might
ıployed. While thus engaged, the day
away until three o'clock, shortly after



aughter, even amid all the ceaseless din
he cannon roaring above; for however
ly the fire of the besiegers might be kept
that of the besieged still continued to
n it in the most gallant and determined

very now and then a shot would hit the
e edge of one of our portholes, striking in
gst us a volume of mortar-dust and
lered stone, causing a report like that of a
n discharged at the ear, and a shout of joy
the prisoners within that nearly equalled it.
sionally too a shell would pitch into the
, the view of which we commanded. If it
nto the water of the moat, we all ran to a
-hole to see it turn up the mud and slime
le wrath; but if it fell on the stone, we
ed to the wall, since, not unfrequently,
of the contents was exploded against the
of our quarters, and by this means I re-
d a severe contusion on the elbow from a
unding ball.



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/ent ; and fool-hardy as such an expedition
ɔubtedly was, it immeasurably repaid at
some of us.

etween Fort Bourbon and the lines of its
ilants, the heavens seemed arched with a
iant tracery of fire. Nothing could be
e beautiful to behold than the line of light
layed by the progress of a shell, and
n a succession continued to be discharged
our or five at a time, on either side, cross-
and passing each other harmlessly in the
each originating in a sudden burst of flame
terminating in the same, some falling be-
us, others on either side, and the greater
ıber passing over our heads, the effect
htened by the constant roar of cannon, the
g of the guns themselves, the bursting of
shells, the bellowing of commands, and,
st of all, the shrieks of the wounded and the
ıg—the whole struck home to the heart with

men stood at the breeches of these guns, and took their aim, was really admirable; for though the insertion of the cold shot greatly diminished the danger, and kept the red-hot gentlemen in a more effective state, still from the overload the guns kicked tremendously, and the possibility of the aimer being knocked to atoms was far from distant, while heated iron and gunpowder were so near each other.

Whether it was from this discharge, or that of a shell, I know not, but just at this juncture I saw a belt of undergrowth timber set into a blaze along part of the English works, completely displaying their lines and revealing the trees, under cover of which their batteries had been erected, torn, crushed, ploughed up, and cut in every direction; for through these of course both fires passed. I had now been standing half an hour in this sort of admiring horror, now turning my attention to one quarter and then to another, and I began to think, as I gazed upwards at the linear tracery of fire-

e corse, and shaking his head, exclaimed, Death vacancies go by seniority. Good even-g, gentlemen!"

The example shown, we all quickly fol-wed it, and once more retired to the compa-ative security of our subterraneous quarters. had not long been here when I received a essage from one of the French staff surgeons, egging me, if possible, to go to the hospital. of course set off immediately, and found that he number of the wounded had so rapidly in-reased upon the hands of the surgical staff, as o render my assistance very acceptable.



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own countrymen much mitigated, for as the ground had been rendered quite soft by the rain, I had at least the consolation of knowing that three-fourths of the shells fired at them had found a quiet grave and harmless explosion in the earth.

When Monday morning arrived, after a night spent on both sides in an unceasing cannonade Villaret discovered that his expense of ammunition had been so great as to have exhausted all his ready-filled cartridges, and, indeed, to have caused them to be expended faster than they could be filled. This naturally produced a slackening of the fire; he therefore resolved to keep silent on Monday, as a sort of breathing-time, that would allow his artillery to make up their lee-way. On Tuesday he began again, and at first maintained a very pretty fire, but the garrison had been so thinned in its numbers, and exhausted by its efforts, that the French disposition to grow weary

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of a capitulation began to circulate on Wednesday. The heavy fire of the English batteries was lazily answered by the besieged; and that evening, while attending the wounded, I thought that a mine must have been sprung below us, and momentarily expected to mount into the air, so great was the concussion of the ground beneath my feet, and the bellowing roar that rocked the fort to its foundations.

My fears fortunately, however, were not realised, but a small and temporary magazine, having been fired by one of the enemy's missiles, had blown up. The English bombardment on this went on, if possible, at a greater rate than ever; but, strange to say, in the evening some accident of the same sort befel them. On the next day, Thursday, General Villaret felt the necessity of sending out himself a similar flag of truce to that lately borne by Captain Howard, whose offer he had declined.

Various rumours were afloat as to the proposed terms; but as we naturally thought that he would try for the most favourable, we were not greatly surprised when we heard of their rejection.

Friday had now arrived, and for five days "the Britishers" had been hammering away at us without rest or interval. Our replies gradually grew weaker. Public opinion among the French soldiery seemed to proclaim that enough had been done both for their own honour and that of their country, and I beheld the novel spectacle of the semi-tacit expression of the sentiments of the soldiers fairly bear down the predisposition of their chief.

In our service the men would have been put up and knocked on the head like so many sheep, and others put in their places like so many mere logs of wood, or new piles on a pier-head; but whether this is consonant with reason or humanity, with what the divine laws are, or

what the human law should be, is quite a different matter.

Nothing could exceed the joy I felt when the news of the positive surrender was confirmed. Now I should be at leisure, in the rejoicings of victory, to look for that scoundrel, for whom I had vainly, night and morning, prowled about among the French, trying if I could not catch his scowling eye, or learn some intelligence of his movements.

Hitherto all my efforts had been in vain. Now the island of Martinique was once more a British possession. The whole of the enemy's army, or what remained of it, was to be embarked in British transports; and this embarkation I determined to witness, scarcely doubting in my own mind that then at least the villain must be seen. How it was that he had escaped still to walk upon the earth, I knew not, unless from that strong destiny which will never give over to drowning, a wretch born for the gibbet.



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departing of these veterans from the ruins they had so stoutly defended.

The British troops having been made to line the road through which they passed, they presented arms to their late enemies, to the music of our immortal anthems—"God save the King," and "Rule Britannia." In this order they defiled into the town of Fort Royal, and there laying down, in token of submission, the arms they had wielded with so much honour, the English beheld, with unconcealable emotion, these hardy warriors actually shed tears of deep sorrow as they marched in a profound silence to the shore. Here the boats of the squadron had of course been prepared. It was a beautiful, quiet day, and their embarkation took place with the greatest rapidity.

Many a mournful look from weeping eyes—many a waving handkerchief, and fervent prayers from aching hearts—saluted them on their departure, as they passed by the balconies,



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# THE

# NAVAL SURGEON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CAVENDISH," "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN,"

"PAUL PERIWINKLE," &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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1841.



# THE NAVAL SURGEON.

## CHAPTER I.

"Thou darest as well be hanged."

HENRY V.

AVING now time to breathe and make a few
quiries touching such matters as interested
, I found that a court-martial had been
lered by the Admiral to try the unhappy
man, charged with murdering my prede-
sor, on board the sloop.

This had been done the day after her arrival



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seized up in his place, and applied to the back of the latter three dozen strokes of that very cat which he had lately wielded.

So great was the feeling produced against the commander in his own ship by these acts, that the men were heard calling out to one another on the lower deck after the hammocks had been piped down,

"I say, Jack, do you know the neat trick of dropping a marlinspike?"

"No, bo, I don't," was the reply; "but I think I must soon learn."

"So do; and take care, my hearty, and hit the right nail on the head."

These and similar dialogues were satirically bandied about for a couple of hours, in a tone of voice that no one could fail hearing, till the commander sent the master-at-arms to command silence; then one fellow set off snoring, then another—a third—a fourth—and so on, till the whole ship's company were almost to a man snorting like so many pigs, and the noise grew beyond endurance. The commander now wanted to turn out the marines, but was dis-

"What do I mean, sir?"

"Yes, sir; what do you mean?"

"Oh! nothing, sir!—nothing, of course!" plied Caustic; "but," added he to me, as he ld the story, "I paid him off for his insolence asking the question."

"How so, sir?" demanded I.

"Why, I remembered your dose of poisons, d so just snipped a wedge-like bit from the ter edge of the wound, and then, by bringing e parts together, insured the one earbeing half e size of the other; but then, for such a black-ard, what does that signify? It's the only mark honour he'll ever gain in battle. When this tle operation was finished, I said, 'There, sir, u will now be like Dionysius in more ways an one;' but, on my soul, I might as well ve mentioned the great Mogul's chief dish-out washer.

"'Dionysius!' said he, 'Dionysius! doctor? u've a great many hard names, I know, in otland; but what part of the country does he me from?'

"'O, sir,' said I, 'he was just one of our

he grave hides all our faults. Doctors and ngs can do no wrong. The language of the ad is not yet understood, though some ry instructive tales may be learnt when the y of that pallid cipher is discovered. But, ter all, what if some score or so do visit ades a few years before their time? We're uite convinced it's a very comfortable place; nd the proof of our sincerity is displayed in ur great generosity—sending our friends there enjoy it, rather than going ourselves. Let atriots think of that, sir, when they talk of lf-sacrifice!"

While we were, however, thus chatting away, message came from Captain Howard desiring me to return on shore, and I then casually id to Caustic,

"I suppose the captain's wound was well ng ago?"

"Well! by gosh, I begin to doubt that he er had any, or whether that affair really was t one of the many hallucinations of this rld."

"Why so?"

## CHAPTER II.

"I understand you not; my griefs are double.'
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

WHEN I entered Captain Howard's room, he said, "I've good and bad news for you, both in the breath."

"Indeed, sir."

"Yes; in the first place the admiral has promoted you; therefore your surgeoncy is now sure, and in the way of promotion your luck has been that of one in a thousand." He then told me some little compliment, which may as



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"Why, sir, after the way in which you have put it, how could I refuse?"

"To be sure not," said he, laughing; "such a bashful young man as yourself, how could you refuse promotion?"

"Why, sir, as it comes from no quarter whence the wind may blow, 'tis generally to a sailor a most acceptable matter. But you little know the life to which it condemns me."

"O yes, I do, perfectly."

"Then, sir, with your kind wishes towards me, how can you desire me to endure it?"

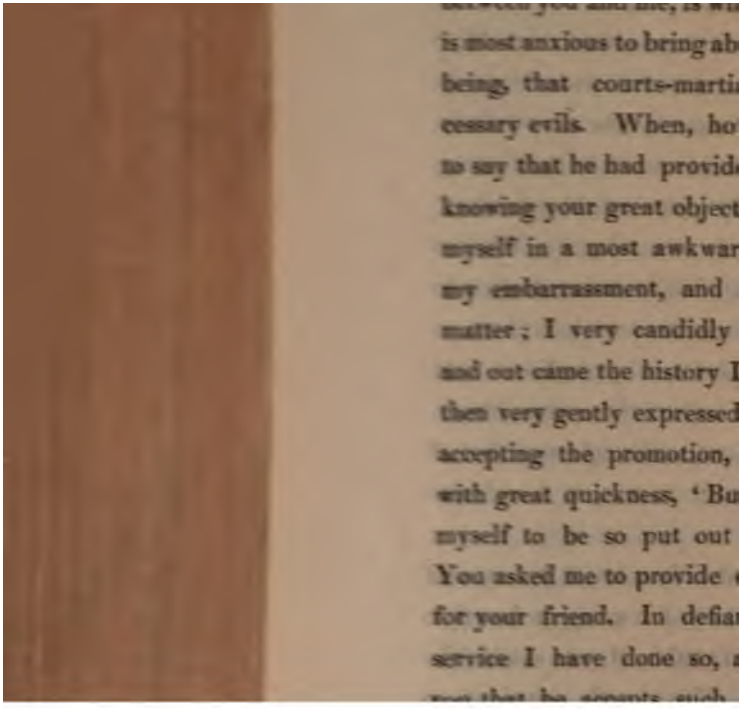
"Why, on these grounds: when we first anchored and found the admiral, I told him of the appointment I had given to you, from a conviction that I was conferring a benefit on two parties, who had the first claim on my consideration; *imprimis*, the king's service." Here I bowed, and blushed *selon les regles*. "Next yourself, whom from many motives I was anxious to serve. He then replied, that he would bear in mind my recommendation on the earliest moment, but that he could not confirm my written order then, as he had first to ad-



your commander came
preferred a whole string
you, with a request for a
at first he was afraid he
grant, but having sent s
could rely among your
that there was a gold sid
as a silver one, and tha
your brother officers were
you were the only one on
ness they could rely to kee
check.

" He now determined
give you a ship on the fir
taking possession of this is
establish a naval hospital
hearing this from his se

l surgeon would be the most acceptable
n the world to him. On this the ap-
ent was given, and the brig being once
acant, he thought of you."
-omened hour, sir!" groaned I.
iff! Listen to me, Mr. O'Donnel. On this
iany reflections arose. The story of his
r has convinced him of Captain E——'s
ss for command, and he has resolved to
u into the brig for these reasons. As a
ss to one who he wishes should rise in
vice, he says it will do you good to learn
ination to a superior, even though a very
one. For the sake of the officers and
e wishes to put into the brig a civilian of
and honour, that Captain E—— may
me lett to his vagaries; while, on the
iand, knowing that the commander fears
tes you, he is in hopes that he will re-
ate on the appointment and promotion
against whom he has made such com-
. If he does this, the admiral's answer
ly cut and dried, and will, he assured
to this effect, that he has promoted you



he admiral thinks likely, invalid. Some nice ellow will then be appointed, you, after all, get a very comfortable ship, and even if this be not the case, bear up with it for a little while, and he may either so commit himself as to be dismissed his ship or the service, or you may get an exchange by the admiral's favour; or, who knows, he may take some wrong medicine by mistake some bright morning."

I shook my head, and Captain Howard added, laughingly, "You're rather famous in that line I hear, though it would have been as well to have known it before Captain E—— told the admiral that you had *tried* to poison him."

"I dare say, sir, and so he told me; but if there had been any truth in that, it should have no *trial*."

"No, no, my good fellow, let it be out and out next time; and now I'm going on board to dress for the admiral's table, if you would like a seat in my gig?" This exactly suited me, so off we started.

On our way down to the boat, the captain entered the shop of a watchmaker whom he

see us, and told him there stood a man om Captain E—— had flogged for having misfortune to fall overboard.

"Is it possible?" said Howard; then calling to the watchmaker, "Hey there, put away ring for the moment, and attend to that ilor's watch; his time is more precious than ine." The man did so.

"Thank your honour," cried Beckett in return, without having the least idea who the arty was that obliged him. After looking at e huge watch inside and out for a few minutes, e horologer replied, "If you'll take my dvice, Jack, you won't have this watch ended at all."

"You be ——" said Beckett; "what do u know about it?"

"Why, just this; that to mend this watch operly will come to nearly as much as it cost u in the first place."

"Well, you lubber, what of that? Is that y business of yours, I should like to know?"

"O no; no business of mine, certainly: ly I thought you might not like to go as far that."



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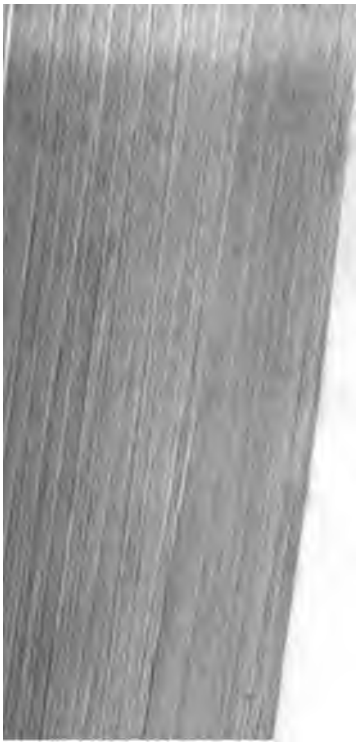
## CHAPTER III.

"And she a fair divided."

KING JOHN.

aching the Epaminondas once more, I diately told Caustic of the misfortune of romotion, at which he laughed most ly. After dinner we went up to the cap- cabin, and, lying down as usual on the began to read.

urely, man alive!" said he, putting down ok, "there's nothing so wonderful as the e contradictions and varieties of the n breast. Here is Howard, who delights king every one love him, man, woman, and



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"Well,
said fancy;
I was all
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"D—— the debt; he is in love."

"What! with the damsel at Barbadoes?"

"No."

"What, then, is there some one here?"

"O yes, of course, with some one here too—But there's a third inamorata; a really, truly chaste affection."

"No! it's not possible!"

"By gosh, sir, it's a solemn truth! and that, sir, is her petticoat;" pointing to the mystic garment that hung in its usual place directly opposite.

At this solemn affirmation, made with all the manner and dignity of a Roman dipping his finger in the warm entrails of the sacrifice, and swearing by his divinity, it was utterly impossible for me to restrain my laughter. But this Caustic was never known by any chance to have exhibited; a sarcastic curl of the lip, when angry, being the nearest approach he was ever seen to make to any risible display. His audience might be dying and convulsed around him with some of his nonsense, but the solemnity of his manner nothing could disturb.

"Ay, sir," resumed he, "that's the very petticoat she wore; for which he gave to her soubrette just three times what it cost her mistress. Fancy a man giving forty guineas for a cast-off petticoat!"

"That's nothing, sir; I saw him give ten guineas out of those very windows one morning, one after another, like Norway pebbles, to feed the sharks, because he happened to be in a rage."

"Ay!" said Caustic, and he looked surprised, but asked me no further question, for however intimate he might be with his friends, he never allowed his curiosity to pry into their secrets. The allusion had escaped me, and I was glad to turn back to the subject in hand.

"And pray, sir," resumed I, "who is this other lady?"

"O, sir, she's the princess of them all! The others are but lesser stars, and she the magic moon — lovely as Helen; constant as Penelope; ay, and by gosh she's a peeress in her own right, too: and, oh! *mirabile dictu, she—she* has been the cause of his bringing *us* to the *West Indies!*"

"She the cause, sir? why, how can that be?"

"Ay, you may well ask that! She would scarcely have imagined it, had she seen him at Barbadoes. Man *has* a heart; that even *I* must admit, because I've opened many bodies, and in each have found a heart! — but 'tis a strange thing! It seems this lady fair is in very delicate health, and threatened with consumption; so her father, who's one of the wealthiest viscounts we have, has been persuaded to bring her out here till the warm climate enables her to bid defiance to the disease. Howard, it seems, saw her in London, and I fancy, between you and me, got hold of the girl's affections. The father, it seems, is—as in such cases fathers often are—very sillily inclined to see his daughter make what he calls a proportionate marriage: that is, be forced upon some old duke or young and brainless libertine magnate, whose wealth and title, being equal to her own, will produce one of the richest and most unhappy families in the kingdom. Now Howard, for a captain in the navy, is very rich; he has five thousand a year; but for a son-

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'As I live, then, it's my old playfellow! is she not born in Ireland? and has not her ier immense estates there—one of them in county of ——?"

"The same."

"Ay, and right well I know it; part of it rched with my father's hills; and there, many happy day, have Ida and myself rambled joyous freedom with one far more beautiful, it who is gone, never to return!"

The recollection of those hours affected me o deeply to say more. Caustic saw what was ssing in my mind, and endeavoured to pre- nt my dwelling on it.

"Yes," said he, "Ida is the damsel's name; could not recollect it."

"And where," I inquired, "in the name of rtune, is she staying?"

"In the island of St. Vincent, whither we go ry shortly."

"Pray may I ask, Mr. Caustic, from whom ou chanced to learn all these particulars?"

"A few very communicative gentlemen, to



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One of the first people I saw on board was Beckett.

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "where's your watch?"

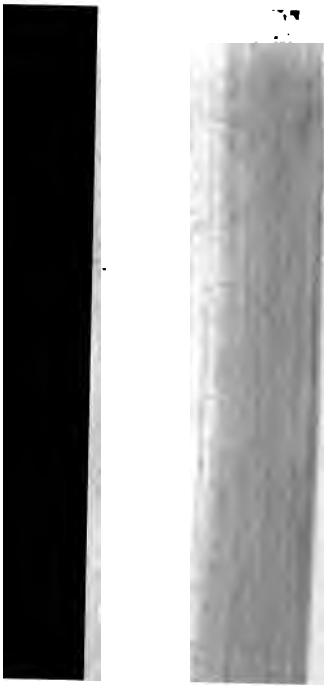
"Lord love us, sir!" replied he, "if I've ever thought of it from that time to this; and if I did, 'twould have been much the same, I never should have got leave to go for it, though 'twas a boat-load of tickers, let alone one. But if I may make so bold, your honour, how may you have come to know anything about it?"

I explained, and inquired, in my turn, how he got leave.

"Never at all, sir; I bribed the coxswain of the boat I was in, with a bottle of rum, to let me step up into the town and have a cruise for an hour."

"And whence came the money for the rum?"

"O, sir, the gentleman I bought that ere watch of, was so pleased with my taking it off his hands, that he gave me all the money he had in his pockets to boot."



" Lor, your honour
only hit 'em hard enou
That fellow, thougl
never die of want in th

## CHAPTER IV.

dedication of yourselves
h'd waters, undream'd shores most certain,
es enough—no help to hope you."

WINTER'S TALE.

first week after we got to sea, the com-
s conduct seemed greatly improved by
iral's lectures; but one Sunday morn-
urned out of his cot on the wrong side,
ailors said: five unlucky wights had,
us pretences, been "wiped down" with
rious dozens. This execrable burst
er continued to rage with a fury that

for certainly no one had any means of proving either.

With all the sail she could spread, meanwhile, down she steadily came towards us, until within two miles on our weather-bow, when she shortened sail, but still hung out no symbol of any kind, to say she was Turk, Jew, or Christian. There she lay; while we, without a breath of wind, had to endure the vexation of seeing the catspaws playing all around her, yet utterly unable to approach within their influence. While we thus both remained stationary, like two dogs who long for a snap at each other, without either feeling much inclined to begin, the commander ordered the ensign to be hoisted, and one of the chase-guns to be fired ahead of the stranger.

This was done; but even while the ensign was ascending, there was not breeze sufficient to expand its drooping folds; so there it hung like a blue, or, at the distance of the schooner, like a black rag, perfectly inadequate to express our nationality. This was at the peak, and, to prevent any awkward mistake, another

motions of the schooner, and not imagining hostilities were so near at hand, was just behind them; when, therefore, the poor fellow was killed, his blood was dashed all over us. On seeing him fall, I immediately attempted to raise the body, but it was idle: the shot had passed fairly through the abdomen, and death was the instantaneous result. One glance sufficed to convince me of the fact, and I looked up to the commander, saying,

"He's dead, sir!"

My superior made no reply; he was wiping from his pallid checks the drops of his shipmate's gore, while his dress was in some places saturated with it. He made no answer to my observation, but I saw his eyes turn from my face, and suddenly wander round the decks as if in the last degree of surprise.

Unable to conceive what might be the matter, I too looked round, and my consternation was beyond all expression, when I perceived the men deserting their guns. In less than five minutes a few marines, with one or two petty



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sperous fate—a depth of baseness in cha-
er, which we can only justly estimate
remembering how beautiful and noble
sposition is made by its contrast! Claridge
a fine young fellow, who, under better
pices, would have done honour to the ser-
; but he had allowed his wretched superior
rind his intellect down to that sad pitch of
itude, which permits neither freedom of
ight nor clearness of judgment. In such a
, therefore, he was of as much use to his
mander as a wet blanket to a drowning
.

le certainly told Captain E—— that he
ght the men were running from their guns,
as to any expedient for bringing them back
n, or saving the ship—of that he was as
cent as possible. For some moments they
ed at each other, then at the schooner,
:h was now rapidly sweeping down on us.
or two of the marines, who had not at
gone below, speedily seeing what indecision
bited itself in the councils of their betters,



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"Go below, sir!" roared the commander.

"It will be of no use, Claridge," said I, unable longer to remain silent, "he'll only fall to no purpose! A boatswain's rank can have no power in awing them, and surely seventy men, or more, care nothing for an old boatswain's arm and rope's end! If anything is to be done, one of us should go."

Claridge looked at the commander. The latter scowled at me, yet moved not a step towards the hatchway, but called still more vehemently to the boatswain to descend.

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the boatswain.

"Stay, sir," said I, stepping forward; "let me speak to them."

But the sounds had scarcely left my lips ere four or five pistol bullets passed through the poor boatswain's head and body, and came whistling aft, as they passed me on the quarter-deck.

On hearing this domestic music, the commander hastened to put the capstan between himself and his men, leaving Claridge and me

alone. For myself, I now felt placed in a most awkward position. My station and duty demanded that I should be in the gun-room, ready for any casualties that might occur. But to have gone to my post would have looked so like deserting the fallen, that, under all existing circumstances, I could not take any such step as to retire below.

Advancing then to the body of the boatswain, and pointing to his gray hairs dabbled over with gore, I asked the men "how any of his shipmates could have had the heart to stain him with his own blood?" I then implored them to return to their duty, but the only reply I received was,

"It's too late now, your honour, to think of that!"

The schooner, pushing her way with every minute, was now rapidly approaching. As the midshipmen were gathered in a knot abaft, the few men that still remained faithful were standing near them and around the mainmast, while the commander himself appeared, to all, to be

the most utterly bewildered, despicable thing that could be conceived. And whether he was going to sacrifice himself and vessel coolly, or what else he might intend, we were utterly at a loss to know, and so in truth was he.

In a few minutes the schooner would be alongside of us. At this juncture, the oldest of the midshipmen, coming forward, exclaimed to the men,

"Come, my lads! there's no use in standing idle, while guns, shot, and powder are so plentiful. There are enough of us, at any rate, to man a couple of guns, and though that may be rather small for the brig's broadside, 'twill be given with good will, whether or no."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the remaining men, springing with the greatest alacrity to the two midship carronades, the youngsters joining them to get through their work more smartly. This piece of activity seemed in some degree to call the commander and Claridge to their senses.





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...they will come back to t...

"I will, sir," replied
pleasure: but, to do so
be at liberty to promise
of what's happened, an
anime for the future;"
why I should mince ma
or hesitate to lay bare th

"You may promise
reply—"indeed you m
towards his men, "to
nise."

I bowed, and, withou
ment's hesitation, went
men all armed, and
coasts: Beckett alone wa

ıe future, provided you only return to your ıty, and fight the ship properly."

"Who sent your honour?" bawled twenty ɔices.

"The commander, who swears——"

"He's a liar!" interrupted they all, as if ith one voice, and many oaths; "he never rore to anything yet, that he meant to ɔep."

"Keep out of harm's way, Doctor!—Don't ɔu interfere, my good fellow!" and many her similar cries, met any attention.

"All I ask of you, my boys," said I, ad-ancing into the midst of them, "is a hearing. s you all know I have insisted on it before ɔw with the captain for your sakes, I now k it of you for his."

"Hear him out!—hear him out!" cried veral, remembering my ineffectual attempts serve them when at the gangway.

Something, I saw, might yet be done with m; but just at this moment "bang!" went two quarter-deck carronades. This drew the attention of my auditory. Every word



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quarter-deck. A dead marine was the first thing on which I stumbled. His bayonet was yet undrawn, so, snatching it from its sheath, I advanced to the capstan. But the fight was over, even the futile assistance of a single arm came too late. The little band that I had left behind me—the faithful few—were all slaughtered, or so severely wounded as to know little of what was passing. They had gathered round the skylight-grating, on which their despicable commander had stood, and, fighting round his person, fell in a little tumulus of slain.

The captain alone seemed to have been spared. He stood apart, in the hands of five strong, muscular men, who were lashing his hands behind his back. On seeing me, he cried out, in a tone of the most abject pity, for me to interfere and save his life.

This appeal, so idle at such a moment, attracted the attention of his captors, and when the principal of these turned round—there, as I lived!—stood Donaghue!

"Infernal villain!" cried I, making towards him with my bayonet, "you shall not again escape me!"



own weapon with the speed of lightning, crying—

"Hands off, my boys, and fair play! This is my share of the plunder, and those who want to cut my prisoner's throat must take mine on the road. As to you, old Ropeyarn," turning to Donaghue, "this is no time to pay off old grudges. I owe the doctor here—my life twice over, and I'll be sent to old Nick out and out, before any harm shall come to him; so let anything that is between you stand over till next time."

"I don't want to touch the fool, if he'll only keep out of my way," said Donaghue, putting his pistol into his belt, yet looking at me with a malice that gave the lie to every word.

"There, doctor," said Beckett, "you hear that—now hold your tongue."

"Never," said I; "that unhung villain murdered the dearest friend I had on earth, and blood for blood!"

Here Beckett thrust his great horny hand over my mouth, crying out to some of his brother mutineers—

"I say, shipmates, we must gag this good

still kept his hand on me,
lows carried me below.
were lashed, and though
that I could not move the
chief being tied over my m
rent of abuse I bestowed on
fortable condition, and the
was laid on what had so la
table.

This cruel kindness havi
me, I was left to make the
protectors and persecutors
They now assembled roun
their late captain; and a
having been formed of ni
whom he had most cruelly

mmander's wine upon the table. Around this
: the court.

With many jokes, but few dissentient voices,
ey found Captain E—— guilty of cruelty
d cowardice—two vices which generally do,
d ever ought, to go together. They then sen-
nced him to receive nine dozen at the gang-
ay for the former crime, "just," as they
ıased it, "to see how he liked it;" and then,
r the cowardice, they used the bitter mockery
saying that they would have pardoned him—
*ut for the articles of war*, which so plainly
isted on the culprit's death, that they must
: obeyed,—so he was to be hanged.

As to defence, that never occurred to their
ırisprudence; they did not ask for a word of
ıat—nor, indeed, was any offered.

Their unhappy victim was like the ox under
ıe knife of the butcher. The first heavy blow
ad so stunned him, that, to all appearance, he
'as luckily insensible to the sanguinary fate in
ore.

The only part of these proceedings which
'as debated was the sentence. Some said nine



divide among them
fication, the punishn
proposer of this mil
would be "no fun ir
a piece to such a fell

By this time the
inebriated, and one r
pity to give him suc
for in that case he,"
that the prisoner wou
hanging."

"That," added a
shake of the head, "w

This argument at on
at four dozen and a h
The ill-fated command
from the yardarm.

"As to hanging," s

uggest to keep him on the hook a little
r?"

this question, which so showed the terrible
ty of a revengeful heart, I distinctly heard
risoner groan, for nothing but a thin par-
now divided us, and even that was broken.

all his deep, and almost unpardonable
s my heart bled for him, delivered up as
s to the unbridled license of men whom
d so dreadfully provoked — who had
t so long and so eagerly for his blood—
ver whose most refined cruelty not the
est check could now be held by any living
.

long pause followed this last horrid
tion, and then one named "walking the
k!"

Too short."

Blowing from the mouth of a gun" had
ame objection.

t last the solution of this question was un-
ken by a fellow who had been my loblolly

In this capacity I had allowed him to

read one or two general works of sci
though, had I known to what purpose
knowledge was to be applied, he should
have met such indulgence from me. This f
had been but lately and severely flogge
some comparative trifle, and the wound
his back were not yet well, at the very mo
when he sat judging his captain—a fact
should be taken into account when reading
proposal which he made; namely, that "
skipper there is quite good enough for ha
ing, gentlemen, if you will only do it the ri
way."

"How's that?" demanded the president

eing, that the commander should first receive is punishment at the gangway, and then be uspended by the feet from the fore-yardarm, ung only, however, by his favourite instru ent of torture—the cat-o'-nine tails—so that f this proved too weak to keep him up, his elease by drowning would be instantaneous.

On hearing this most cruel sentence, I strove ery hard to utter some sort of intercession. A ow moaning sound was all I could express, owever, and this no one noticed. No sooner, herefore, was the sentence known, than it was received with three cheers, the members of the ourt drank success to the commander's last oyage, and repaired to the quarter-deck to xecute their revenge.

As I lay bound and helpless on the gun- oom table, I reflected to how sad a state huma- ity could be brought by oppression, and how levated by gratitude; when one and the self- ame man—Beckett—could risk his life to save ine, for no very great benefit beyond mere umanity, yet be willing and happy in presid- ng at a condemnation so outrageous and cruel



turn executioner. Th
lolly-boy—no boy at
the remorseless streng
his old persecutor br
seemed to pierce thro
to help the sufferer wa
tion for one unable to

To the men themse
made for mercy wer
from a far different
died away. I expecte
With what dreadful a
called the day when hi
fate upon Beckett for—

The loblolly-man h
for the hartshorn and w
the pause caused by
command was given—

and weak frame, his strength was unequal to such a severe retribution.

Cries sank into groans—groans into silence—and, I concluded, a state of syncope, which would necessarily render him insensible to the lash, that I could still hear falling.

"Now," thought I, "if a sail should suddenly heave in sight, and this man, being rescued, should get restored to the service, what will be his conduct in future to his men? Far different no doubt! Though in all probability he would never trust himself on board a ship again." This question was, however, never fated to be tried.

The commander was taken from the grating—his feet lashed together. To this lashing were knotted the cats that had been used to flog him, and the whole to a gantline, which the men had already taken the precaution to run through a block at the fore-yardarm. He was then stretched at his length on the forecastle bulwark, where, as I was afterwards told, he lay as motionless as a log of wood.

The gantline being passed aft, and manned



he features which suffusion of the blood had urpled, but which was soon again to fade into he pallor of the dead.

These proceedings having terminated, the irates next proceeded to distribute the plunder ound in the brig, and to make other arrange- nents necessary to their plans. In pursuance f these, I was, towards evening, carried up on leck, lowered into a boat, and conveyed on oard the schooner which had boarded us. As hey rowed me along, my eyes fell on the body f the commander, hanging at its full length in he air, the arms drooping down with all the istless helplessness of death.

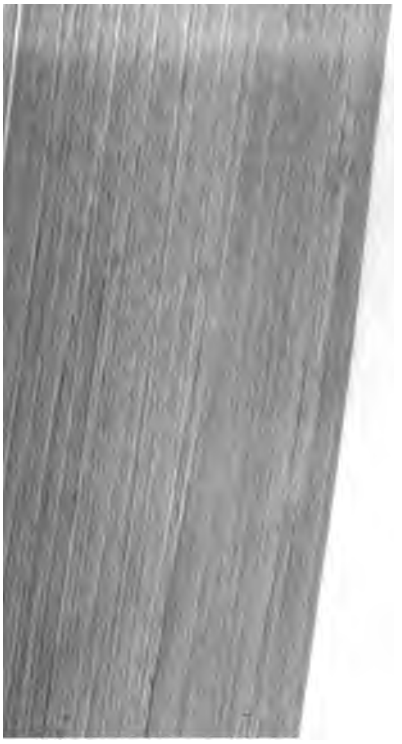
The brig was about to make sail, in order o separate from the schooner, and it was judged time to cut the body down. Instead, however, of doing this, they took a quantity of muskets, and every man who wished to exer- ise his power as a marksman, discharged his hot at the lashing of the commander's feet, or he various lanyards that upheld them. Bit by bit these were at last shot away—many of the balls of course perforating the legs and body

## CHAPTER V.

Theirs was the lawless life of licensed ease,
ature their lord, whose every smile could please."

SNOOKS.

s soon as I had been fairly placed on the ck of the schooner, my hands and feet were t at liberty, and the handkerchief taken from er my mouth. Beckett stood by, and in a nfused manner apologized for the rude means had been obliged to adopt for the preserva- n of my life. They had been rude indeed. it under every circumstance *I* had, perhaps, individual right to be angry with one who d rescued me from deliberate slaughter; yet



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the case in the gun-room of the Infernal, I remained on board her.

his attention confounded me—a new train irs arose in my mind. With all Beckett's tude, he did not, I hope, imagine that I going to enlist as his surgeon. Mechani- I took a seat, but the melancholy thoughts y late shipmates intruded too much upon my l to allow of anything but sickness and dis-. Scarcely had the boy taken the things from able, when down came Beckett himself, to I had received proper attention. I of se thanked him, as far as I was concerned, expressed the deep horror I felt at the late es, and my earnest wish, that if his grati- was anything more than mere profession, ould take the first opportunity of freeing rom a life so hateful. To this he replied, hat if I would give a solemn promise never ppear as evidence against him, or the crew he Infernal, he would comply with my re- it."

As to that, Beckett, I must do my duty as ntleman and an officer, in however trying a



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his conduct, when the delusive guides of passion and self-interest assailed him, spoke more, to my mind, of the bad system of the English naval discipline, than could a volume of the most subtle logic. The assertion of having made up his mind to "sell the brig" awakened my surprise; and, on questioning him, it appeared that Donaghue, having heard of the discontented state of the Infernal's crew, had found opportunities, during the siege at Martinique, to tamper with the most influential and violent of her men — Beckett among the rest— until, by pointing to them the joys of a life of unbridled license, and promising to glut their revenge upon their late tyrant, they had agreed to deliver her up on the first opportunity of her being at sea.

In pursuance of this plan, the foretop-gallantsail halyards had been cut as a signal on the part of the mutineers, and the gun instantly fired by the schooner was its acknowledgment. Both parties then knew each other, and the schooner, confident of her prey, bore down on the brig in the way which I have already de-



then on the way to head-quarters to refit. Beckett next informed me that we should be there a month, amid the most exquisite scenery it was possible to imagine; but that he could not venture to give me my liberty, unless I would take it on solemn parole of not asking the name of the island, or indeed any other question that might place in my power more information respecting their movements.

In doing this I saw no precise harm, and yet I felt unwilling to take such a step. Beckett saw my hesitation, and said that unless I would do so, he could not undertake to answer for my life among a set of men who were constantly given to spilling the blood of one another, and who valued that of a prisoner as much as that of a dog. This altered the case *in toto*, and perfectly justified me in giving the pledge required. Bringing my philosophy to bear whatever might be in store, I felt thankful that I had, in the strict discharge of my duty, so firmly attached to my welfare this humble, though, alas! most erring friend.

clear volume, and caused a number of light ripples to form before and welcome her advance; the edges of these crisped into foam like so much crystal, and conveyed to the mind a feeling of freshness and delight, that contrasted painfully with the scenes of blood and violence I had witnessed so brief a time before.

While this was the scene at sea, that on shore was not less attractive and imposing. The land which we were approaching was high, and covered with that delightful verdure which so distinctly marks the features of tropical landscapes. Some of the hills were feathered with palm trees to their very summits, while here and there the yellow and purple cliff gleamed forth to be again covered in wood, which, nestling in its shady nooks, caught the deep blues of the ocean and the sky.

In vain did I look for the harbour to which the schooner was steering. Gigantic precipices alone seemed to surround this heavenly shore, and to guard its entrance from all mortal intrusion. At last I descried just ahead, in the

depart at the summons of the most common-place noise in life.

This, however, was a reality, and, instead of fading away, it every moment grew more distinct and near; while presently I beheld the dorsal fin of the shark slowly cruising round, and bearing dark testimony, that if a paradise were before me, it was one of earth — that the voracious monsters of the deep forbad the delicious bath in its clear waters — that serpents, scorpions, and mosquitoes alloyed the beauty of its bowers; while, strongest proof of all, a nest of pirates, men of blood and violence, had chosen it as their home, and perhaps in no place on earth could I point out more of the vile and odious in human nature than was to be found before me.

We had now arrived within a few ships' length of the stupendous rocks; but that which had before seemed a mere cleft was become a deep clear opening of fifty yards across, the abrupt cliffs rising on each side like a wall, and far overtopping the lofty masts of our schooner. Just before we entered this narrow and certainly

"The best of luck, and plenty of it," replied one of Beckett's mates. I tried to detect the hailer, and looked first on one side and then on the other, in vain; till, watching the direction of the second speaker's eye, I at length descried an old man seated on a pinnacle of rock some distance above the masts of the schooner, and so far beyond me that he appeared a mere pigmy, though in reality a tall gaunt fellow of more than six feet high.

After we had proceeded about a hundred and fifty yards, the narrow inlet opened upon a spacious bay, more like the creation of a painter's pencil than anything else. At the end of this large harbour perched a high rock, with the same view to security and self-defence which the entrance had exhibited. I perceived an assemblage of rude huts, from which came pouring down to the beach a number of women, most of them bearing children in their arms. These all crowded into a large old barge, and while the schooner dropped her anchor, they pushed off and rowed on board.

The generality of these women, the sailors'

the first feelings that tended to restore them to the sufferance of life were those of a mother. For the sake of their children, they learnt that hard philosophy, whose lessons had been too difficult for themselves alone — the resignation of our hearts to the evils that are neither to be avoided nor overcome, and the humble but unceasing endeavour to distil whatever good is mixed up with the ills constantly imposed upon us.

Of females placed in this singular position I found no less than five, two French and three English; and strangely did many of the luxuries and refinements of Europe appear to my eye in that secluded corner of the world. Two of the ships in which these had been captured, had on board pianos. These had been preserved for them, and brought up to this little wilderness, while the constant leisure afforded by the fact of their husbands having to cruise at sea, induced them to cultivate what talents they possessed for music to the utmost.

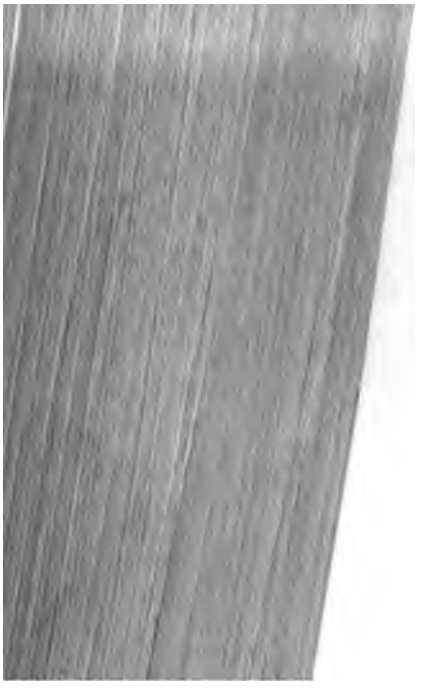
The schooner had no sooner dropped her anchor and furled her sails, than this bevy and

introduction had taken place to her under scenes of the greatest horror.

As she stood listening with a grave countenance to the certainly very artless attempts of Mr. Beckett to console her, I thought I heard the latter mention my name; he certainly looked towards me, and I, ignorant of what had happened, supposed that she might be in ill health, and that Beckett was recommending me as her "medical attendant." Nothing, however, being said to me on the subject, I of course took no notice of it, but descended to the boat waiting alongside, and was conveyed to the shore.

The newly-made widow was placed next me as we rowed along. I thought I observed her face to be wanting in the expression of gladness that irradiated most of the others; as soon as we landed, therefore, I inquired of Beckett the reason

This he immediately explained, and added, that as her late husband had made her house one of the best in this place, and as I should want the accommodation of some rooms, he had



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brig with Beckett seemed ready to run mad with delight. One prevalent mark of virtue was, however, the sparing hand with which they served out spirits; for they had both sense and resolution to know and remember that inebriety would destroy every comfort they possessed, by annihilating all species of subordination.

This last was, however, kept up on all the essential points with a most severe hand; and though the infliction of personal punishment was regulated with greater justice, and never ventured on but after a regular trial by the seniors, it was in such cases administered with a stern savageness, that left far behind it even the practice of Captain E——.

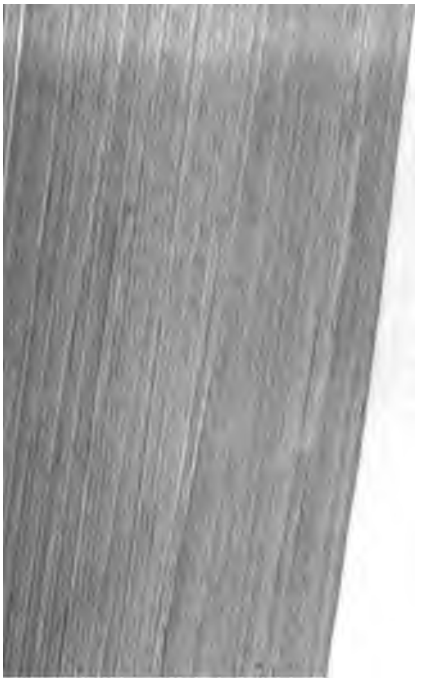
After breakfast the whole assembly broke up, dispersing themselves in such various parties, and on such amusements, as most suited their tastes: some went to catch fish for dinner, others to work at the repairs of the schooner, some were appointed to mend sails; and so every one seemed to have an occupation but myself. I wandered by the side of the water round the harbour, and then attempted to climb a steep



not do so, while the fact of my being ever ready to turn out at night and attend their children made me a most popular person with the potent genocracy of the pirate's wives. With the knowledge that these people were only pursuing an upright path of life, and the presence of one whose death I could never cease to mourn, how perfectly happy I could have been!

I do not mean by this to lay claim to the superior wisdom of turning my back on ambition, or other allurements, for which men in society so often sacrifice the luxury of a quiet and contented heart. With the path open before me, I could have wept, with Alexander, for new worlds to conquer; or fallen with Cæsar for his soaring crime, "even at the base of Pompey's statue." But I had been schooled in deep adversity, and made to read each thought and impulse of my own mind by that sad searching light which the actions of others throw on the impressive page of life.

The wish to shine, pursued beyond the humble bounds of moderation, appeared to me to



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criminate him with whom he was acting, even though it should be to oblige one to whom he professed and showed such deep gratitude.

These reflections induced me to observe a strict silence on the matter which was weighing at my heart, and with hope once more, however faintly, awakened, I heard mention made of the schooner being nearly ready for another cruise, and the time of her departure at hand. Beckett was himself the first person from whom I received this intelligence, and he came one morning into the room where I was sitting, to ask whether I would prefer to remain on shore till the schooner came back, or to go with her to sea.

"Go with her to sea," I immediately replied, with a promptitude that could leave no doubt of my intentions. This question I had expected, and was prepared for it accordingly. Open as my friend Beckett had been, I saw that he too had in him a little of that intrigue which seems so necessary a part in the composition of a chief, of whatever kin, country, or degree whatsoever.

In procuring me apartments with the hand-



heart would doubtless have enabled him to make love at once to every woman on the island. At the last moment, however, accompanied with many injunctions to capture another doctor for them, that they might always have one to spare the ladies, they returned to their barge, and with much weeping and wiping of eyes and waving of handkerchiefs, we sailed through the narrow inlet, gained the sea, and bore away.

Despite all the vices and odious crimes with which, no doubt, the greater part, if not all of these men, were stained, I must admit that greater respect or more true kindness no man ever received, either on board the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, or indeed anywhere else; and I confessed to myself, as the land faded from my sight, that few things would ever prove half so distressing to me, as being called upon to give one tittle of evidence against any of them.

The worst part of my captivity was, I imagined, still to come. With the exception of the unaccountable carrying off the brig, and the revolting execution of its commander, I had

and I thought with horr
some unhappy merchantm
and seeing every living s
and a few perhaps of her t
pelled to walk the plank
throats to the knife like ox

For a few minutes I r
left our late quiet retreat ;
taken, though not free fro
wisest. Had I remained
schooner been captured,
should have had to pass
Now, at any rate, I had
and of resuming those vie
to embrace the navy as a
morning after our departu
island was to be seen; a

was to meet the schooner in a certain latitude.

The brig, he told me, had been to another rendezvous among the West Indian islands, possessed of greater facilities for repairing their ships. There she was to have been fitted on the swivel principle, with a long thirty-two pounder, they being both destined, on their union, to cruise in search of a heavy convoy daily expected from Ireland.

My heart sank within me at this intelligence, and the name of dear old Ireland came on my soul like a knell! But I had no help for it but in philosophy, which, after all, is now and then, even with the best riders, found to be but a sorry nag, and terribly overridden.

To the great surprise of Beckett, but the still greater joy of myself, when we arrived on the cruising ground, or rather that of the appointment, no brig appeared. A week passed; there we lay stretching first after one strange sail, and then another; but none appeared to be that which we sought, and many a goodly fat trader was missed, because Beckett was un-

[redacted]

As they were at this time, however, considerably to leeward of their cruising ground, Beckett, in order to save time, put his helm down, and stood to windward across the stranger's bows, when the latter, suddenly putting his helm aport, stood for the same point.

At this very moment of time, Beckett was examining the stranger with a glass, and I with my naked eye, and both involuntarily exclaimed,

"She's a frigate!"

"Ay, and by the lord Harry, sir," added Beckett, "he's trying to cut us off."

Such was, indeed, the fact; the stranger was a frigate of large dimensions too, and evidently sailed fast; so much so, that I thought many of the schooner's crew might begin to rub their throats with an anticipatory notion of what usage was in store for them. At this time she was coming up with us, hand over hand, taking the schooner at the very disadvantage under which the schooner took the brig; that, namely, of bringing the wind down with her, the breeze which filled the huge sails of the

frigate being five or six times as powerful as the light air that little more than urged the schooner through the water.

But though my late friends must undoubtedly have felt far less pleased at the man-of-war's approach than I did, still they would not for a moment allow the disagreeable position in which they found themselves placed, to cow their courage, or weaken their resources.

Beckett's first act was to put his vessel before the wind, and crowd on her every stitch of canvass which she could carry. This tended to increase the distance of the pirate from her pursuer slightly, but it was soon evident that the superiority of the latter's sailing would ere long bring her within reach of a battery against which her single gun had no chance whatever. I now gave them up for lost, and began already to torture myself with the crue scene that was before me, when I should be forced by my evidence to become the means of death to those who had been so uniformly kind to me.

Of this, however, they had not at all s

vivid a conception; on the contrary, Beckett came aft to me, fluttering, as I was, between these apprehensions and my hopes of speedy liberty, and telling me to get all my traps into the boat hanging astern, stated his intention of lowering me down in that poor cockle-shell, in order that the frigate might be obliged to heave to, and pick me up. Thus the stronger breeze which now filled the sails of the latter would then have time to reach him, and with his swift heels he should no longer have a fear.

I cannot describe how my heart bounded with delight at this proposal, which embraced within its scope both those objects—which, however weak in me, I must confess I had at heart—his escape and my preservation. I did not employ much time or precision in seeing my goods and chattels conveyed from my cabin; they were literally heaped into the boat without order, or indeed anything but haste. Several of the crew crowded round and wished me a safe voyage, and Beckett, seizing my hand, shook it with emotion for himself and shipmates

over his bows, and saw whom he was to pick up, his surprise at this odd meeting was even greater than mine.

Sail was shortened—the frigate hove to—lowered a boat—and my little dingy was towed alongside.

"What is she, doctor—a slave-ship?" demanded the captain with great eagerness, as soon as I gained the entering port.

"No, sir," I replied, "she is no slave-ship; but if you will allow me a few minutes' private conversation, I will explain."

"Why, what's in the wind now, doctor? Where's your brig? You haven't left her in the clouds by accident, have you, for you seem to have dropped from them?"

"Not so either, Captain Howard. That schooner"—and as I looked round for her, I saw to my inexpressible delight that she had at length got the strong breeze, and was vanishing down to leeward with the strength and flight of a young eagle.

"Well—well; what is she, doctor? Make

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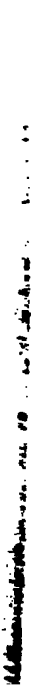
"Yes, sir."

"Then I suppose, *pro forma*, we must resume our course after him, though now that yon clipper has the wind, there's little chance of our coming up with him—and so much the better."

"True, sir; but had you not better seem to make the attempt, or those who are fit for no better occupation may seek to fasten some sort of blame on you?"

"Let those quarrel with the Howard's lion who have faced his claws! I'll be sheriff's officer for no man; I don't approve of seamen being first hunted into mutiny, and then hung for it. They can't escape long, poor wretches, unless they give up this trade, and my conscience is quite easy as to ceasing the pursuit after their conduct shown to you — *aquila non captat muscas*—my eagle's beak and talons were never made for catching flies. Beckett's villany has been thrust upon him, but there is in the fellow the rough jewel of true virtue, though, coming under such a commander, it was indeed a pearl before swine."





"Of course I do; I have a man in my shi my life, would not n name—this has been th no compromise of my me in two other matt ings of my former shi the gentlemen at the A my commission, and w were in my place, and him all the better for a not the way to try moti nothing of the matter. man, Green, who had when I exchanged him

miles for our one; I'll have the watch called, and then you can tell me at your leisure the whole story. I have some friends below—old acquaintances of yours—who long for the renewal of past friendship."

With this, Captain Howard left me to order the calling of the watch. So confused was I at this new whirl in the wheel of my fates, that I had quite forgotten to inquire how Captain Howard gained the intelligence. How could it have reached him? Fifty different modes suggested themselves, and none of them even so probable as that of the "bird of the air carrying the matter."

Meantime the watch was called, the wind shifted round upon our quarter, and this I knew would be the schooner's favourite point of sailing. Nothing on the station ever had been able to come up with her, and I no longer had a fear that any such disagreeable success was in store for the Epaminondas. The officer of the watch, however, trimmed his sails, and stood away for her; but the lost moments were,

[redacted]

needed no language to proclaim her my countrywoman, she archly demanded if I did not remember my old playfellow?

That tone of voice went to my very heart, and doubled all the magic of the words.

"Can it be so, indeed?" said I, returning her friendly grasp; "or," looking once more in her face, "I should rather say, can it be any other than my dear Lady Desmond?"

"Why—yes," interrupted Captain Howard, "by-and-bye I hope it can be Lady Somebody else;" and smiling at his betrothed, for such I concluded she now was, he hurried out of the cabin.

So many years had elapsed since last we met, that I really felt quite thankful at having imparted to Captain Howard so much of my history, as, being communicated to my old friend, now saved us both from the deep pain of inquiry for those who were beyond every tribute of our love—save that which memory could offer.

Yet, although we spoke not of one with the thoughts of whose excellence both our hearts

were filled, the feeling was not less deep on her side, nor less agonizing on mine. Who are they who cannot remember how they have trembled when some one, connected by friendship or accident with the absent possessor of their love, has suddenly appeared before them? Who cannot remember how even the meanest object or the most indifferent person is then encircled with a charm and an importance that in any other position would have been ridiculous and impossible? If a stranger to ourselves, how we long for his acquaintance!—If an acquaintance, how rapidly we invest him with the privileges and dignity of a friend! and if a friend, then how doubly dear!

It was not until Lady Desmond, or as, with a faithful affection for olden days, she desired me to call her—Ida—had put to me several common-place questions, that I could regain my self-possession. Fancying that the presence of her parent was a restraint—for, from his reserved and haughty disposition, I had never seen much of him in boyhood, she proposed that we should take a walk under the awning

f the quarter-deck. Here followed one of hose delightful and unreserved discussions hich have the power to atone to us for half he sorrows of our lives.

While discoursing of all the varied events hat influenced our fortunes since childhood, he grave seemed almost to relinquish its dear ead, and those pleasures which now existed nly in the dreams of our memory once again elighted the soul. When the evening arived, the schooner had long been out of ight, and the Epaminondas had resumed that ourse for Jamaica which she was steering when a strange sail led her from it.

I would not trust myself to speak of Kathleen till the evening, and then, by the brilliant light of a West Indian moon, I repeated to her old companion the sad story of her mysterious disappearance, which the reader already knows.

She had previously heard it from Captain Howard, but wept bitterly as she learned every minute particular, which were too deeply and too sadly graven on my memory to fade. She

endeavoured as much as possible to infuse into my feelings a spirit of hope; but, alas! to what end was it to be indulged? It is true her murderer yet walked the earth unpunished, and to make *certain* of his identity, and to achieve his just condemnation, was the only object of my life.

But could her mild spirit be gladdened at the death even of so odious a wretch? or could it, after all, fill up in my own bosom the void which her assassination had made?

"No," replied Ida to these observations, "there is unfortunately too much truth in these remarks; but it will be at least some consolation for you to have the mystery of her death—dark and dreadful as it is—set at rest: and if the approaching execution of this wretch does no more, it may at least exculpate your father."

"The approaching execution!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"What! has not Captain Howard told you?"

"Told me! No."

"What is it I have not told you?" de-
inded Howard himself, coming up at the
:ntion of his name.

"The apprehension of Donaghue!"

"True, Ida, neither have I. Yet how,
ctor, we should both have forgotten—you to
quire, and I to tell you how I heard of your
pture in the brig—is more than I can imagine.
it Ida is to blame for all, no doubt! One
a never think of anything else when she is in
: way. It appears that this thrice-dyed
lain—this accursed quintessence of a rogue—
io has so often slipped through our fingers, had
sooner taken possession of the brig and dis-
nded her crew — part being put into the
iooner, and the rest retained with himself—
in he set off to some favourite rendezvous,
iere it was his intention to increase the brig's
·ce of metal, and I believe alter her rig. But
ough the halters of these fellows are generally
ig enough, they always manage somehow or
ier to get to the end of their rope; and this
undrel, fancying that he still had under his
t the swift Long Tom schooner, edged down

too near to a corvette, in the hopes that she might turn out a rich West Indian trader. The corvette was the Falcon, lately out from England, and in light breezes very fast; she soon overhauled the Infernal, and Donaghue found too late that his best tooth had been drawn when he parted with the swivel thirty-two. I am told, however, that he fought his brig incomparably well, and after two hours' hard action was only taken by boarding, and so dangerously wounded as not to be expected to live. As for the brig herself, they just had time to take her wounded out of her, when down she went!"

"When and where, sir," I asked, with breathless interest, "did you hear this?"

"About a month ago, when lying at St. Vincents—was it not, Ida?"

"Yes, it was."

"So I thought. A man-of-war brig that had left Port Royal the day after the Falcon arrived there, gave me these particulars. One or two men taken in the brig had turned king's evidence, and the trial was ordered to come on

as soon as Donaghue should either have recovered from his wounds, or settled the question of his own fate by dying from them."

"Then by this time, Captain Howard, I may have lost the last and best chance of ever wringing from him the truth of Kathleen's story?"

"Indeed, that is much to be feared. On the other hand, to look at a brighter side of the picture, we may arrive just in the very nick of time to get everything from him; while the prospect of his approaching trial will induce him to make friends, and his wounds are so far healed as to allow of our getting at him. If not, I shall be doubly disappointed, first, on your account, and next on my own. For since you are sure he is the man that you saw on the seventy-four, he is the only one who can confirm our opinions on that subject. But let the case be as it may, we cannot accelerate our pace to Port Royal by grieving on the matter; and I think it high time the lady on your arm should leave the moonlight dews for the shelter

of the cabin; and, Mr. Doctor, you must un
derstand, moreover, that your *tête-à-tête* wit
the princess of another gallant has lasted quit
long enough already for any rule of chivalry."

## CHAPTER VI.

"In hopes to bask a little yet,
Just reach'd it when the sun was set."

DESPITE of the injunction with which my kind-hearted captain closed the speech at the end of the last chapter, I found it no easy matter to adhere to that which reason so plainly recommended. The firm impression which I now entertained, that the crisis of my fate was approaching, and that every bound of the lively frigate brought me nearer to it, set at utter defiance all my efforts to be calm.

My mind would torment itself with that ceaseless question and reply which is always the

result of over-excitement. As some relief, I entered into the details of my friend Lady Desmond's history since we parted, which, with the exceptions of those little crosses arising from her own delicate health, and the opposition made by her parent to her attachment for Captain Howard, was as tame and unvaried as the lives of the wealthy often are.

The sequel of her story did, however, give me unfeigned pleasure, for it related to the tardy consent which her father had given to her approaching marriage. Having now resided during the winter in the West Indies, with evident benefit to her health, the learned brethren of my profession had given her permission to return to Europe for the summer.

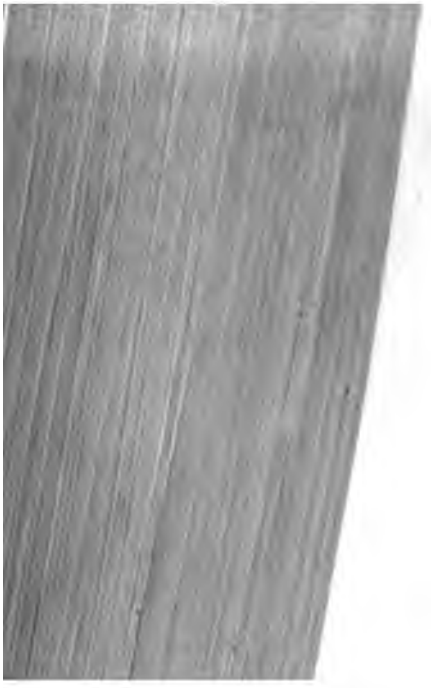
Her father and suite, including herself and her physician, had therefore embarked on board the Epaminondas for Jamaica, whence the frigate was to be despatched to England with a convoy for Cork. On arriving there, Lady Desmond and her father were to be landed, and to make preparations for the immediate wedding, which was to take place at Desmond Castle,

whose well-appointed and haughty towers were visible from the more ancient, as well as poorer, turrets of my own deserted home. When she came to these details, she naturally touched lightly on them for many reasons, but the invitation she gave me to the scene of festivity was warm and decided in the extreme.

I could not give her a denial, but I looked it. The associations with such a neighbourhood, and such a scene, were too painful to be lightly encountered; and when she told me that I had been assigned a chief post in the celebration of the day, I understood that the part of bridesman was to be allotted to me.

But, in my own mind, I felt convinced that my present visit to Port Royal would be productive of some disclosure or event that must powerfully affect my future life, though utterly unable to explain in what precise manner. I, therefore, thanked her for the generous interest she took in my unpromising fortunes, and pledged myself to do all in my power.

Indeed, no words can express the blessing which her reappearance on the scene of my



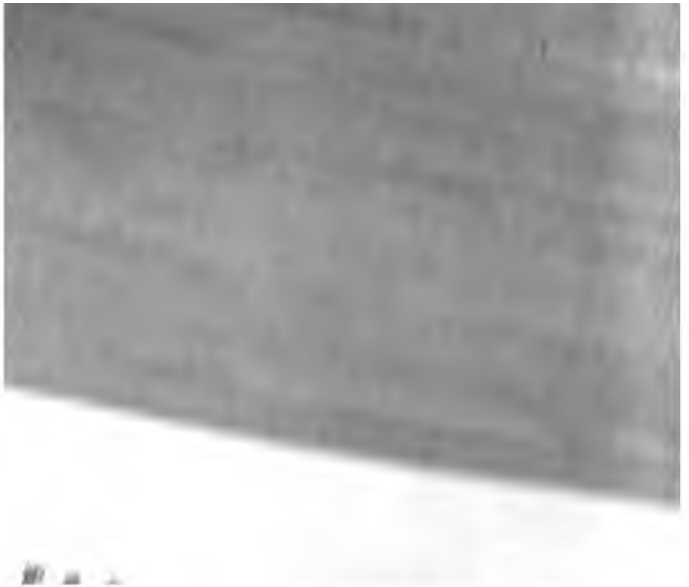
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of can
aloft.

before this I was ready, at the first summons, to depart for the shore. The captain had asked me to breakfast with him in the cabin, and the sails had not long been furled when his gig was hauled up alongside: we descended into it, and pulled for the shore.

As we rowed along, I looked round at the scenes, and saw the dreaded palisades which had engulphed so many hundred thousand of my fellow Europeans; but there was nothing in the landscape to mark this out as one of the numerous approaches to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On the contrary, it appeared to be one of those quiet spots in which, the turbulence of men's passions subsiding, they may grow into a warm old age.

"Now," said Captain Howard, as our boat struck the shore, "criminals such as we are seeking, are generally confined in a prison, towards which I will show you the way."

"That will be the wisest plan, sir, for fear of delays; but the scoundrel in question is of so obstinate and determined a nature, that it would surprise me but little were he resolutely



a street, and suddenly halt in his rapid flight—as though subject to one of those enchanting wands mentioned in the Arabian Nights—as if turned to stone.

In a few seconds I was by his side.

"What has happened, sir? What is the matter?"

The violence of his running had deprived him of the power of answering me, and he could only point upwards.

The motion was unnecessary. An immense crowd of people, of all nations and all colours, stood collected before us, and my eyes had involuntarily sought the direction to which Captain Howard's hand would have directed them. There—dreadful annihilation of all our hopes!—were hanging seven bodies, and in the centre of these, a tall and muscular corpse, of fearful power while yet life was in it, marked out the murderer and pirate—Donaghue. He had resolutely refused to have any cap drawn over his hideous countenance, and even in death it could not for a second be mistaken.

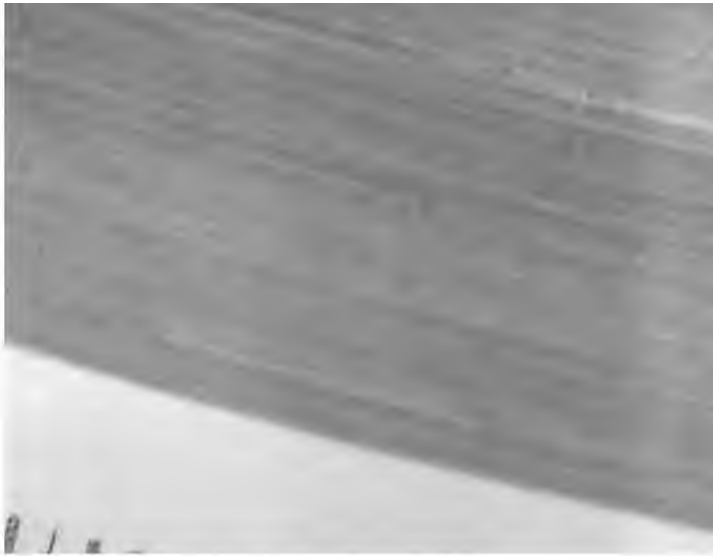
As I looked at the sickening sight before me



but with what want of success the reader knows.

Never since the day on which Kathleen was first carried from her home, had I felt any distress equal to that which I now endured. Hitherto I had buoyed myself up with the hope of having at least the mystery of her assassination made clear. That had been the aim, end, scope, and consolation of life; and now at one fell swoop, with the unrevealing death of this traitor, all had vanished. The grave had once more closed upon me, and all for which I lived. Now, then, I cared not how soon its dreary portals might receive and shelter so sad and worn a pilgrim as myself.

Captain Howard, under these circumstances, did all he could to cheer me. Perhaps, after all, Donaghue had made a confession. The clergyman who had attended him might be able to say something which would throw light on the dreadful secret which destroyed all my peace. We went to him. No!—the criminal had died a Catholic—if anything—and we repaired to his priest. The priest only told us



ome inconsistencies; yet I could not but won-
er, and ever shall, how, to the most ordinary
ense, the simple tenets of the Great Master
ould bear so strange a translation.

"At least," thought I, "the mysteries of
he future will to myself be soon unravelled."

I felt, as I returned on board, that "the pes-
ilence which walketh at noon-day" had struck
ne down; nor could I feel grieved that life—
hat boon to many, but that heavy load to me—
vas soon to be laid down; that the spirit, re-
eased from its constantly recurring trials, would
e allowed to possess the knowledge and the
happiness for which it thirsted—to enter into
he fulness and ethereal ecstasy of love un-
logged by the drawback of low desires—to
neet with the emancipated souls of those for
ever dear—unsated by the lapse of time, un-
hecked by the fear of dissolution—Death, so
dreaded by mankind, could only force me
through his horrors once — and "there an
end!"

Captain Howard had remained on shore, and
ent me on board in his gig. I no sooner reached



"O, Caustic! don't jest with a dying man!"

"Tut, sir!—stuff!—trash! I never jested yet with dying or living. What I tell you is the solemn truth, sir—I only wish you to alter your mind; you may as well stay where you are, as be off on a long journey, because some trifle or other has gone wrong with you. Travelling in moderation is good; but when a man insists on setting out to some far place, from which it is impossible to say when he'll come back—such a man, I say, is over-hasty. I say, sir, he's not considered the matter, and that's just the matter for your consideration. Give me your pulse."

I made an effort to lift my arm, but it fell powerless by my side. I felt some one touch me—I heard voices by my bedside—but a current of lava seemed flowing through my brain, and every disjointed image presented itself to my mind, but the perception of what had become of me.

At a single glance, Caustic's experienced eye saw what had befallen. Over-excitement and

in all human probability, will not only save O'Donnel's life, but prevent the fever spreading to another case."

"I wish to heaven I could," replied Howard; "but the admiral here is, as you know, that unmanageable old dog, Sir Ginger Pop. Living up in that pen of his, in pure air, he doesn't seem to care one fig who goes by Yellow Jack, so long as he goes free. He happens to be in town to-day, and I've just seen him. He was, or pretended to be, in a great rage that I did not take that schooner. In answer to which, I very plainly expressed my fears, that I had not as much Jack Ketch in me as he seemed to require. The convoy won't be ready for a week; and, as it is, I've asked to be off on my own account; for, independent of every other consideration, I wish Lady Desmond to enjoy as much of the summer in Europe as possible. Well, just fancy, Caustic—the old hound said he could grant my request, but he did not think it probable he should.

"I asked, 'Why not?'

"'Because he wanted officers to hold a



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station, talking about Captain K——, and the astonishing luck he had in getting freights, and any other good thing that was going; so that nobody else could put in his claim for a share?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, the murder has now come out, and I learnt it this morning. Sir Ginger's son, you know, has just been posted, and he came out here a supernumerary, in hopes his father might be able to give him a good ship. Now on what sort of plan do you think that deep old boy has hit to effect his object?"

"Oh, Lord knows, sir!"

"Why, he fixed on Captain K——'s frigate, and sending for her commander, said to him,

"'K——, I want your ship for my son.' K——, who, as you know, is a wide-awake Scotchman, was rather startled from his propriety at this, and said something about having misunderstood his admiral.

"'*That* so good an officer as Captain K—— rarely does," quoth Sir Ginger, buttering him up, and then adding a little jelly to his butter,

them. Sir Ginger remonstrated—Mac could na see the force of his objections. Still he kept command of his ship, and still added to his fortune every penny he could lay his hands on. Sir Ginger was now getting very hot—past boiling heat; but your Scotch, you know, Caustic, are cool fellows. Mac was no way moved at Sir Ginger's heat; but Pop's not the fellow to be done by any one; few indeed may wrong him with impunity, and his object he was determined to carry."

"Egad! if he did, it does him credit."

"Well, you shall hear. Finding that Mac would not quit his ship by fair means, Sir Ginger came to the resolution, the other day, when Mac anchored, of sending his own flag-ship to sea, and hoisting his flag on board Mac's frigate, thus keeping him in Port Royal harbour. At first Mac laughed at this in his sleeve, but Sir Ginger had, I think, the laughing side of it. By-and-bye the yellow fever broke out on board. The ship's crew and officers died off pretty briskly. Mac took lodgings on shore, and began to look out for the

est to go to sea myself to-day. Now I'll off to him once more, and try what your ort will effect."

"Not much, sir, I fear, under all the circumnces you mention; but if not, depend upon the mischief won't end here."

"Very well," said the captain, "get you on ard, and I'll come and report what success I ve."

With this they parted; Caustic for the Epaondas, Captain Howard for the admil. In an hour and a half the latter was on ard again; Lady Desmond and her father d been inquiring for him, and in expectation his return had delayed their landing.

Caustic was walking the quarter-deck when e captain arrived; and he saw at once, by the untenance of the latter, that affairs had not ne smoothly, for Howard seemed in a greater ge than any one on board ever remembered to ve seen him before. Caustic, of course, waited ll he should be sent for. The captain, hower, at once espied him at the other end of e quarter-deck, and, without speaking a word,

In pursuance of these intentions, some excuse was made for detaining Lady Desmond and her father on board; all the necessaries and luxuries required to supply us on the passage to Barbadoes were hastily and quietly got on board, and at half-past two o'clock in the morning, when the land breeze was at its height, the cable of the Epaminoudas was cut, the foretopsail silently sheeted home, and a final adieu bidden to Port Royal and Sir Ginger Pop.

"Will he not be in a rage when he finds himself outwitted?" said Captain Howard to Caustic, as they stood leaning at the capstan.

"I hope so, sir," replied the surgeon, very gravely; "or half the good of your departure is lost on him!"

"D'ye think he'll try me by a court-martial?"

"Not he, sir; admirals never try honourables by courts-martial. They know very well it's no use if they do; in a well-regulated navy you *might* stand a chance of it, sir."

"Thank'ye, doctor, for the compliment; as Ollapod says in the Poor Gentleman, 'I owe ye half a one;' but what d'ye say to Lord Torrington's brother—Byng?"

"So," as Caustic added, "though he took the least wise precautions for his own life, he took the very best for yours!"

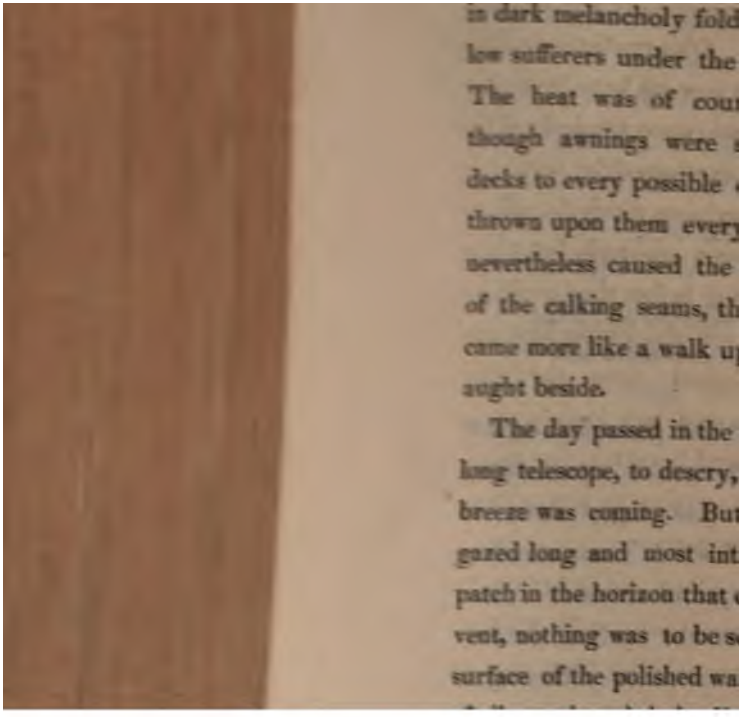
To this plague-like seclusion he wished also to subject Ida, but she, spurning the idea, would allow no entreaties to dissuade her from watching over Captain Howard's couch; and as we were both placed under one large skreen on the main-deck, I also shared her care. This was at last repaid: untouched by a single fear for herself, she saw us both come round once more to strength and health under her tender nursing.

In a pliant hour I afterwards drew from Caustic—stoic as he pretended to be—the admission that some of the happiest hours of his life were passed by our cots during that illness, talking and reading to the young peeress, and inspiring her with hope to bear up under the horror of that calamity which threatened her. No human lips could speak more strongly in praise of any created being than did he of her, while every afternoon she rewarded his assiduity by walking with him for an hour in the cool of sun-down, on the quarter-deck, while his patient slept.

## CHAPTER VII.

See! on the horizon's verge—a sail! a sail!
Danger is near—let not your spirits fail!

ıR some weeks we had proceeded on our yage with every favourable circumstance. ore than a fortnight had elapsed since our itting Barbadoes: Howard, whose attack of ver had proved so slight as almost to raise a ubt if it came under the "yellow" denomi-tion, had already persisted in returning to duty, while consciousness and mental power d once more begun to rally in my own ain, when, on the morning of a brilliant y, sunrise found us becalmed. The sea



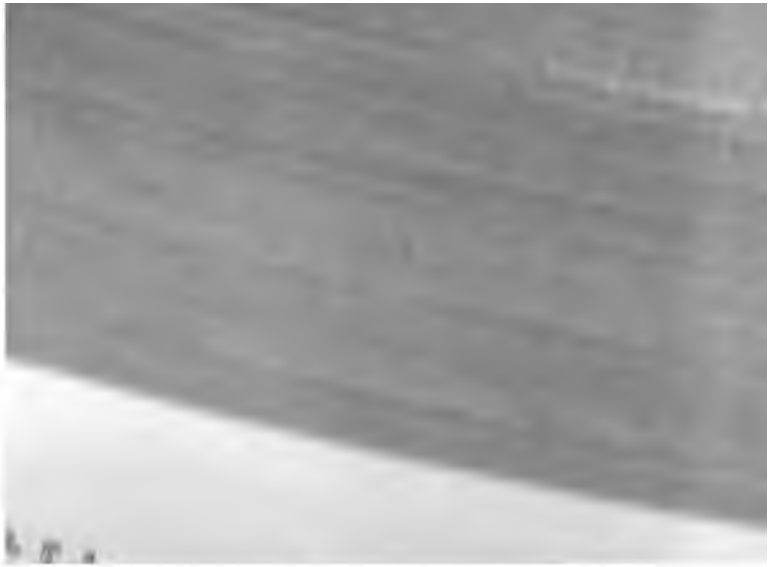
in dark melancholy fold
low sufferers under the
The heat was of cou
though awnings were
decks to every possible
thrown upon them every
nevertheless caused the
of the calking seams, th
came more like a walk u
aught beside.

The day passed in the
long telescope, to descry,
breeze was coming. But
gazed long and most int
patch in the horizon that
vent, nothing was to be s
surface of the polished wa

ıg retired to rest with the perfect belief that a resh breeze would start up at daybreak, were not little mortified at finding themselves exactly in he same position, the day equally fine, and the ir equally unmoved. Objurgations, wishes, opes, and fears might now all have been proured at the cheapest ratio upon the decks of the Epaminondas, as the vexatious delay tended to onsume those fresh provisions which the officers ad brought on board as a sea-stock, but which rere rapidly diminishing before they could get o another port. Even the gentle Desmond azed with astonishment upon the scene round, and having asked how long this calm ras likely to endure, and being told that a calm ometimes lasted for weeks, replied with all he horror she could express—

"Why, the summer, then, will be over before re get back to Europe; if these are calms, I hould prefer a storm, so that it came the right vay."

"Ah," replied Howard, whose wishes quite kept pace with her expectancy, "that's a new vay of wishing for a more favourable breeze;



appeal, I know not—no answer was re-
ed; but in a few minutes I heard, from my
the ship, a deep sepulchral rumbling noise
h I judged to come from "little Desmond's"
er, whose noble throat most directly pro-
ed to exclaim,

Very improper of Captain Howard, this
of noise so early in the morning."

a few minutes down came the lieutenant
he watch again.

Captain Howard!"

Well."

Breeze to windward coming down very fast

Glad to hear it."

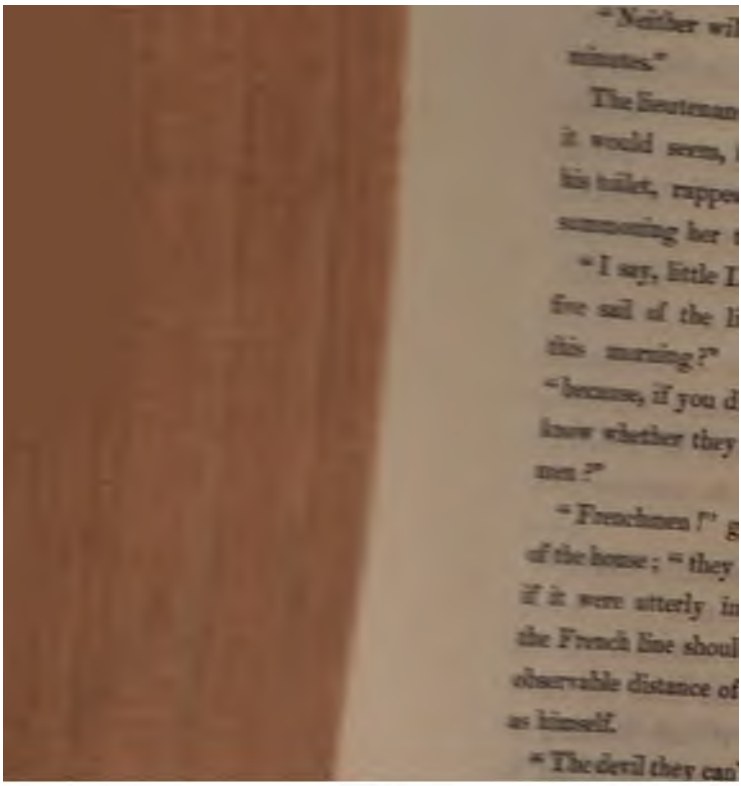
Yes, sir, but there are five strange sail
ing down with it."

What are they?"

Can't make them out, sir."

What size do they appear to be?"

Why, as yet, sir, they don't rise higher,
n our masthead, than the second reef of
r topsails; but they're coming down under
sail, and they're either line-of-battle ships
normous frigates—I can't say which."



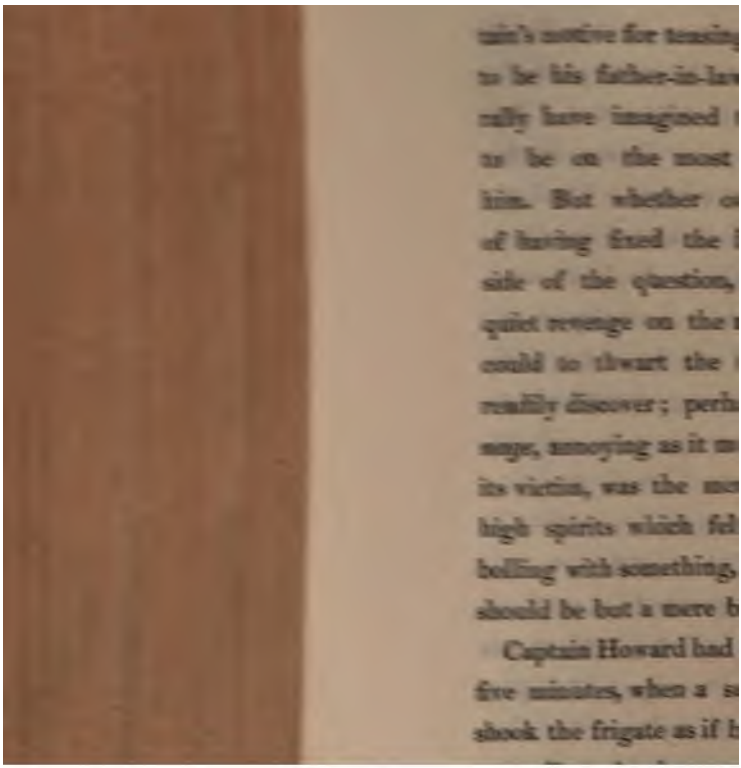
ros come rattling down upon you. I hope ou are ready to turn out at a minute's notice, nd clear for quarters ?"

"Turn out, Captain Howard!" said the eer, with that grave deliberation between very word that marked his lordship's sense of ne extreme atrocity of such a proposition; It is utterly impossible, Captain Howard, hat I can rise at such an hour!—you know ery well that my physician——"

"Oh! your physician be ——," muttered loward, *sotto voce*—then aloud, "Well, well, ıy lord, there's no occasion to be disturbed; nly I must send in eight of the seamen to work hat gun in your berth."

"Really, Captain Howard, I can't pos-ibly allow them to come in here."

"O, very well! just tell them so, will ou, my boy? you'll find them the softest reatures in the world;" and chuckling to imself at the strong affinity that would be ound between his silken, selfish lordship and alf a dozen tarry-breeched long-tailed tars,



commander had caused to be fired directly over the head of his future father-in-law.

"O this will drive me mad!" I heard the ill-used peer exclaim, as soon as the rumble of the gun allowed anything to be distinguished; while, however improper, I confess that I lay enjoying the fun of the peer's distress, in the most acute and agreeable manner. I had always heard him from my childhood described as one of those vain, punctilious simpletons who, possessed of every possible opportunity of enjoyment, and the means of creating and extending the enjoyments of others, contrive nevertheless, by their own excessive folly and ill-regulated minds,—if, indeed, their directing power can be dignified by such a title—not only to insure the misery of themselves, but to inflict an equal degree of wretchedness on every other being round them. Such people, therefore, as they make themselves objects of dislike to all around them, may be, and are, the most legitimate causes of laughter and ridicule for the world at large.

While I was pondering on these several mat-

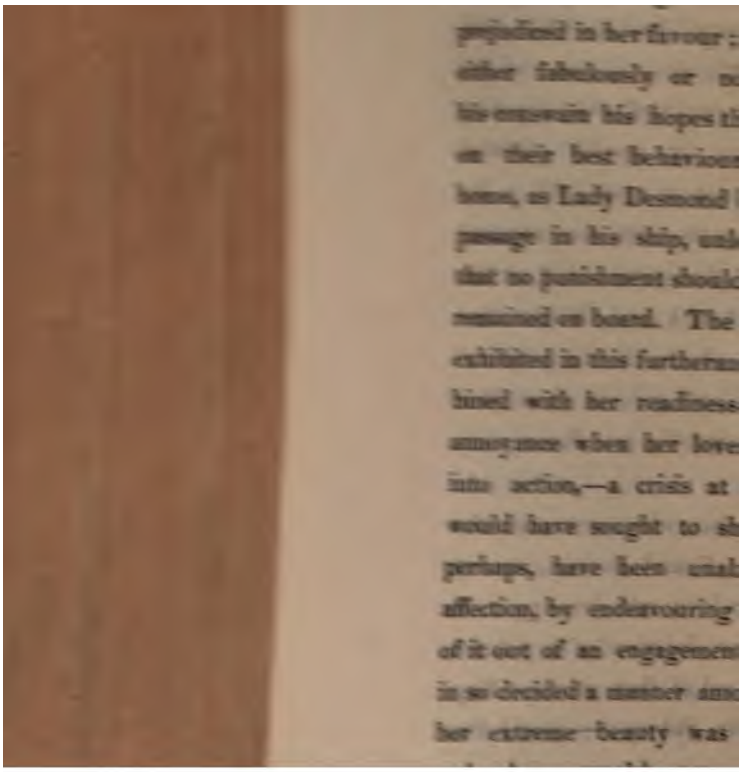
came pealing down
ominous thunder; a
could be made upon i
tion ventured as to
tap upon the drum,
man-of-war to an issu
quer or die, realized t
tain Howard in the

Although, at the t
least one half of the shi
locked in sleep, the ecl
had scarcely died aw
was absolutely swarm
men, all striving who
second the efforts of
achieving fresh conqu
two or three of the
ready gathered at the

slept there, they waited the appearance of the steward to summon the sleepers, before they entered on their unceremonious duties. In a few minutes that functionary arrived; and after exhibiting great distress on the occasion, and imploring the carpenter, if possible, to spare the repose of the honoured inmates till the last moment, Chips, as the carpenter is generally called, in consideration of the Viscountess Desmond being betrothed to the skipper, consented to give the parties within, a few minutes extra preparation; and meanwhile repaired to some other post till this grace had expired.

Lady Desmond's maid now made her appearance, in a due state of fainting and trepidation. In reply to the steward's inquiries of whether she had yet awoke her ladyship, the damsel replied—

"Lady Desmond is not only awake, but already dressed;" an assurance scarcely uttered before the beautiful object of it glided from the cabin, all smiles and confidence; and taking the arm of her servant, repaired in person to the quarter-deck, to examine into the cause of



when Howard, who was busily engaged in reconnoitering the approaching squadron of the enemy, turned round, beheld the lovely being whom solicitude for himself had been the chief, and her own curiosity the alleged cause of her venturing upon deck, a sparkle of something more than ordinary pleasure lit up his animated countenance; he seemed to gaze with a delight, calculated at once to excite the envy and the melancholy of all that witnessed it, at the glorious bloom of health and delight that crimsoned those fair cheeks in the congenial rays of the rising sun, and gave to those blue eyes a brilliancy and intelligence almost more than human.

"See, wicked prophet, what your unlawful arts have brought us!" said Howard, seizing the hand of his lady love, and pressing it to his lips with all the devotion of a paladin, or some modern revival of that glorious English hero, Sir Philip Sidney; — would that the breed had not become so very nearly extinct!

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on with all the delight a compliment by a eautiful woman never yet failed to convey. On ıe opposite side of the deck one of the midship- ıen, trusting to the captain's example, and the act of the first lieutenant being wholly engrossed ›y the duties of the ship, was very busy reassur- ng the trembling lady's maid, who had con- ented for a while to waive all her apprehensions of French cannon-balls, for a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* with the Adonis of the midshipmans' berth.

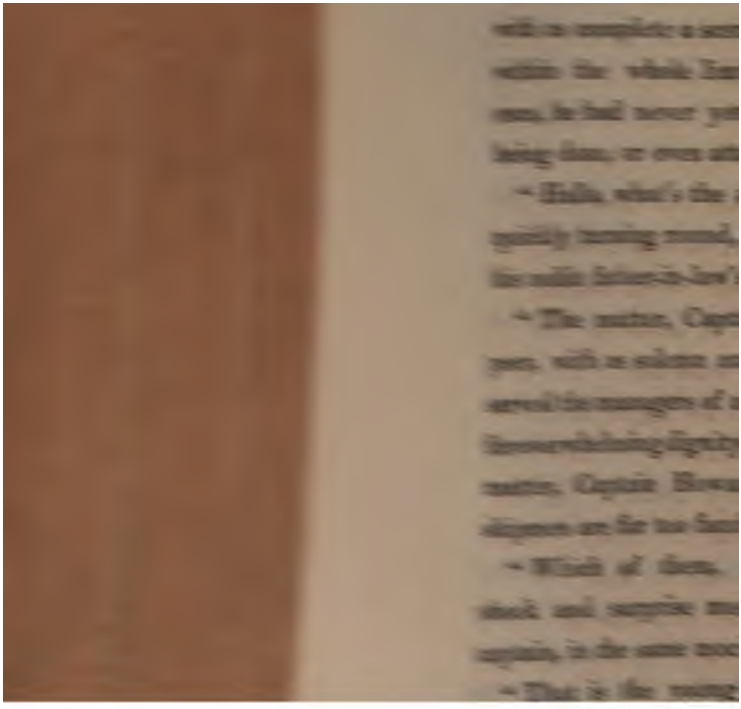
Unfortunately, however, both the lady and her swain had calculated without their host; for while Mr. Midshipman Smith's arm wandered round the waist of Mrs. Abigail Jones, who should come upon deck but the Lord Desmond! The carpenter's crew had finally succeeded in dislodging his lordship from his cot, despite of all his noble protests; and he came upon deck faint and dying for an opportunity of finding fault with somebody, he cared not whom, for doing something he cared not what. The fact, therefore, of seeing a mid-

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had proved the true nature of his upon many a dilemma; he knew the exact value of every grain, and now resolved, with equal boldness and science, on administering a large dose to that nervous invalid Lord Desmond. Raising his voice so as to drown the querulous peer's, Smith quickly relinquished the waist of the too tender waiting-maid, and advancing before her with a low bow, and speaking as if he were addressing some one in the main-top, he proffered the telescope which he held in the other hand, saying,

"Did your lordship ask for a glass to look at the enemy? You can see them very plainly now; even from the quarter-deck their lower yards are visible." But Lord Desmond was too knowing in the art of tormenting his inferiors to be so easily driven from his prey. Waving off the glass with one hand, and pointing to the delinquent *soubrette* with the other, he replied, in a tone that Captain Howard could not fail to catch,

"All that I require of gentlemen in your



lordship's servant's waist? I'm quite shocked at you, sir! Don't you know the impropriety of such proceedings?" Here Howard had a very severe struggle to keep from laughing, and having successfully gained the point of gravity, she continued in a low tone, "Go to the main-topmast head."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the unabashed midshipman; and then watching his opportunity, when his superior's looks were turned another way, he drew towards him the astounded and terrified *soubrette*, and snatching a couple of kisses, bounded off into the rigging like a monkey. Before he had proceeded a dozen steps, Howard turned to Lady Desmond, and whispered in her ear, "Call him down, call him down." Her ladyship was not slow in taking the hint, and waving her little hand and raising her treble voice, she cried, "Come down, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Midshipman Smith, who had too fine an ear for music not to have heard entirely every word she spoke, quickly replied, "Ay, ay, my lady;" and in a few minutes he was



viscount.

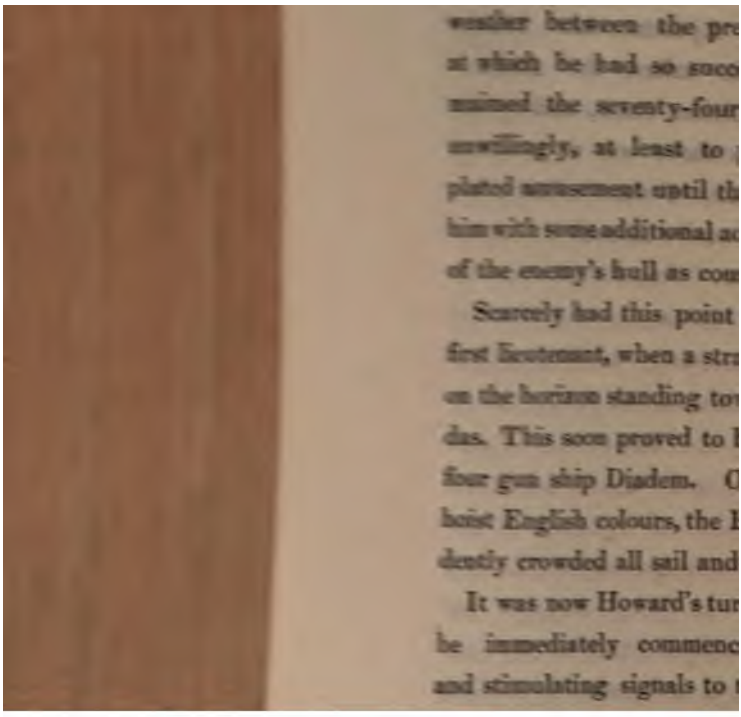
"There's a pretty
cried Howard, pret
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cabin, how little any
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"I see, sir," said his
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with all Caustic's amusing apparatus, his lordship, whose nerves were not of the most robust nature, was very glad to avail himself of the accommodation which had been prepared in the bread-room, where Howard had ordered several mattresses to be laid out, to supply the want of sofas; and stretched on these, amid some tons of weevily biscuit, his lordship listened to the war that raged overhead.

Fortunately for him, however, this was not destined to be very extensive; for when Howard found that he was chased by a small squadron of the enemy's line-of-battle ships, he, albeit most unwillingly, spread as large a show of canvass as his swift frigate would bear, and rapidly began to leave the squadron of the enemy behind. One seventy-four alone seemed to possess the art of going through the water at railroad speed, got ahead of her own squadron, and kept up the chase with so much vigour, that Howard had nearly made up his mind to some little skirmish with the "individual," as Mr. Historian James calls a single line-of-battle ship. From this mad piece of



her; and, secondly, the commander of the Diadem had on his shoulders the weight of some five-and-thirty winters more than the youthful chief of the Epaminondas. Much to the disgust of the latter, the Diadem made signal to discontinue chase, and speak the senior officer. As there was no evading this command, Captain Howard reluctantly shortened sail, and bore down towards the sixty-four. Passing under her stern, the commander of the Diadem appeared on the poop of his own ship, with the speaking trumpet in his hand, and a face that looked like the iced contents of a bottle of port wine. With a voice that might have rivalled any one of the bulls of Bashan, he bellowed out,

"Captain Howard, come on board."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Howard, very sulkily; for not only did he feel very angry at not being allowed to have what he called a slap at the enemy, but he most especially dreaded receiving orders that might interfere with his proceeding direct to England. However, he had no alternative, and scarcely

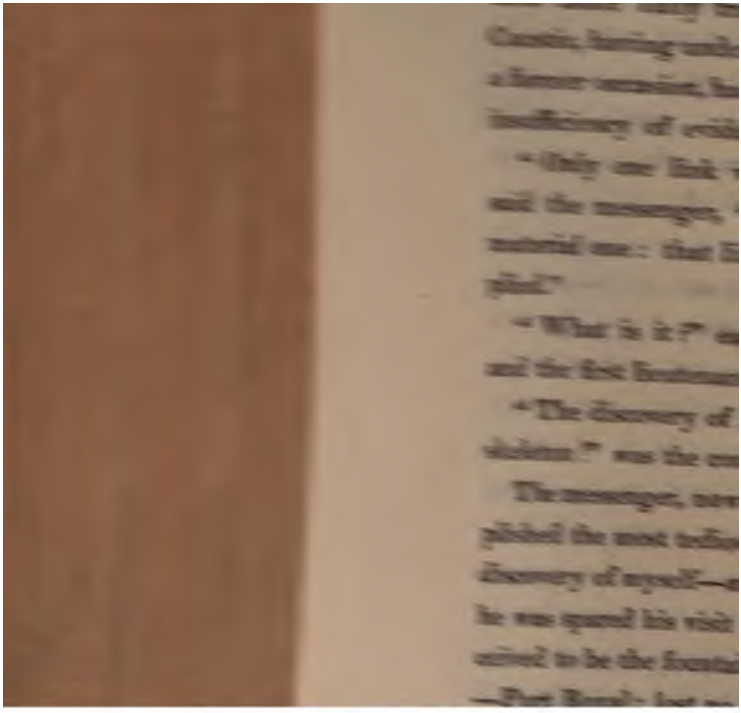
"O," said the first lieutenant, "this must be a mistake; there's no son of a Sir Maurice O'Donnel on board here, that I ever heard of: the gentleman that bears the same name in this ship, is delirious with yellow fever: you'll be able to get nothing out of him. But I fancy beyond the name there's no connexion between them."

"Sir, I hope you don't mean to oppose or mislead me in the execution of my duty;" returned the official, getting very angry.

"No, sir; why the devil should I?"

"That I can't say; I only know that I have made no mistake."

Here, luckily, Caustic made his appearance on deck, and the first lieutenant, asking him if he knew anything of his late assistant's private history, he was enabled at once to put an end to all further debate, by stating that Mr. Macguire was right in supposing that his mission related to me; that the accused gentleman was my father, and that a desire to trace out the truth of the dark transaction in question, formed



When I recovered sufficiently to be informed of what the future had in store, it was here that I found this bird of ill omen, and from his lips received a confirmation of my worst fears. After all I had suffered, I hardly thought such an aggravation of the past was possible. Every wound seemed to have opened afresh, and one, if not deeper, yet full as deadly, was added to the number.

To what a scene was I now hastening! A father's trial! a lover's grave! the bleached and desecrated bones of a murdered mistress, and the discovery and execution of the assassin in the person of my only surviving relative—a relation who, in all probability, was to die the death of a felon by my evidence — the evidence of his son!

After an unusually prosperous voyage, we arrived at Cork. Here Lady Desmond, who kindly seemed to share in all my griefs, set off with her father for their estate in our neighbourhood. Captain Howard, now made a baronet for his gallant destruction of the French

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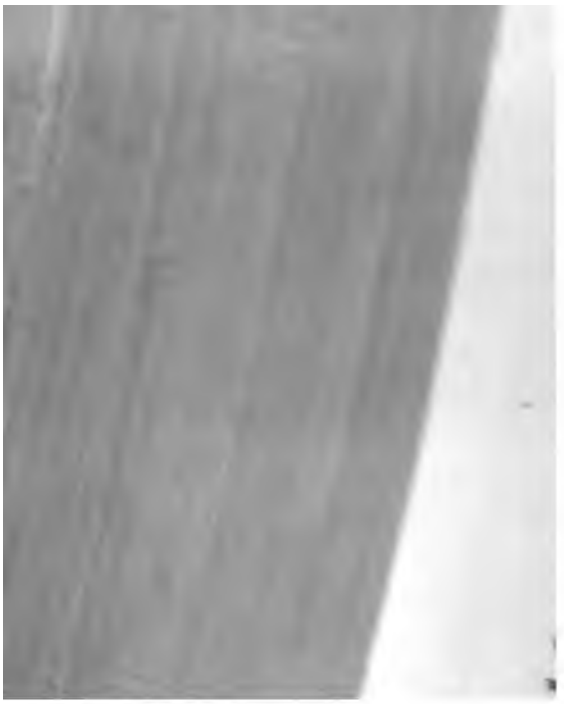
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urprise, at the trials which human reason is apable of enduring. From the moment of arliest dawn to midnight—from midnight hroughout the long tedious hours of darkness, till day returned once more—every thought and feeling remained upon the rack—questioning whether it was possible that humanity could, in a man of education and refinement, sink to so low a pitch as to allow of his becoming the murderer of his own fair kinswoman—a gentle, lovely creature, whose look alone had won all hearts, and even to speak rudely to whom, would have marked a man as possessing but little of the character of a gentleman. Again and again I resolved that it must be utterly out of the question —impossible! the mere delusion of some wild, excited dream of fancy and apprehensive fondness!

Then again before me rose the damning proofs!—Could anything be stronger, unless, indeed, the dead bones should speak!—was any one link wanting? Even let me try to make the case as clear against Sir Maurice as possible —where could I add one tittle to the evidence,

Again, how could he look on me? He who had so lately stood in the dock, his whole soul hanging on my lips! his eyes unalterably fixed on mine—I, who would neither give him word nor look—I, by whose testimony he was doomed — proud, haughty, and high-born—to the gallows? I who, with all this impendent on a father's head, would not swerve to save the author of my own existence!—nor model the smallest word to soften the horrors of disgraceful death to him who, humanly speaking, was the giver of life to me—who once, in his own stern way, had loved—perhaps even now *still* loved me?

These thoughts were madness!—and this madness had influenced me unceasingly for days, and nights, and weeks, and months together! But the torture was drawing to its climax—the horrors that surrounded me were slowly encircling the victim in their vortex! They must soon cease either to affect me—or I—or he—or they—must cease to be!



Sir Maurice. Had I taken the lapse of time, from the execution it had done upon his pale forehead and wasted figure, I should have called it nearer five-and-twenty. But though considerably fallen off in that manly beauty which had ever distinguished him, still he stood calm and unruffled under the dreadful scrutiny his appearance called forth—a noble ruin of past grandeur—supported by a lofty pride, which not all the ignominy of that hour could bear down.

His face was pallid in the extreme. Confinement had caused his features to grow more angular and prominent, but had failed to bend his stately carriage; and he stood in the murderer's dock as firmly and composedly as when charging his country's enemies at the head of his regiment. Slowly his large blue eyes wandered round the intensely crowded court, not as if in search of any one, but rather trying to read the thoughts of those who were gazing at him. Alas! he saw no kindly looks of sympathy to call forth his gratitude in return; and

have so often discharged the onerous duty again imposed upon you, that the assurance of the present case being the most sad of our mournful experience, may for a moment seem hackneyed and stale. Session after session—assize succeeding to assize — has heard the same melancholy story and, with each individual case of felonious bloodshed, you have been called upon afresh to consider the trial impending as the most important and singular of your lives.

"For once, gentlemen, this assertion becomes unnecessary. A single glance, a moment's reflection, will tell you that you are now to bear part in an investigation such as scarcely ever has been, and I firmly but humbly trust in God never again may be witnessed, in a British court of judicature. Upon that bench, sacred to justice, you have often seen seated, in administration of the laws, the distinguished but unfortunate individual who now,—alas! *temporibus mutatis!* — stands in the criminals' dock before you, charged with the revolting crime of murder!

for I cannot conceive anything more strong—unless, indeed, it should be ocular evidence,—I cannot conceive anything more strongly presumptive of the deed into which we are to inquire—more perfectly corroborated one part by another—than the consecutive series of facts and testimonies that it will now be my heavy task to lay before you.

"It is just barely possible that, in despite of the overwhelming presumptive evidence that militates against the prisoner at the bar, our fallible senses may be mistaken and misled. Should such be the case, there lives not upon earth one man who will more deeply than myself rejoice in his approved innocence. For the sake of justice and of humanity, for the sake of our country and its annals, I would esteem it as the greatest blessing that at this minute could befall us; for the sake of himself and his family, as well as for the sake of yourselves, gentlemen, and all who now hear me, I would say that a greater cause for rejoicing than the withdrawal of the bloody veil of mystery overhanging the fate of this



resistlesly onward to the sea—the mighty sea of truth; this, however earnestly we may pray for it, I strongly apprehend we must not expect to hear.

"But, whatever may be his defence, artful or artless, I will at once proceed briefly to capitulate those facts, which, by their weight upon your minds must either save or take the life of the prisoner before you.

"Sir Maurice O'Donnel is, as you have been already told, a baronet; and was a magistrate in this county, holding a commission as a colonel in His Majesty's service, although having for some years past retired on half pay. The prisoner was the only child of the late Sir Clandyne O'Donnel. Having chosen the army for his profession, the prisoner entered that honourable service, and in one of many actions in which he had the good fortune to distinguish himself, became indebted for his life, under peculiar circumstances of devotion, to another officer of the same name, to whom he had previously been much attached, and whom he gratefully adopted as a brother, and rewarded by the gift of a small

tendencies, and while we cannot but entertain sincere regret at the non-attainment of the end proposed, neither can we, for the sake of our country forbear to wish that such views were more frequent among our higher ranks.

"For some time everything promised to realise those anticipations which the brothers had formed. The amusements and pursuits of country gentlemen filled up their time, and that affectionate sympathy which had marked all their preceding lives, seemed in no way diminished at this period of them. Two years after their having thus taken possession of Castle Maurice, the prisoner at the bar married, and brought home his bride; within another twelvemonth he had a son and heir.

"Now, gentlemen, one would have thought that if anything could have disturbed their harmony, it would have been this event, which thus suddenly cut off from the adopted brother all prospect of any further worldly advantage from his friend. So far, however, from this being the case, the attachment of the former seemed to be redoubled. No one could

"The family of the elder O'Donnel, the prisoner, now had no further increase; that of the younger had; his wife, with whom he lived most happily, having borne him three sons in succession. About this time an opportunity offered the younger officer, of procuring his promotion to the rank of colonel by a short service; and he accordingly set off to England for that purpose, leaving his wife under the care, and at the seat, of his friend, from whom through life he had scarcely ever entertained a divided thought. At this time he would, it was conjectured, remain away not more than twelve months; six months, however, had scarcely elapsed, when he returned,—with his promotion, it is true, gentlemen, for he was now Colonel O'Donnel, but in all other respects most sadly altered. There was evidently a mystery, and a fearful one; and it seemed to influence him immediately he set his foot in the dwelling where he had hitherto enjoyed such unrivalled confidence and affection. Be it what it may, it left him a broken-hearted man.

the fond attention to be looked for from those connected by the dear ties of long cemented friendship.

"From this time, gentlemen, no recognition past between the dissevered friends. The widower followed alone, with his children, the body of his late wife to her grave. Within a brief twelvemonths death once more claimed his tribute from among them, and the prisoner's wife died also. One would have thought that death, which softens or dissolves most animosities, would with the greater ease have produced this effect upon men, whose lives had given such repeated proofs of their attachment. But, whatever might have been the secret of their quarrel, it was fated to go down with horror and violence to the tomb.

"Five years had elapsed since the baronet became a widower, and in the solitude of his own castle he continued to rear up the two boys whom his wife had left to him. The chief amusement of the baronet and his friend before their estrangement had been stag-hunting; and this, each in his own path continued to follow. As there were more

retreated to give room, and by the dim light of the smouldering peat, distinctly recognised his adopted brother. I will not attempt to detain you with any minutiæ of that sad meeting; it resulted in an instantaneous quarrel, a personal contest, and the death of Colonel O'Donnel by the prisoner at the bar.

"These melancholy facts," resumed the counsel, after a slight pause, "are told to you on no hearsay evidence; they came out in the most authentic form at the inquest, which, being held on the dead body of Colonel O'Donnel, acquitted the prisoner of any felonous intent. All of which will be duly tendered to you in evidence.

"I should esteem myself very fortunate, if the duty I have here to discharge, permitted me to abstain from mentioning facts that may not at first seem connected with this case.

"But it is one entirely of circumstantial evidence, in which the various parts are so fine, though each is so fully dependant on that which went before, that to omit one were to destroy all.

of intense love. Indeed, if there be any correctness in a portion only of the accounts which have reached us of this ill-fated young lady, it was scarcely possible to be otherwise; since, to the greatest charms of person, she added those of mind, in a degree as eminent; while from the witnesses who will this day be examined, you will learn that her manner was as artless, and her disposition as affectionate, as ever blessed a human being.

"Love once fixed on such a soil, gentlemen, takes deep root. It is the oak of mental growth—the monarch of the mind. The fiery blasts of fate may spread ruin and desolation on every side, but its basis is down, deep deep in the bosom of the mould from whence it sprang, to be destroyed piecemeal with the substance round which its tenacious fibres are entwined, but to be plucked from thence, by no human violence that ingenuity may devise. Such a love seeks the shelter and the privacy of concealment, and for many months the prisoner's son visited Kathleen O'Donnel without his knowledge. And now, gentlemen, I must request your

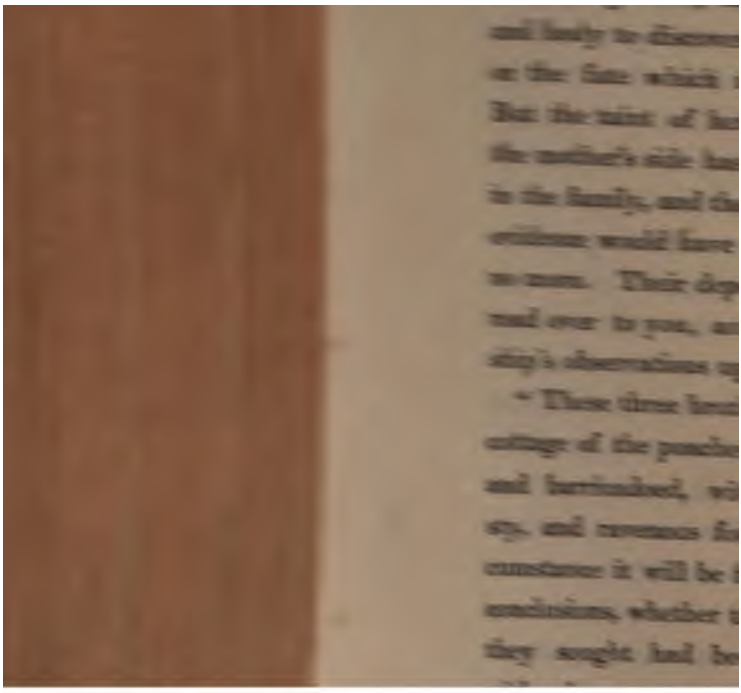
subject of his intended union, and for this purpose took such steps as promised, by making him independent of his father's maintenance, to place within his power that marriage on which he conceived the lady's happiness and his own to depend. Here, however, Sir Maurice interfered, and his son, who had previously contemplated the army, turned his attention to one of the civil professions—namely medicine. It is unnecessary that we should pause to discuss the prudence of this conduct; with that we have nothing to do. Whether so or not, this was, in my honest opinion, quite insufficient to authorise the outrageous violence by which it was endeavoured to put the obnoxious match out of his son's power.

"On the —— of ——, at a late hour in the evening, the house of the murdered lady's grandfather was surrounded by a number of armed ruffians, who took possession of Miss Kathleen O'Donnel's person, and bore her off in defiance of every attempt made for her rescue, and in which her grandfather and brothers were wounded, the former severely.

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will hear that the poor fra
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carried off, threw herself
this man, whose misdirect
bear the force of law, and
manner implored his pity a
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of her prayer, she accide
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which at the moment fell
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to prove that it was written
Sir Maurice, on business

brothers. The only trace, however, of their relation's dreadful fate, which they were then enabled to discover, was in the cabin of one of Sir Maurice's tenants. I am not at liberty to tell you what character this man bore, but I may say that suspicion was aroused and led to the searching of this man's cabin, a rude kind of hut which he held rent-free from the prisoner, in return, as it was said, for discharging the offices of a sort of gamekeeper, or, to use the more popular expression, for allowing no one to trespass or poach on the prisoner's property except himself. This gamekeeper, or free poacher—call him which you will—was, like Sir Maurice, a widower, left with an only daughter, said to have been as handsome and amiable as her parent certainly was not.

"I mention these facts to show that he was not an unincumbered or single man, and therefore able to flit here and there with little trouble, or for any trivial whim. He had his child to take care of, and that you will find a point for your consideration. I have already told you that at the time of Miss O'Donnel's



picions had before been raised, their fears were now excited to the last degree. This cabin—a model of which, gentlemen, is now in court for your inspection — they found divided into a lower apartment and two sleeping lofts. In the former they discovered a large pool of blood, and lying in the middle of it a leather tassel, which was broken, and which was afterwards recognised as belonging to a sword of the prisoner. This weapon you will hear the prisoner's son had, since childhood, been accustomed to see in a lumber closet of his father's study; and, although ignorant of its past history, he, with the love of boys for arms, had often noticed this little ornament more particularly, and by the peculiarity of its knot was enabled to declare what it had been.

"From the lower apartment of the cabin, the deceased's brothers now proceeded to the sleeping lofts, in one of which there appeared only an unused pallet: in the other, which has since been ascertained to have belonged to the gamekeeper's daughter, were discovered drops of blood, that were tracked up the rude ladder of

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were the feelings of its reader on finding it addressed to the very magistrate to whom they had applied for Donaghue's apprehension—in short, the prisoner at the bar! This letter was subsequently discovered to have part of its subscription torn away, and to correspond with the fragment picked up during the scuffle which accompanied Miss O'Donnel's abduction. Both the one and the other, gentlemen, will be produced to you.

"The first act of the two brothers on watch was to overtake their messenger to Castle Maurice. This done, instead of getting thence a warrant against Donaghue, they proceeded with their weak and wounded grandfather to the lieutenant of the county, and obtained a similar authority both against Donaghue and his landlord Sir Maurice. The former was never apprehended, and is since dead. The latter, with every protestation of innocence, surrendered himself, and being of course refused bail, was remanded until the return of his son, into whose care had been entrusted the fragment of the letter beforementioned.

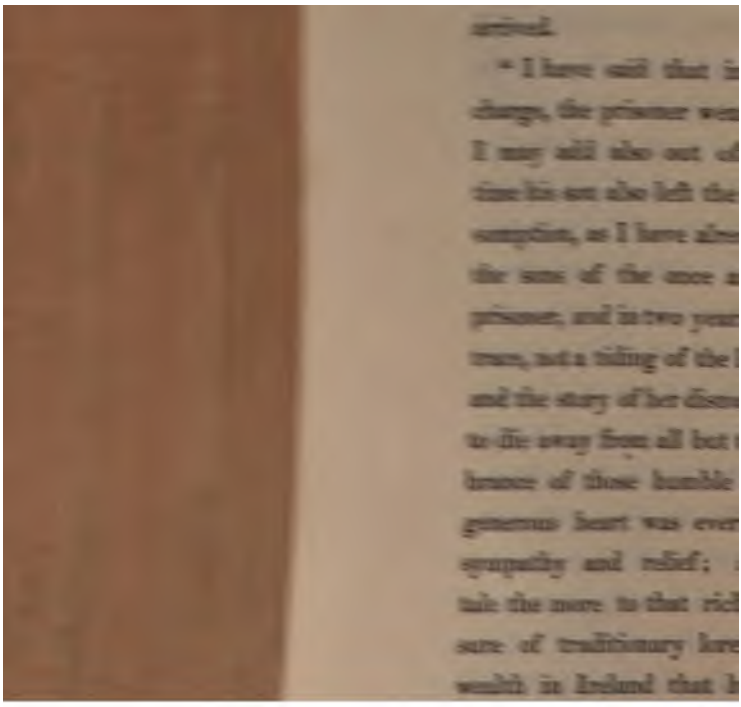
also alluded. On its hi
part of the leather tassel,
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As the jurymen listened
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have raised for him, the n
his revolting crime was
away.

"The prisoner's son,

The facts which I have mentioned to you then appeared in evidence, and the depositions of the various witnesses then examined on oath, will presently be read to you. Such as are still living will repeat that evidence. But all the unremitting exertions made to discover any trace of the unfortunate lady's remains having proved futile, Sir Maurice resolutely denied any share in her murder; and nothing, therefore, remained for his late brother magistrates, but to bestow in a place of safety the various articles that appeared as evidence against him, and to liberate the prisoner on the most heavy recognizances—himself to give bail for twenty thousand, and two friends for ten thousand pounds each. His name was of course removed from the commission of the peace, and he himself, I need scarcely add, became an immediate absentee from the county.

"In the state of dark mystery, then, which I have just described, gentlemen," continued the prosecutor, "did this singular and shocking transaction seem destined to remain. By no individual was the day of revelation ever



destroyer of life, that soon or late some circumstance occurs to strike the balance of justice even. As in the generality of cases, the way in which this was accomplished was most singular.

" Mr. Robinson, the attorney for the prosecution, who resides in this town, had staying with him from London, a party of friends for the shooting season. Having a day to spare, and being himself fond of sport, he determined to accompany them. The spot on which they had fixed for their day's amusement was a small lake or tarn on the prisoner's moors, near the ruined cabin of Donaghue. This was frequented by a peculiar kind of fowl, and as no preserve of the game was any longer attempted, Mr. Robinson and his party set out.

" Being provided with spades to throw up the turf into one of those temporary pits or hides which you have all observed to be used in similar situations, they arrived on the ground at an early hour in the morning, and set to work without delay. They had not proceeded

to scrutinize the skeleton, the surgeon, by his anatomical knowledge, was enabled to pronounce with confidence that it had belonged to a female. They then examined the remains of the dress, for any marks, and turned to every corner of the only clothing that remained at all perfect —the inner flannel covering that surrounded the bones; but for a long time their search was in vain. At last they observed that this had, probably in the hurry with which it was thrown over the body, been misplaced, so that the portion which should have come just below the back of the neck, where some people usually mark their clothes, was now upon the head of the skeleton, and partly severed by the terrific blow that had divided the skull beneath.

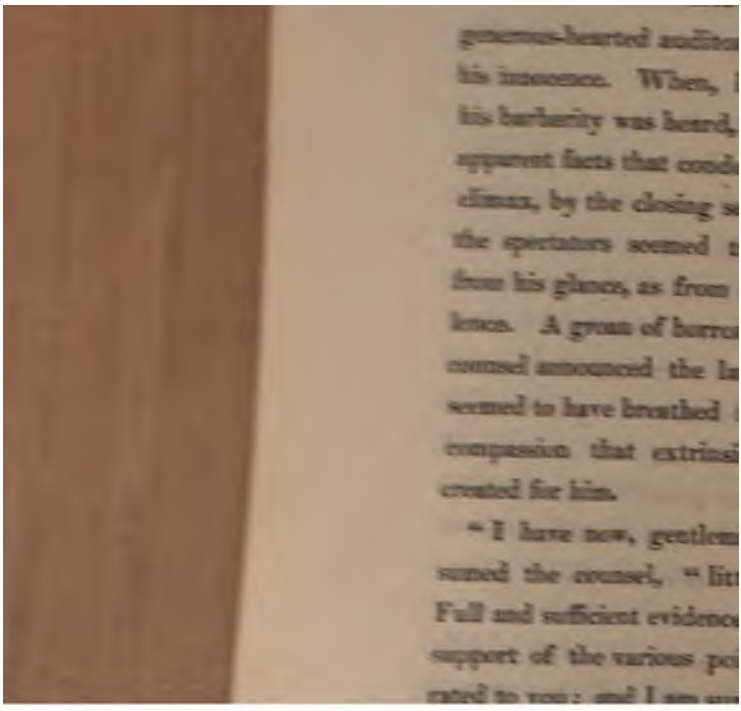
"Having detached this part from its hold, and gently rubbed off some of the dry blood, they distinctly deciphered, one after another, the letters composing the words—'leen O'Donnel'—the rest had been cut off.

"Acquainted as Mr. Robinson was with the facts I have detailed to you, he was induced to leave his friends to keep guard over these dis-

you will have an opportunity minutely to examine, and it will be for you to say whether or not it corresponds in every particular with the gap found in the blood-rusted sword belonging to the prisoner!"

Up to this moment, at the recapitulation of every additional proof of my father's crime, a pang of the deepest emotion shot through my heart. Well I knew his proud, and, as I had always hitherto imagined, his honourable soul. Fully did I feel how deeply the iron must have entered into it, at every word of this exposure before the vulgar and incensed crowd. At the last climax, however, every feeling of pity for him seemed to have vanished from my bosom. One sentiment alone reigned predominant—one view engrossed all my attention. When I reflected on the cold, butcher-like revenge that he had taken on his gentle, lovely victim! my blood boiled with a fire as unnatural as fierce!

In the whole of that crowded court, it would have been a task of the greatest difficulty to have selected one single individual who did not



may be allowed to say, that of all the cases of circumstantial evidence with which I am acquainted, I know of none where the links are so finely and yet so distinctly perceptible as in this. To so minute a connexion of every part, one with the other, do these tragical facts go, that as I view it—and with great sorrow I arrive at this result—they can but lead us to one conclusion.

"Still it is a matter especially within your province to decide whether the facts, as they will be disclosed to you in evidence, carry that undoubting conviction to your minds which is essentially necessary before you can pronounce the prisoner guilty. If, ultimately, you should entertain any reasonable doubt of his criminality, he is entitled to your acquittal, but not otherwise.

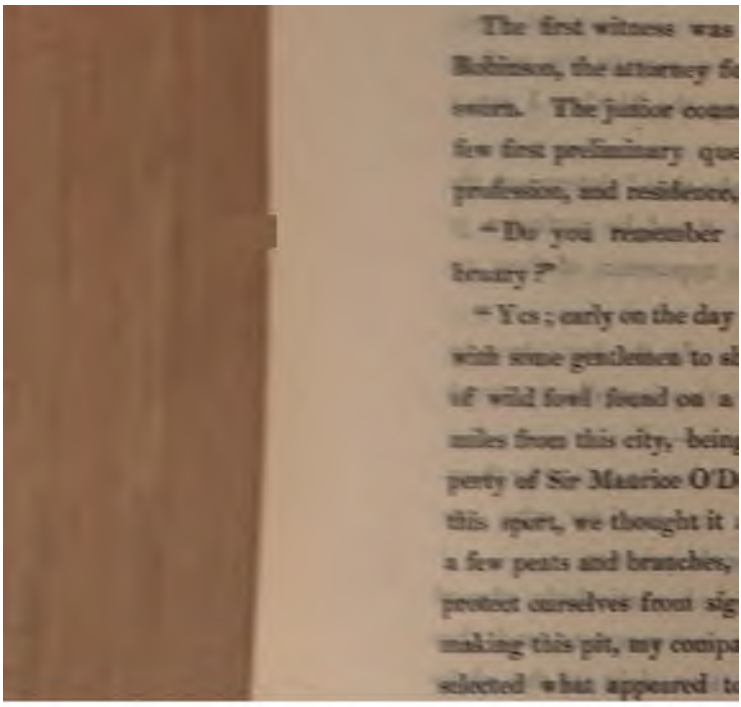
"It is true this is only a case of circumstantial evidence against Sir Maurice O'Donnel, and so no doubt he will urge it on you. But many authorities of great weight have preferred circumstantial before all other evidence, because it is the testimony of things,

benefit of hearing his lords
the whole case, and to w
may feel your duty to gu
fident it will do ample j
selves, to my client, and to

As the learned counsel
seat, the court clock tolled
noon. His address had c
hour. At the time of w
especially in Ireland, the p
law had not attained anyt
larity which now distinguis
account for the introductio
this case of passages that wou
to objection. Not that in th
were not many objections m
excluded in consequence, bu
I have omitted. To me,

counsel for the prosecution. He was a man advanced in life; his complexion worn by deep study, late vigils, and restricted exercise, to a cadaverous yellow; but from his full, black, restless eye, shot forth all the fire of that intellect which was—horrible reflection—to bring my only surviving parent to the last—worst point of ignominy! Did he think of this? His speech had displayed, in many of its parts, much feeling, and had produced infinitely more; yet now he smiled and talked with some brother barrister, on the state of the weather, and other indifferent topics, and broke and ate a biscuit with as little care as if the hangman with the noose had never waited the result of his exertions.

"Yet, alas!" thought I, "it is but natural! If we paint man truly, the general outline of the figure is the same in every quarter of the universe. It is only the individual peculiarities of stature, or the accidents of climate and complexion, which constitute the marked variety. The sailor in action—the soldier at the breach—the surgeon at the operating table—the counsel



The first witness was
Robinson, the attorney fo
sworn. The justice coun
few first preliminary que
profession, and residence,

"Do you remember
hunting?"

"Yes; early on the day
with some gentlemen to sh
of wild fowl found on a
miles from this city, being
perty of Sir Maurice O'D
this sport, we thought it
a few peats and branches,
protect ourselves from sig
making this pit, my compa
selected what appeared to

watching the operation. When the stones were removed, I beheld a curious oblong-looking body, wrapped in a blanket much stained with dirt, and partially rotten. I had the whole mass removed with great care to the surface, and gradually unfolding the blanket, I saw a skeleton."

"Now then, sir, take time," interposed the foreman of the jury, "and be particular in describing the precise appearance of these remains."

"I will, gentlemen. In the first place, by their length and size, they immediately struck myself and companions ——"

"Leave your companions to answer for themselves," interrupted the barrister who was watching the case for the prisoner.

Mr. Robinson looked particularly pleased and pleasant for a few moments, and then proceeded. "The first sight of the skeleton then, gentlemen of the jury, from its small bones and stature, made me at once believe that it must have belonged either to a young lad or to a female; but my knowledge



"Did you see it again?"

"Yes; on my return in a few hours with the coroner."

"Did you find it in the same state as when you left it?"

"Precisely."

"No alteration, then, had taken place in it, consequent on its exposure to the atmospheric air?"

"None whatever, that was at all perceptible to my examination."

"Have you seen the skeleton now in the custody of the officers of this court?"

"Yes; I saw it a few minutes previous to the meeting of the court."

"Is it the same that you saw disinterred?"

"It is."

"How do you so distinctly recognise its identity, as to swear to it thus positively?"

"By its general appearance, for one thing, and more especially by the frightful gash over the crown of the head, which I have already described."

"Yes, it had two separ

"Of what were they for

"The first was forme
think, and was partially rot
soiled, and in many place
patches, which I took to b
was whole, not showing
and was made of fine flann

Here the witness un
short, without adverting
part connected with this
The counsel for the prosec
allowed the witness a few
himself, the examination
sumed.

"Now, Mr. Robinson, c
to the subject of clothes'

a minute search of the flannel wrapper I last mentioned, that just below what should have been the back of the neck, a name had been sewn at full length in human hair."

"Did you read that name?"

"After some difficulty, and rubbing off a little of a substance that looked like encrusted blood, I read all that was to be deciphered; but the dress not being in its proper place, part of the name seemed to have been severed by the same blow which had caused the frightful gash I have mentioned: the remaining letters formed these words, which, as I made them out, I wrote down as strongly as I could in pencil; they were "—leen O'Donnel."

"As you have so minutely described the inner wrapping, would you know it if you saw it again?"

"Certainly I should."

"Is this it?" handing to him, on a small tray, the flannel in question. The witness looked at it, till he recognised the cut and the marking;

"Yes, sir, that is the same flannel."

Here the examination of Mr. Robinson closed. The prisoner was asked if he wished to cross-

[redacted]

The surgeon then went on to describe the bones in a manner precisely similar to that of the last witness. Having also identified both those and the inner casing of flannel with the same articles now in court, he answered several professional questions put to him, with a view of eliciting evidence of the age and sex of the skeleton.

The next witness was called; this was also a surgeon, a Mr. Sullivan, the principal medical man in the assize town, and one who attended the inquest by desire of the coroner. His evidence differed little from that of Mr. Hautville, save in one important particular, when his examination assumed a more interesting nature.

"Did you make any attempt to examine the skeleton?"

"I did; and to the best of my knowledge and belief, death must have been caused by the wound on the skull—so formidable a one I never saw before."

"What was the extent of the wound?"

"It extended longitudinally from the orbit





ng in depth th
embedded in whi
or steel, seeming
blade, which I de

"Is this it?"

"I believe it is,
similar."

"Look at it agai
certainty."

"Certainly, then

"That is all I ha

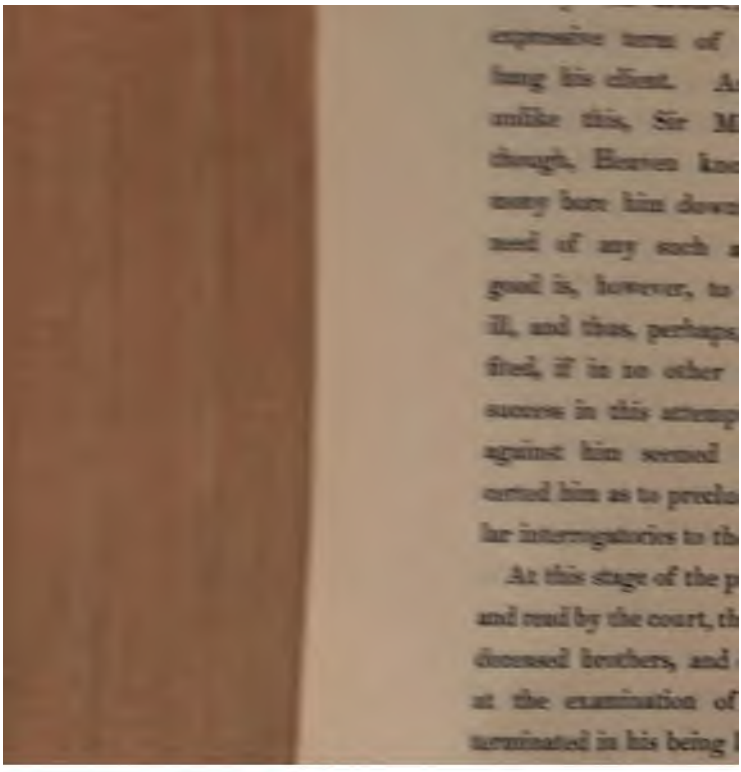
"Before that witn
to ask him one quest
the first time breakin
turned upon him.

"Sir," said he, ad
"can you swear with
blow on the head of t

"*Without a doubt?*"

"Yes, without a *particle* of doubt, that the blow was inflicted *during* life, and was the cause of death; for setting aside the improbability of any one so hacking a dead body, this gash could never have bled in the profuse manner which, to all appearance, it must have done, from the state of the hair and clothing."

On receiving this decided answer to a question rash and imprudent in the extreme, Sir Maurice seemed to fall back into that abstraction which hitherto had chiefly marked his bearing: the surgeon withdrew from the box, and the fourth witness was called. Nothing could have been more unhappy than this attempt on the part of the prisoner to cross-question the evidence against him. Even in modern days, when a criminal's case is allowed to be entirely undertaken by counsel, scarcely any part of the difficult practice of the law is so replete with peril, or demands more nerve and skill, than this. Indeed, this is almost invariably so much so, that prisoners, from a want of knowing how to put their questions,



This was Mrs. Kilpatrick, the second wife of Kathleen's grandfather. Her sex and age induced the judge to order a chair for her; and after the few first preliminary questions as to name, residence, &c., her examination thus proceeded.

"Were you well acquainted with the person of Miss O'Donnel?"

"No one better, sir," was the reply; "for since her mother's death these arms have been her cradle many a long night through!"

And the remembrance of the past came over the poor lady so bitterly, that she sobbed aloud, with a degree of irrepressible anguish that forced many a stern eye to bear her company in her tears. After a few minutes pause she was asked,

"By your last remark do you mean to say, that Miss O'Donnel was brought up under your care and supervision from the time of her mother's death?"

"Entirely, sir."

"Had you the care then of her wardrobe?"

"I had."

[redacted]

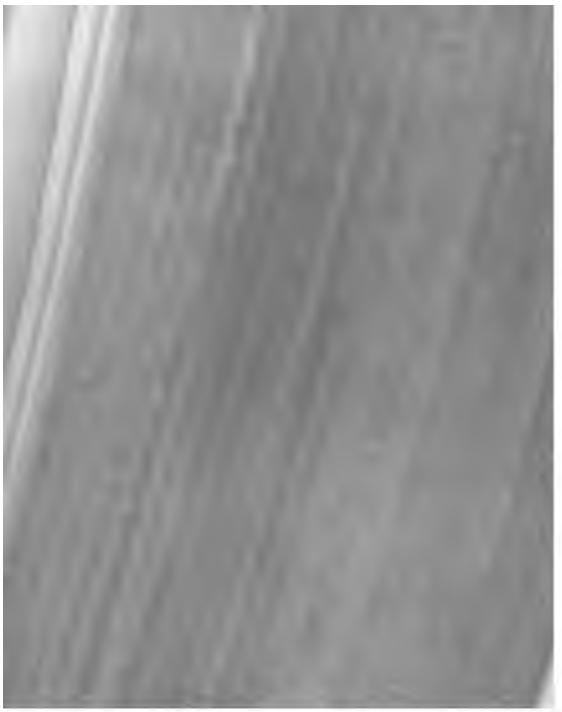
"It is, sir."

"Will you be good enough to produce it?"

In answer to this request the old lady received a packet from her servant behind, and having looked at her seal previously placed upon it, and broken the same, she handed it to the counsel for the prosecution. From within this, the latter unfolded to the jury a flannel robe, in every respect similar to that one found round the head of the skeleton, with this exception, that the second one was as pure and spotless, as the first was blood-stained and disfigured. The first point to which the counsel turned his attention was the back of the neck-band, and there distinctly visible were the words "Kathleen O'Donnel," worked in hair, and corresponding exactly with the mark on the other.

"Now, Mrs. Kilpatrick, are you sufficiently cognizant of Miss O'Donnel's mode of marking, to be able to tell her work from that of another, when you see it?"

"I have no doubt of it, sir."



pared, and it then became evident that they had, as she said, been cut from the same pattern, and, even to the very work, displayed the same relative origin.

Mr. Kilpatrick was then sworn, and questioned as to the abduction of Kathleen, the finding the fragment of the letter afterwards on the ground, and more especially as to the identity of the skeleton. Nothing could be more clear and decided than his testimony that these remains corresponded entirely with her figure, and formed indeed all that was left of Kathleen, except the love we bore her.

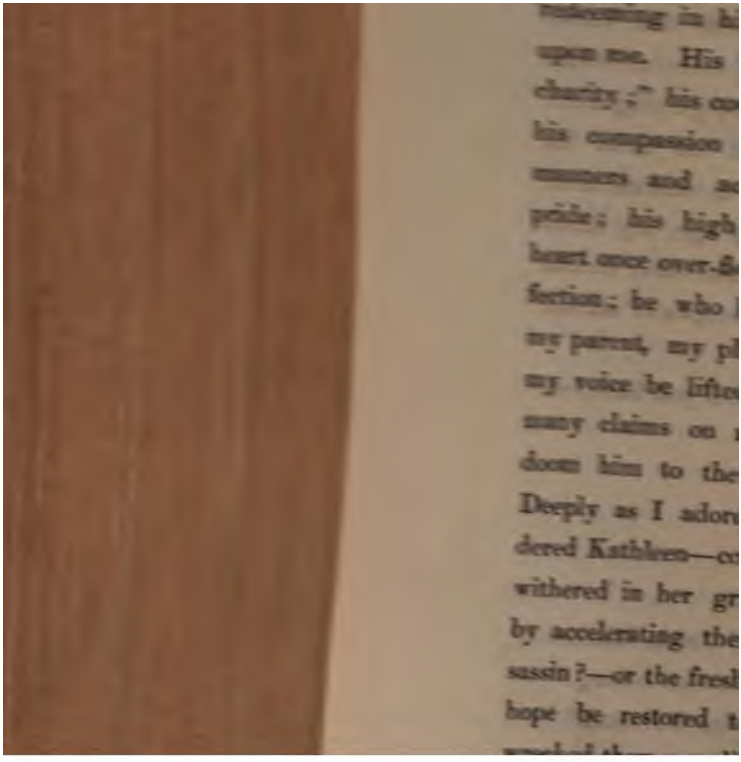
The various minor victims had now gone through their torture, but the chief was still to suffer at the stake. No life, however infinitely prolonged, can weaken the impression still left of my feelings, when the usher of the court came to tell me that my turn to give evidence had arrived.

[redacted]

timony against his father: when I thought all this, I felt as if I could compel my ener-s to nobler purposes than those of sinking der the load imposed on me.

A momentary sight of Captain Howard and austic sitting not far off cheered me for the stant; but had death been equally near, the epression under which I laboured could not ave been greater. How in that moment faded rom my heart every particle of resentment gainst him who was—yes! still was, my father! Strongly did I try to steel my bosom against him by painting his horrible, his bloody, and relentless persecution of an innocent and endearing girl; but memory could not exclude from this dark picture, the strong lights of my boyhood and his love, before the first deep affliction of our family had changed his very nature.

Still I felt his arm clasped round my mother's waist and mine—still I saw him supporting me on my pony ere I had yet learnt to ride—still I heard his gentle and affectionate voice calling a favourite son to those sports of child-



The counsel who was to conduct my examination, guessed at the agitation so busily assailing me from within, and with that knowledge of nature, of which his profession forms so melancholy a school, began by putting a few unimportant questions, to lead me from the point on which my distress was concentrated. Having given the date of my age, my birthplace, my service in the navy, and other similar matters, he handed to me the weapon of murder that lay upon the bar table.

"Be good enough to tell me if you have ever before seen that sword?"

"I have."

"More than once?"

"Yes."

"Where did you first see it."

"In the private oratory of Castle Maurice."

"To whom does Castle Maurice belong?"

"To my father, Sir Maurice O'Donnel."

"For what purpose is the private oratory of Castle Maurice used?"

"Of late years as a painting-room and smaller

[redacted]

[redacted]

"... me if he
was mad."

"Never when
was in an inva
sensible to all
"How came
him?"

"In the absence
was Lady [illegible]
the court was kep
were present. A
worked in coal, w
things of myself a
"Did Sir Maurice
"No. I should
"Had he any ch
were acquainted wi
"I should think

"Yes; an old leathern tassel frayed and worn."

"Could you recognise this tassel again?"

"I think so."

"Is that it?"

"Yes, it is."

"When did you last see that sword and tassel perfect?"

"I cannot answer as to the precise day, but the period is still deeply fixed in my remembrance, and was between four and five years since."

"Did any particular event occur to you about that time then, to make this concurrent impression so strong?"

"Yes," I replied;—but—I could add no more. I felt as might have done the sorcerer Faustus when his period of immunity drew to a close, and the spirit of all ill made good the horrible demands of hell upon his soul. But I had this advantage only to sustain me—I was the wronged, and not the criminal party; I had no guilt to bear me down, but only dire misfortune to bear up against; and fearful as was the



recognised, dissevered, then whole, and attached to its handle ?"

"It was."

"How are you enabled to speak so positively ?"

"The answer to that question involves a long story; but it was in this way:—Sir Maurice was from home; I had that morning communicated to him my attachment to Miss Kathleen O'Donnel, and received, what I thought, an unreasonable denouncement of it. This had determined me to trust my fortunes and affections to my own guidance. I intended on the following morning to set off to Dublin with this view, and seek a commission in the army. A low state of spirits led me to take what I thought might be a last ramble over my favourite parts of the castle; but I got no further than the oratory, for there my eye happening to alight on the works of Sterne in my father's book-case, I took down the volume which contains his affecting episode of "The Sword." To a boyish imagination, at once heated and depressed, it seemed to bear on the

[redacted]

ch you regarded that weapon on the even-
in question, are you able to state to the
r in what condition was the blade when you
rned it to the sheath? Was it whole, or
it broken?"

Whole."

Was it rusted, or was it free from rust?"

It was clean, but dark with those stains
ch time usually leaves on steel."

At any rate it drew from its sheath with
, and was what you term a whole wea-
?"

It was."

And this state of the sword became known
ou five or six days before Miss O'Donnel's
uction—did you not say?"

I did."

When did you next see it?"

About six weeks afterwards."

Pray what had you been doing during
t interval?"

I had been in pursuit of Miss O'Donnel's
uctors."

Did you find out any clue to them?"

[redacted]

"Can you say whether the state in which you found it differed in any particular from its state at your last previous scrutiny of it?"

"Yes, it did."

"Be good enough to state to the jury in what particulars it differed?"

"The blade, gentlemen of the jury, was covered with recent rust, and the marks of blood hastily and ineffectually wiped off, seemingly before returning it to its scabbard, which could only with difficulty be detached from it. A long splinter also was shivered from the edge of the blade, one-third from the point, and the leathern tassel, apparently wrenched from the hilt, was severed, and though then in the same legal custody as the sword, also covered with blood."

"This, then, Mr. O'Donnel, was the state of the sword when you *last* saw it?"

"It was."

"Will you now draw the weapon from the sheath, and say if it is still the same?"

With some difficulty I did so. "Gentlemen, it is still the same."

[redacted]

such a fate impending over him would lead to some important disclosures. I had the deep misery and misfortune, however, of only arriving in time to see him suspended on the gallows; and there for ever ended all hopes from that desperate quarter."

"Have you, Mr. O'Donnel, examined the skeleton in the possession of the court?"

"I have."

"Minutely, may I ask?"

"Very."

"I have now, then, only one question to ask of you; but that I may not at this solemn moment take you by surprise, I must candidly tell you, that on the answer you return to it, much may depend; collect yourself, therefore, before you reply. Could you pronounce that skeleton to have belonged to any one you once knew? In putting this question home to you more particularly, I bear in mind—beside other considerations—that you are a surgeon, and that your profession will enable you to speak with more certainty than most men, on this important point."



have a tongue. Yes, I was sworn to tell the whole truth. How then could I save my unfortunate—unhappy—guilty father?

I looked at the judge; his eyes seemed bent on me in pity. Well might they bestow their compassion on a wretch who seemed to have nothing better in life left for him! I turned towards the jury—the painful silence in which they waited for my words was worse than the agonies of the stake. I looked for a moment on my father, but his glance did not, thank Heaven! meet mine. The poisoned Socrates, discoursing to his weeping pupils of approaching death, was not more calm and undisturbed. Could that be guilt? Was it not possible that I—that all of us—might be deceived! Great God! to think that my bare word might unjustly deliver over my father to the hands of the executioner, and some future year discover my unintentional error!

With a feeling of frenzy I endeavoured to run over the heads of the evidence—but in vain; a mass of disjointed and confused images alone presented themselves in the dark obscu-



"I am afraid, Mr. C
the counsel, "that you l
question?"

"No, I have not, sir
up agony of my soul fin
vehemence of my expre
forget it while I live. D
love of God—press me
you have enough of evide
tainment of truth! Wh
so much misfortune as a
tional misery of a father's
relation I bear to the pris
—the reverence which th
the bosom of a son! W
tear these out? and surely
the first to outrage them!"

long habits of control. After a few seconds he looked up and said:—

"I feel most deeply, Mr. O'Donnel, the sad force of your argument; but there is a heavy duty imposed on each of us. Its discharge can be pleasant to neither, but its fulfilment is imperative on both. I fear, therefore, I must require your answer to the question last put to you."

Once again the tones of his voice died away, and the deep stillness of the court was unbroken as before. Every eye almost was turned on me; but I no longer felt the gaze. My tortured fancy went with my father to his condemned cell—watched the sleepless nights that preceded execution—followed him to the scaffold—and felt throughout—that I—was the instrument of all!

A stray bee had in the interim entered the open window, and flew humming through the court, whose deep silence made that sound perfectly audible in its faintest intonation. A host of images of summer sunshine—happiness and youth—were called up by this simple accident,



mon courage to say the fa
after tear slowly trickle d
was dead to the shame thi
on my manhood.

A voice but too well r
sternly upon my ear. E
Maurice himself addresse

"Do not discredit, sir,
youth—do your duty, and

The counsel made a mo
he resumed his seat, and, t
his last question—"Do
below, recognise, to the
the bones of any form
friend?"

Deep as my own deat
sepulchral tone, which wa

followed, succeeded by a momentary murmur through the court; but no words can describe the intense, the overwhelming avidity which every one but Sir Maurice himself seemed to hang upon those last terrible words, when they saw that an answer of some description I must make.

"My lord," said the counsel, addressing the judge, "that is the case for the prosecution." Adding, turning to me,

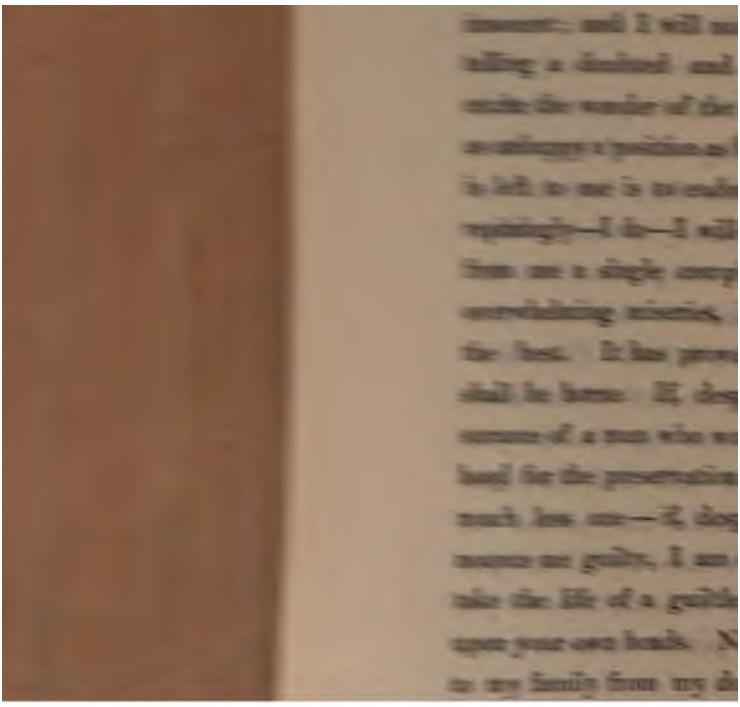
"Mr. O'Donnel, if Sir Maurice has no questions to put, you are at liberty."

"None," said Sir Maurice; and, looking towards me with a smile that spoke—oh so bitterly!—of former days—he held out his attenuated hand.

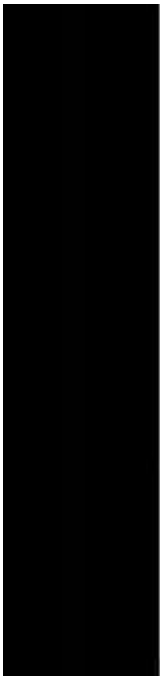
Everything beside was forgotten! I sprang towards it—but no more—Nature had already been taxed beyond her powers of endurance, and Caustic's opportune and friendly arms received in his fall one who, to all appearance, had for ever quitted a world in which his share had been one of almost unmixed affliction!

On recovering my senses, I found myself in

"The few words, gentlemen of the jury, that I have to address to you, I will neither dignify nor ridicule by the title of a defence—I have no defence to make. You have yourselves seen that I sought to cross-examine none of the numerous witnesses brought forward against me, neither shall I summon any in my own behalf. I perceive, gentlemen, that most of you have been, in happier times, known to me. When I resided at my seat, many of you were in the habit of supplying the wants of my family. I dare say it is not too much to affirm that I was then known to all of you. Of this much I am sure—not one of your number but is aware that I never disgraced my lips with a falsehood—that, let my faults be what they might, I never broke word with human being. Hear me then, gentlemen, while I affirm, in the presence of God and man, by everything I hold most sacred—I am entirely innocent of the murder laid to my charge. Unfortunate—deeply unfortunate I may be—but of this dreadful crime there is not a man amongst you more innocent than myself. It is for the puerile and the weak to lament misfortunes—the privilege



sealed from saying more. The mountains which you behold from these windows, to all appearance, are blue," (pointing to a view of some distant and still visible hills which the old assize court of that town commanded;) "did we see them for the first time, we should be ready to swear that they are of that colour. Such, however, is not the fact; they are red, brown, green, and a variety of hues—indeed almost of every colour except blue; but distance, nevertheless, mellows them into that uniform tint which you behold. Thus, however strongly, facts may to man's fallible senses appear to militate against me, I assure you, by everything that we hold most dear, that they have perfectly misled you — misled the whole of you. I here enter my solemn protest against them, and reiterate, however you may disbelieve it, my perfect innocence in this transaction."



## CHAPT

" I am overwhelm'd
What prodigy is thi
Do you deal with w
There is a statute fo
——— To save th
Would beggar the st

THE degree of wonder a
upon the jury and the cou
duct Sir Maurice had ado
be imagined.

" After the overwhelmi
against him, how can he b
sense," said many of the ha

were exceedingly staggered by his resolute asseverations; while the judge, to whom his character had long been well known, could scarcely conceive it possible he could resort to such a mere trick if guilty; and yet how could they, after all they had heard, believe him innocent?

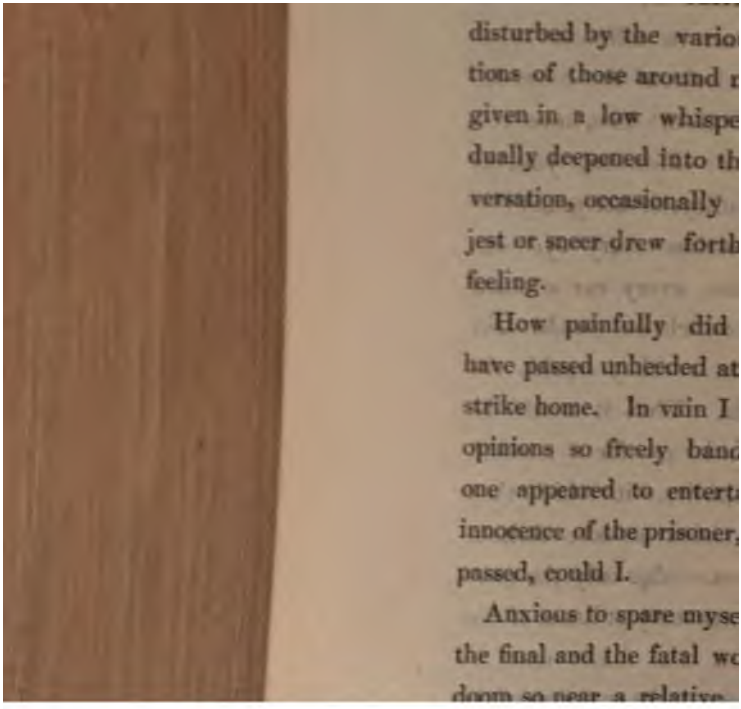
Sir Maurice had, however, not long resumed his seat when the chief justice, who happened to try the case, began to sum it up to the jury. His lordship having at great length, and with much care, recapitulated all the evidence which had been offered, interspersing it with such occasional remarks as appeared desirable to facilitate the labour of the jury, concluded his charge to them with these observations:—

"Whether, therefore, gentlemen, we regard the startling variety of facts brought under our notice, or the character of the witnesses by whom they have been adduced, they are equally entitled to command your most serious consideration. The witnesses, you will bear in mind, are no illiterate people, likely from want of education and reflection, to be easily swayed and prejudiced into believing a guilt that never

led many a witness befo
mission of another still m
case the witnesses are in
as the prisoner, than whi
and knowledge go, none
Of all these, Mrs. Kilpat
and also the prisoner's so
have been unintentionall
to overcolour facts. But
selves whether the facts
borne testimony are such
of such error. On the
tlemen, it remains for you
this consecutive chain o
shaken by the defence o
unfortunate prisoner. Sir
contented himself with sim

thought fit to bring any witnesses to state this, and his ipse dixit cannot be accepted in their stead. The beautiful simile by which he has reminded you that distant hills deceive us, is equally open to your inquiry as to how far it can be made to bear upon his case. You must consider whether it is only at a distance that the deceit takes place, and whether the comparison would not have been more unexceptionable before the discovery of the skeleton; for when the truth is brought home to us—when the hills are beneath our feet, the deception can exist no longer. Which, therefore, is now the case, gentlemen, it is your province to decide. I have no doubt that, let your verdict be what it may, it will be the conscientious result of your deliberate judgment. This finally bear in mind,—should your efforts at a just decision lead you after all to doubt, that doubt must be rendered in favour of the prisoner, for this it is his right to claim, and your duty to award."

The summing up had ceased—the jury retired to find their verdict. The judge, after the long trial of his patience, rose for a few



disturbed by the vario
tions of those around r
given in a low whispe
dually deepened into th
versation, occasionally
jest or sneer drew forth
feeling.

How painfully did
have passed unheeded at
strike home. In vain I
opinions so freely band
one appeared to entert
innocence of the prisoner,
passed, could I.

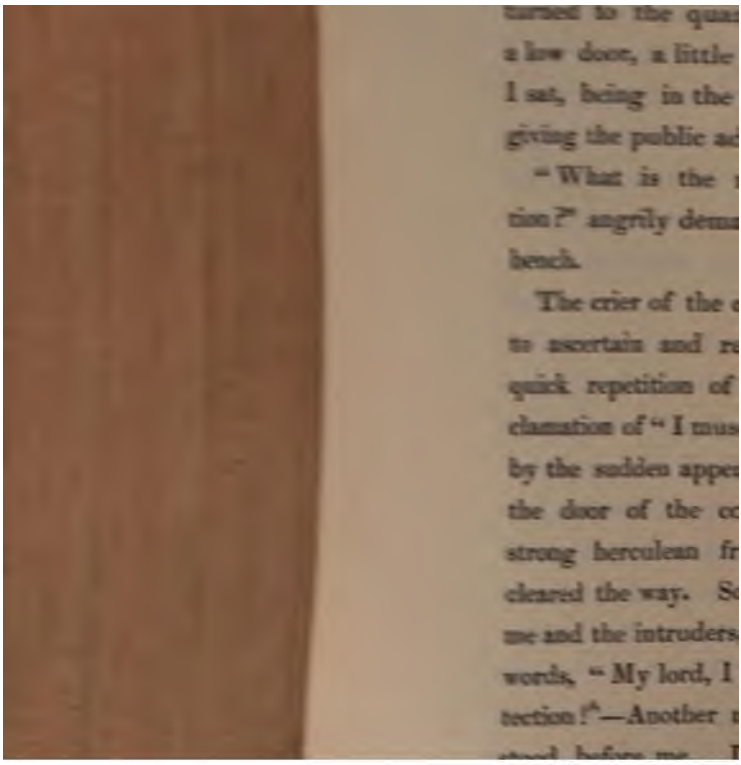
Anxious to spare myse
the final and the fatal wo
doom so near a relative

my seat, unable either to fulfil the wish I had formed, or even to express it. My eye involuntarily wandered to my father.

How I envied him the stern calmness apparent in his eye, as the clerk of the court demanded of the twelve, "Gentlemen, have you considered your verdict? How say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

At that terrible question every eye was turned upon the foreman, every ear strained to catch the syllables which he should next utter, bearing with them, as they would, the weight of life or death. That it would be the former, no one could even for a moment conceive. The very rapidity with which they had come to their decision at once forbade this belief. But this knowledge only the more awfully increased the expectant stillness of the moment.

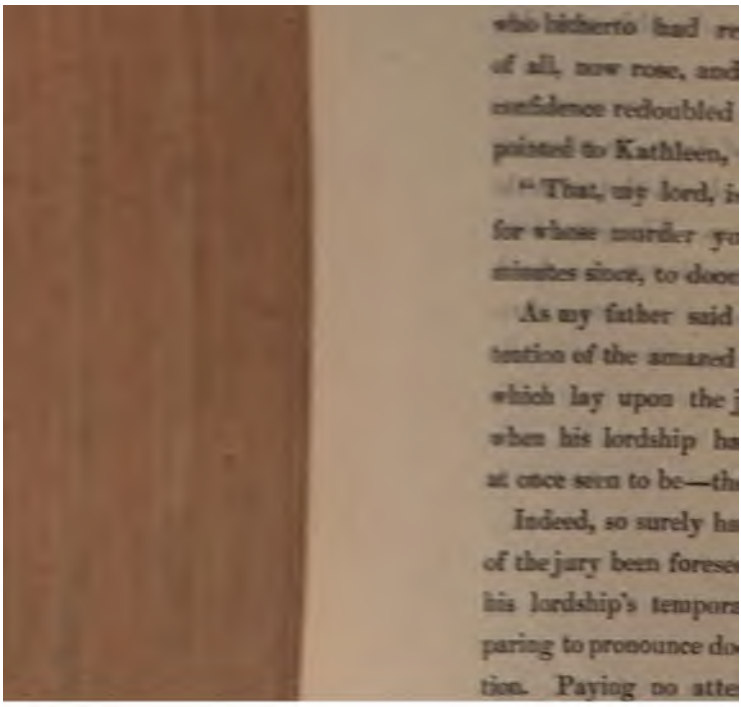
The foreman, on hearing the question of the clerk, turned his eye towards my father, as if in momentary pity of the pang he was about to inflict, and then looking towards the judge, said, GUIL—" The final syllable yet trembled on



and no distempered vision that gave her back to me? I passed my hands across my eyes, scarcely knowing how to doubt—scarcely daring to believe. At this moment she turned, her eye caught mine, and the recognition was complete.

What language can do justice to the scene that followed? One whom all human calculations had consigned to an assassin's malice long years since, now appeared to confound those who were truly about to steep their hands in a judicial murder. In the last extremity of surprise, every eye was fixed upon us; that of the jurymen in particular, who yet only half comprehended what had happened, or how great an error they, more particularly, had been saved from rendering irretrievable. No one, however, could behold such a scene unmoved.

Kathleen's tears flowed fast and freely on my neck, and for a few seconds not a sound could be heard to interrupt her sobs. As for the judge, had he been suddenly transformed to stone, he could not have appeared more ut-


who hitherto had re
of all, now rose, and
confidence redoubled
pointed to Kathleen,
"That, my lord, is
for whose murder yo
minutes since, to doo
As my father said
tention of the amazed
which lay upon the j
when his lordship ha
at once seen to be—th
Indeed, so surely ha
of the jury been foresee
his lordship's tempora
paring to pronounce do
tion. Paying no atte

secution was at once able to do most completely; and well it was so—for how could I, or any of those who had made such a dreadful mistake already, undertake this new identity?

The only question that now remained, was how to proceed in point of form, in rehearing evidence on a trial so far closed, that even the verdict was partially given. The jury, however, saved all further trouble on this head, by intimating their readiness to return and reconsider their verdict, which was immediately given—Not Guilty.

## CHAPTE

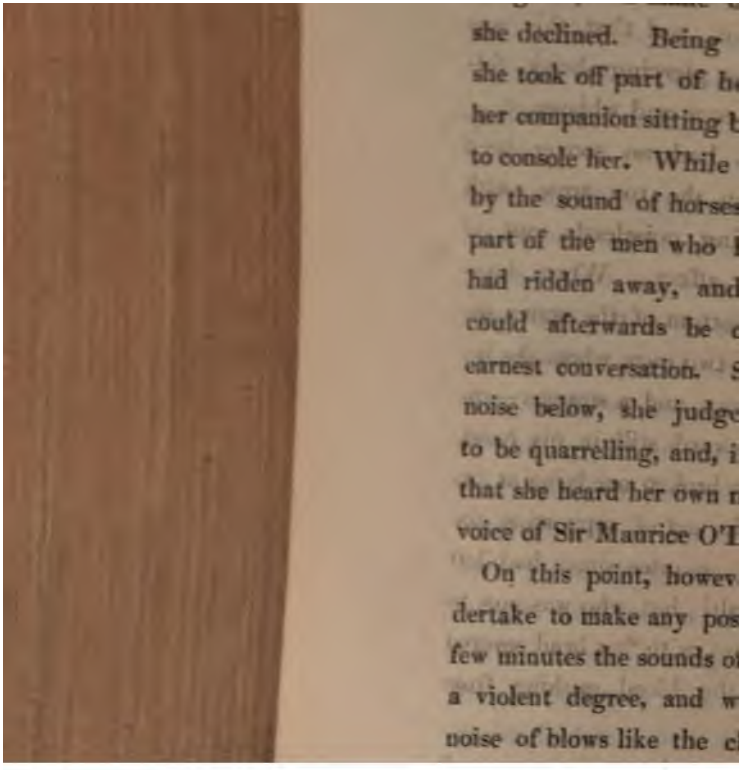
The fearful mystery is sc
If bliss bring new-born t

STRANGE, indeed, was the s
had to relate, and one whic
admirers of circumstantial
before they condemn a fe
though a criminal, on
facts that may as easily b
tion as another. Sh

Donaghue's cabin. Here the leader of the party had her dismounted, and given to the care of a young female, of her own height and figure, whom she had never seen before, but who was called Carry, and who, by her description, was doubtless the daughter of the ruffian Donaghue.

This girl, it seems, showed her all the kindness in her power but, from motives of fear, resolutely declined entering into any of the circumstances of her abduction; and while telling Kathleen that she had no resource but in submission, promised that no harm should befall her, and that she would always be by her as an attendant. Assurances similar to these had been previously made to her, on the way from her own home, by the leader of the party, who, however, endeavoured to say as little as possible, to prevent being recognised. With the same view, he spoke in a disguised tone of voice, of which, though she entertained strong suspicions, she could not be at all sure as to the identity.

On arriving at this cabin, the girl al-



she declined. Being
she took off part of h
her companion sitting b
to console her. While
by the sound of horses
part of the men who
had ridden away, and
could afterwards be
earnest conversation.
noise below, she judge
to be quarrelling, and, i
that she heard her own
voice of Sir Maurice O'

On this point, howev
dertake to make any pos
few minutes the sounds o
a violent degree, and w
noise of blows like the c

part of Kathleen's dress, she threw it over her, and rushed down stairs. Kathleen then stated, that for a moment she heard the girl's voice endeavouring to interfere, and that this was suddenly ended by a most piercing shriek, followed by a breathless silence and whisper.

Meanwhile, Kathleen had no sooner been rid of her guard, than she too arose, with the intention of slipping noiselessly out of the house during the affray. When, however, she gained the bottom of the stairs, she beheld opposite to her two men, whom she believed to be Sir Maurice and a stranger—the latter with a heavy sword still in his hand, and the former, with a broken one lying at his feet, both being in the act of supporting the poor girl, who, a few minutes since, had left her side in perfect health, but who was now to all appearance a corpse, with her head severed nearly in two, and the blood gushing from her in torrents.

This appalling spectacle so overcame all presence of mind that she fainted, and had too indistinct a recollection of what happened for

being now somewhat deadened by despair, she became conscious that those around her, though they would never hear her story, were still inclined to make her happyafter their way. She resolutely abstained, therefore, from any idle effort to obtain freedom in a spot where she was convinced she had no real friends; and though she resisted all the persuasions used to induce her to become a convert and take the vows, she found that resignation could alone support her in abiding the issue of her unhappy fortunes.

In this manner one twelvemonth after another rolled away; remittances from England were regularly forwarded to her, though she knew not through what channel; but as Donaghue called every few months to inquire after her health, she concluded that they were conveyed through his agency. At last both his visits and the remittances ceased, and the superior of the establishment seemed willing to allow the departure of Kathleen, had she possessed the funds. But though she had carefully saved up, for some such contingency



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of her return to Engl
means utterly insufficient

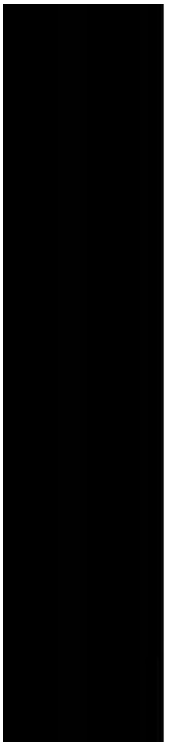
The grief that she no
more bitter than that expe
former part of her heavy
that when so slight a ba
posed, she should still be p
ing that country and tho
she had been so cruelly tor
was mixed the apprehens
day's delay the return o
more probable; and with
he might bring, the rive
would be ensured.

Hitherto, by the kindn

with her. For a long time she hesitated to grant the interview required; but, on doing so, she learnt to her delight that the object of her detestation and dread had just been executed at Jamaica for piracy; and that the individual who addressed her, having found among the papers of one of his vessels all the correspondence which related to her, as well as being acquainted with me, to whom he expressed himself under some obligations, had hurried to set her free, and expedite her passage to England, whither the Epaminondas with myself had already gone.

The rest of her narrative explained itself. For my own part, I did not doubt that it was Beckett who had finally displayed his gratitude by this important service; while, knowing the danger of his own return to England, and still desirous of executing his generous purposes to the utmost, he had given Kathleen in charge to the trusty fellow who had attended her up to the very moment of her rushing so opportunely into court.

The first information gained by her inquiries



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till she gained the co
life of one who had hit
own

## CHAPTER XIII.

New mysteries, new doubts, new crimes, new fears,
Ending, at last, in hopes of happy years.

Sir Maurice O'Donnel was now once more at liberty—Kathleen was restored to me—Caustic, Howard, and Lady Redmond, were gathered round me, and at last my happiness seemed to be as complete as the lot of humanity allows. One bitter alloy only presented itself, and that was in the person of my father.

Could we ever meet again as friends after the atrocious outrage he had instigated? Would he brave the scandal of the world by remaining in Ireland after all the exposure of this trial? And, after all the other

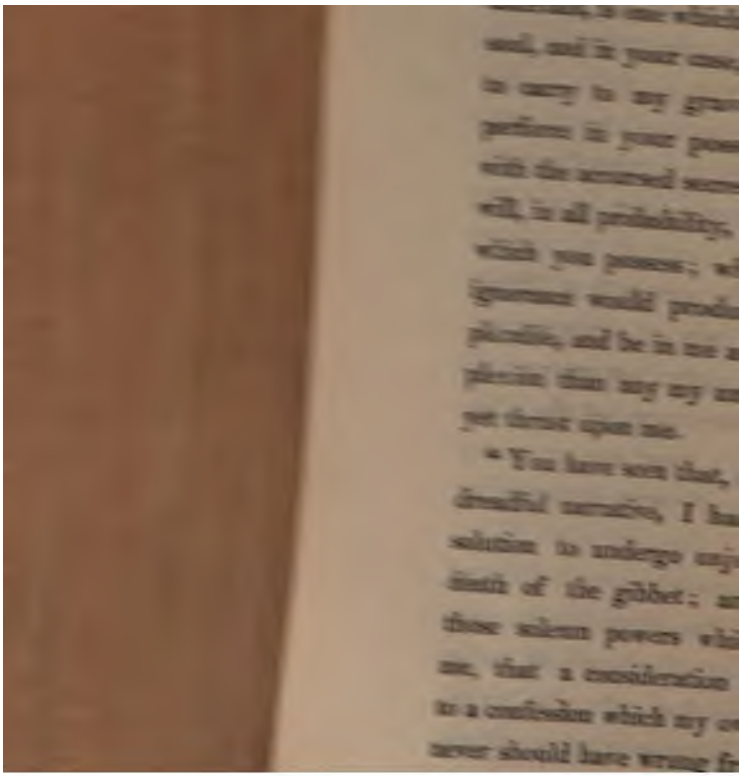


my father formed one infinitely more urgent and distressing; and while I was discussing with my friends the course I ought to take, the following letter from him was put into my hands.

"After all you have heard and experienced, you have doubtless assigned to me a character of the greatest cruelty perhaps ever borne. Be that as it may, I do not now write to my only son to exculpate myself, nor even to allude to, much less explain, the past; but to state a few melancholy facts, and to discharge one of the most terrible duties of a miserable existence.

"You are now aware of the sad history of my poor friend, which, for the sake of all of us, I have so long endeavoured to bury in oblivion. Some dreadful curse has hitherto, however, rested upon our family. We have bent under it in every direction, and now the crisis has arrived which is to annihilate—not our happiness, —that was wrecked long since—but even the last vestige of our peace.

"The cause of that deadly quarrel between



infirmity of sleep-walking. You well know with what extreme caution this disease, for it is no less, requires to be treated; and Colonel O'Donnel, fully aware that insanity has resulted from waking people too suddenly under similar circumstances, was accustomed to keep a strict scrutiny over her when in this deplorable state, and, by rising and following her, guard his wife from any harm.

"By extreme care this habit in Mrs. O'Donnel had been, as we believed, quite cured; and after showing itself only when external circumstances had grievously oppressed the mind, a long interval elapsed without any recurrence, and we ceased to fear that such would be the case.

"The colonel almost forgot that it had ever occurred, and this led to his neglecting the precautions that guarded against its evils. When he, as you are aware, left Castle Maurice for his promotion, his wife greatly wished to accompany him; but as he had a peculiar aversion to such a step, she remained behind, and, it being their first separation, was in great distress.

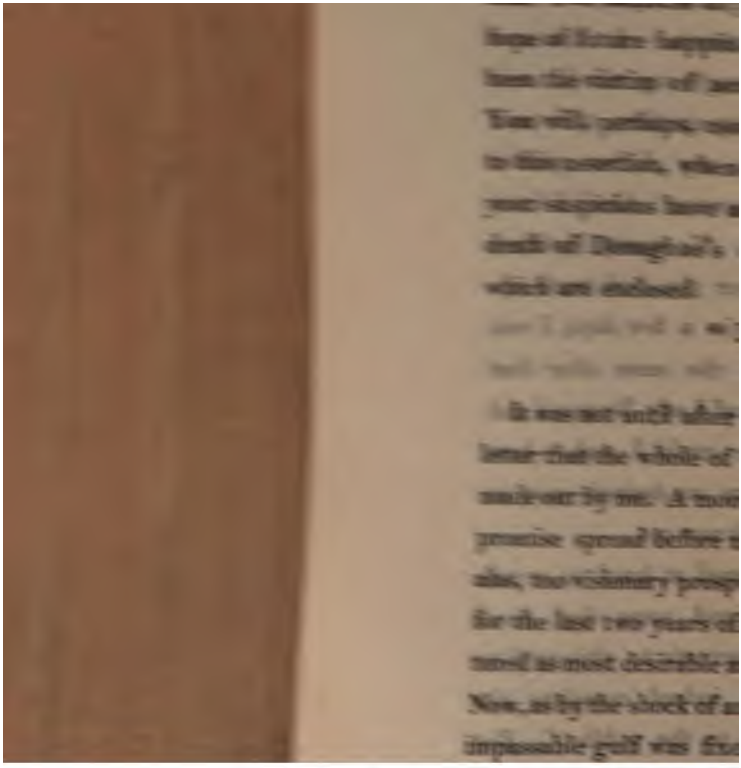
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his wife to the next county. Here Kathleen was born, and the mother died.

"The rest is known to you, and you are too dreadfully able to account for my apparent cruelty in preventing a union between you and one who, I was too well aware for my own peace of mind, was, unhappy boy!—*your sister!*

"Where is this wretchedness to end? Two more are now sacrificed, and my unwilling hands have wielded the fatal weapon. Where is this misery to cease? In you and Kathleen are the only remains of our family—and can—but I dare not pursue the question. Alas, what is left for you I know not! We shall never meet again, and this is something spared to both of us.

"I leave you the estate that came to me, out of which I have secured the trivial competence that suffices one whose wishes are bounded by the desire of a speedy grave. You will soon hear the rumour of my death, and it is my wish that it should be believed. When your thoughts wander to one so doubly wretched, think of me as among the many victims of misfortune—the sport of every cala-



my torment being doubled by the view of that happiness which never could be mine.

Astonishment, horror, grief, anger, and despair, filled my soul by turns. A thousand dark resolves passed through my mind, each changed and succeeded by another, and none remaining. Well might my father ponder on what steps I should pursue! Alas! I knew not myself—I was lost! To marry Kathleen was impossible—to tell her the dark truth appeared equally so—yet, in a few days, I was pledged to lead her to the same altar that should sanctify the vows of Lady Desmond and Howard. What excuse could I make—how could that union, before so desired—now so dreaded—be evaded? I knew not.

One only mode appeared at hand to terminate all my sorrows, and some dark fiend seemed with laughing accents to whisper it to my ear—"It would indeed complete the mystery of our family to the public!" But then, how would the case stand? In this world my woes would certainly be terminated: but taking no other view of it, how would such a



"What is the matter?" said he, starting back as his eye beheld on my face traces of the agitation at work within me.

"Everything, my dear friend," I replied, "that can befal a ruined man."

"Say rather, a man who is the luckiest mortal I ever heard of."

"Caustic," I replied, "for once you might have forborne a jest, if you are acquainted with my deep cause of anguish;—though I know not how that should be possible."

"Jest! man alive, what ails you? I never was more in sober earnest in my life. But what has happened to make your venom more than you can swallow?—though, after all I have just heard, I am ready to believe anything—I doubt, however, whether I shall long keep my recollection. But that's by the way. And now lend me thine ear, and whatever woes you have to tell, I feel convinced you will tell them with a lighter heart after the good news which I have been sent to communicate to you."

"Good news to me? Alas! their arrival is

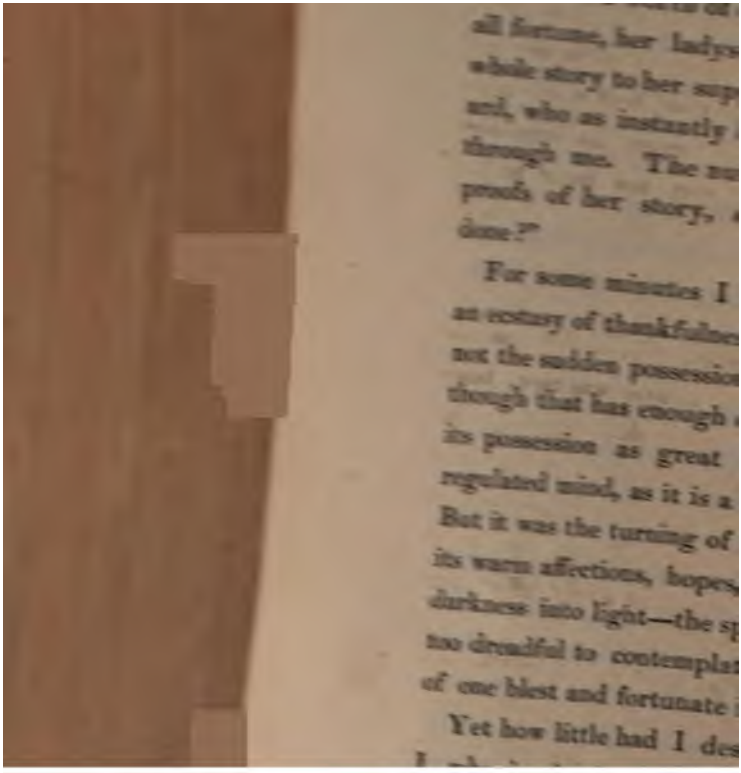
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secret to intrust to her. Though this message created great surprise, the request was granted, and Lady Desmond and her father set out to see the invalid forthwith. They found her extremely ill, though less so in body, I believe, than in mind. No entreaties could induce her to communicate what she had to say to Lady Desmond's father, and his lordship, in no slight pet, was obliged to leave them *tête-à-tête*. After much preliminary matter, and no slight hesitation, the woman said that she had sent for the heiress solely to beg that out of her abundance she would make some allowance to you and Kathleen, of whose return she had heard.

"Though, from having brought Lady Desmond up for some years, she possessed great influence in that quarter, Ida plainly perceived that some cause for this request was in the back-ground, and therefore affected to give it a blank denial. By way of enforcing her argument, the woman let fall some hints as to the *right* which Miss Kathleen had to be so taken care of. Still her ladyship persisted in

pointment with some lover. After having committed this act of virtuous roguery, it seems that her affection, naturally great for the only Miss O'Donnel, increased to such a degree as led her, at the earliest opportunity, to leave her own situation and get into one then vacant in the Desmond family. Thus she had once more the satisfaction of acting as mother to the child she had wrongfully made 'Viscountess in her own right.' Such freaks does fortune play in this queer world of ours.

"It would be curious, by the way, to analyze the motives of that woman's most eccentric love—but I will not moralize, for I see that you are most marvellously on the tenter-hooks. However, the nurse, it seems, having afterwards witnessed with compunction the deep sufferings the wronged child had undergone, she, by way of atonement, resolved to make this appeal to her own child, as she called the supposed Lady Desmond, on behalf of her whose rights the latter had usurped; never dreaming, in her primitive simplicity, of that



position which had saved me! — nay more, which had brought me through all the heart-rending alternations of a fate so varied as mine, that I might the more acutely estimate and enjoy the brilliant change that had come upon me. My heart was full even to breaking, and I could only hold out my hand to the warm friend before me, and pour out my soul in tears.

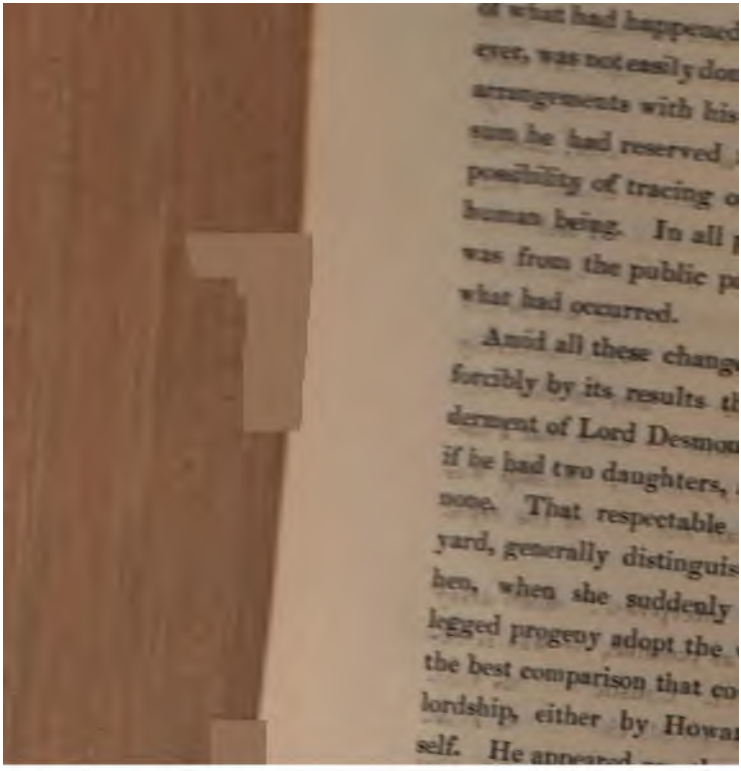
Nor, when Caustic had heard the sad story of my father's cruel destinies, was he surprised at my emotion. A simple course was now, however, before me; and, after debating the point at length, we agreed that the secret of Sir Maurice's narrative should, if possible, be confined to our own bosoms. My next inquiry was, as to how far my cousin's candour might affect herself?

"She is now, Caustic," said I, "like me, a beggar. Howard, though an excellent creature, is not without his fault, and that is—caprice. Will he still, think you, consider their engagement as binding! or even then will he remain faithful to her in heart?"



wealth with her to whose integrity she was indebted for it. This proposal I therefore made to Howard; but with characteristic candour he said, "No, my boy! the generosity of youth has overshot the mark: the experience of manhood, however, acknowledges the costliness of the proposal. Money in itself is dross; the ability to dispense it is power, the power of giving, and, therefore, of receiving happiness; so in the name of my future wife I accept one half of what you offer with great thankfulness, and wish you every joy on earth with the remainder."

Nothing could have more delighted either Caustic or myself than this conduct on the part of Howard; since to men moving in the whirl of life as it passes among the titled and ambitious, the sudden abstraction of so many thousand a year from an income of five-and-twenty, is greatly calculated to test one's philosophy; more especially when this lot falls upon a man blessed with every natural capacity for getting rid of an annual half million, without feeling at all oppressed by the exercise.



memory of Yellow Jack was anything but grateful to his prejudices.

He insisted that Kathleen should, though greatly against her inclination, adopt her new titles, and did everything in his power to oppose her marriage with myself. Nor, though my own income was now nearly double what the gallant captain's had been, did I feel much surprised at being thus excepted against, by one, whose modest sense of his own merits had led him to consider even a Howard unworthy to call him "father-in-law." But in this matter I was only too thankful to know that I had the lady on my side, and his lordship was heartily welcome to all the rest of the argument.

Having, therefore, interposed as much delay with as little success as possible, he was reluctantly forced to yield. Caustic and his lordship at length crowned all the joys of Howard and myself, by giving away the two brides; to which the doctor added many jokes and much advice. The greatest compliment that I received in my matrimonial estate, came



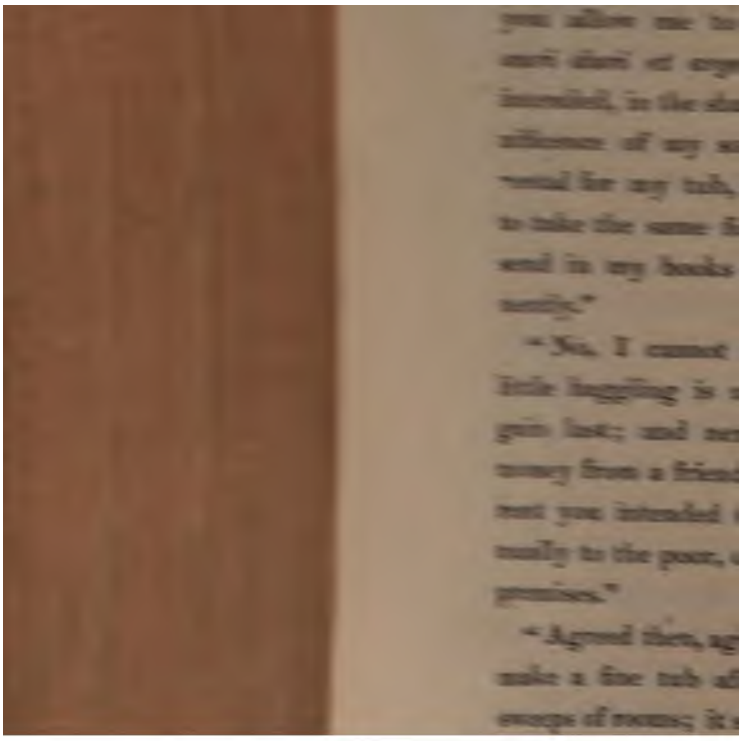
rack and manger with the king, except on service!—always except on service. No, sir, I may, perhaps, if we don't quarrel beforehand, look about me for a snug tub and some straw in your neighbourhood."

"Egad! then I'll supply it you. Castle Maurice stands empty, and so for me it ever will. Yet no place can be more delightful as a residence; you'd be doing a real kindness to me to rent that."

"Rent that! why the devil don't ye talk to me of renting Babylon? I may rent it, and engage for a pack of hounds in the moon, but how are you to be paid?"

"Why set the rent yourself. I'm not such an unreasonable creature as to expect you'll pay for what you can't use. A peppercorn rent is the thing between friendly farmers; but for two of the sons of Galen, we may find something more appropriate. Come now, I'll hold you at an annual cathartic, provided always that you take the part of swallowing it yourself, or find a deputy."

"A deputy! a deputy by all means; Jew, I



a fig for an old house without ghosts. Some people are not partial to them; I am. Too much solitude is not good for a man of sedentary habits; hobgoblins, spectres, witches, and all that kith, keep a man alive and sharp of a cold dark night. And in a haunted house, let alone a regular castle, a man would be a most egregious blockhead to want society. Very well, then, it's a bargain. And now, remember, sir, when you mention me in my absence, more especially to your noble father-in-law, Lord Fiddlefaddle, let us have none of your vulgar familiarities, such as, 'that mad doctor of mine,' or 'my old shipmate Caustic,' or anything of that sort. But watch a favourable moment when you think his lordship *is* capable of entertaining an idea, and then make mention, as Jack Falstaff says, of 'an elderly gentleman' Anthony Caustic of Castle Maurice, M.D. Think of that, sir. There, God bless ye. I must go to Dublin, but I'll be back soon to take possession. Now I think of it, do you conceive you could keep a secret? I mean from your wife?"





His society ever proved one of the dearest blessings with which relenting Fortune recompensed the sufferings of my former days. In the domestic quiet and unambitious joys of our little circle he seemed to realise many of his own views. By the aid of reading, music, painting, and sport, life has glided from us like some dear dream, bright day, or crystal river. Resolutely, however, abjuring all approach to absenteeism, there has always been—alas!—sorrow enough in our neighbourhood, to prevent the heart from growing more idle than the head.

Amidst even this overflow of happiness some, cause for grief was to be expected; and that we experienced in the still precarious health of the noble-minded Ida. The hereditary scourge that had so mercilessly mowed down her family has ever seemed hourly about to extend its threatened horrors to herself; and these have only been averted by constant care, and a life banished to a warmer and, alas! a distant climate: for when the heart owns its proper love for the country of its birth and youth, no



sold out in such small parcels as do not tempt my appetite. A pack of frigate actions, and all that sort of thing—no hopes of a Nile or a Trafalgar. As a young post-captain I got as fair a share of those matters as I can well expect; so I shall make the most of the sunshine, and take care of my wife till I see my name on the admiral's list. By that time the enemy may have gathered head again. Then, if the command of a fleet is to be got, see if I try not my hand at making a dish for history;"—and his blue eyes sparkled like an Alexander's. "That, however," he added, growing calmer, "must be many years hence. Meantime, the greatest prize that I intend to take from the French, shall be the best cook that can be lured by money, and a taste to appreciate his labours. There's a conclusion for a hero."

I could not help smiling at this characteristic trait in the gallant voluptuary; and, after all, it would not greatly have shown his wisdom, with all the enjoyments of existence about him, to go and lose an arm or a couple

[redacted]

evidence, Caustic termed it "shooting men in the dark," I felt that there was often far too much truth in the observation.

It was long before I could bring myself to look at the explanatory memoranda enclosed to me by Sir Maurice in his letter relative to the real facts of the case; and when I did, I found them to be these.

Sir Maurice had, as we suspected, so far been misled by false notions of family pride as to head the party of O'Donaghue's brother smugglers, who effected Kathleen's abduction. Having repaired to the hut of his wretched tenant, he gave his instructions to the latter, as to how Kathleen was to be secreted in a convent. A quarrel arose between the principal and his agent, as to the sum of money that Sir Maurice was to pay. Before the outrage had been carried into execution Sir Maurice had offered Donaghue two hundred a year, provided he should prevent the return of Miss O'Donnel to Europe, and yet produce quarterly testimonials, in her own handwriting, that she was well treated. When, however, Donaghue ima-

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Sir Maurice seized his swor
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doing, the leathern sword-
Maurice grasped Donaghue
but they had barely interc
the poacher's daughter, h
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leen's dress, and rushed do

Sir Maurice at once lower
while his enraged and rasca
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skull of his hapless child.
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tered girl up stairs, but soo
killed; and wrapping her,

Maurice, moreover, conscious of no guilt in the transaction, carelessly left to Donaghue to obliterate the traces of what had happened. The latter, knowing that he was about to fly the country, contented himself with placing Kathleen, bound and senseless, outside the door; which he then barricadoed from within, and climbed through the chimney vent.

The affection he had once felt for his daughter he seemed so far to have transferred to Kathleen that she never had to complain of any want of care, beyond her imprisonment; while Sir Maurice increased his allowance from two to three hundred annually, besides the expense incurred for Kathleen. So vicious, however, was the mind of Donaghue, and so attached was he to a life of plunder and dissolute violence, that not even this handsome competence for one in his class could deter him from turning pirate, and fulfilling his destiny at the gallows.

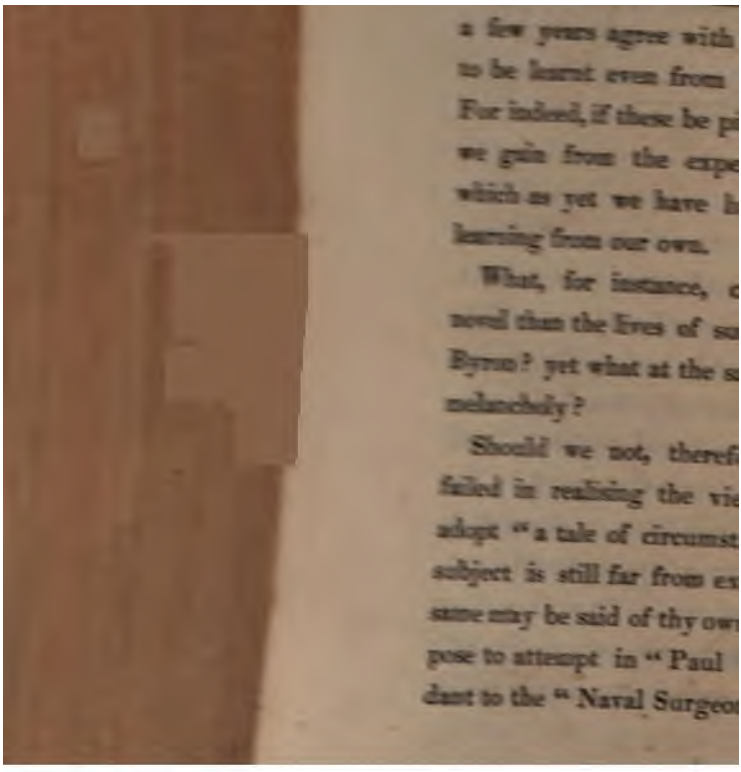
After all my father had suffered, I never would permit myself too severely to dwell on the faults of his character, as shown in these dark and tortuous methods of repairing a ter-

once the cause to me of so much anguish, has ever since remained the source of every joy!

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Here, gentle reader, ends the tale of The Naval Surgeon. Are we unfortunate? From the trials and successes of others we may learn endurance, and gather hope for our own. Are we prosperous? Let us be reminded by the unprovoked sorrows of our neighbours, that calamity is not always restricted to the vicious! Do we suffer under unmerited reproach? Patience and innocence will bring us through at the end. Are we given to suspicion and a sanguine readiness to condemn? There is no cheat more injurious than he who cheats himself; and the most patient investigator may be misled even by facts.

Here, my good friends, are a few apothegms with which I find it infinitely more easy to conclude my story than to rule my life. But I discover, that in proportion to my success in so



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to be learnt even from
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